

November 15, 1961

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1



NEW SERIAL | THOSE | FIVE XMAS GIFTS
by A. J. CRONIN | HOUSEWIFE BLUES | TO MAKE FOR MEN



but we're
IDENTICAL
when it comes to liking the

ICE-CREAM

with the **E-X-T-R-A FOOD VALUE** made with

Ice-cream made from Bonlac contains an abundance of the good things in milk — without the fat. High-grade protein for healthy flesh and muscle — Minerals for healthy teeth and bones — Lactose for energy and good digestion — Vitamin B for vitality.

**AND IT COSTS
MUCH LESS TO MAKE**

See the recipe on the can

FOR EXTRA FOOD VALUE IN EVERY MEAL USE BONLAC IN COFFEE • TEA • COCOA & CHOCOLATE DRINKS • SCONES • CAKES • PUDDINGS • SOUPS • YOGHURT • JUNKETS • GRAVY • SALAD DRESSINGS • CUSTARDS • AND DOUBLE STRENGTH AS TOPPING FOR CEREALS AND FRUIT.



Bonlac mixes easily with all ingredients.

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LTD.
14-20 King Street, Melbourne
Please send me free your Diet and Recipe Book.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 145C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O. Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 288A, G.P.O. Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

NOVEMBER 15, 1961

Vol. 29, No. 24

CONTENTS

Special Features

Patterns to Make—Dress for Christmas and Gift Clothes for Men 22, 23
"Living Free" (conclusion), Joy Adamson 22
Cookery—"A Man in the Kitchen" 35-36

Fiction

The Girl and the Bearded Beacheomber, Victor Canning 24
The Old School Bell, Olga Romanith 25
A Precious Time, Betty Kjeldgaard 26
The Judas Tree (Serial, Part 1), A. J. Cronin 30, 31

Home and Family

Cookery Course 38
Home Hints 40
The Housewife Blues 41
Prize Recipes, Transfers 42
At Home, with Margaret Sydney 43
Gardening—"Wisteria" 49-51
Home Plans 54

Regular Features

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain 11
Social 12
Worth Reporting, Your Bookshelf 13
Letter Box, Ross Campbell 34
Australian Nature 43
Stars 69
Mandrake, Crossword 71

Fashion

Dress Sense, Betty Keep 21
Fashion Frocks 61
Fashion Patterns 71

Entertainment

Film Color—"Breakfast At Tiffany's" 18
Television Parade, Films 19
TV Color—"Boyd, Q.C." 21

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Theatregoers who saw Maggie Fitzgibbon in "Kiss Me Kate" in Australia in 1952 can now read of her success in the American musical "Do-Re-Mi" (opposite page).

WITH thousands of pounds of advance bookings, Maggie looks like getting a long run in the London production of "Do-Re-Mi."

And with world-famous critics like T. C. Worsley comparing her to Vivian Blaine and Bea Lillie, it looks as if this Australian girl will be on top for many years and may even be wanted on Broadway before long.

★ ★ ★
AUTHOR A. J. Cronin chose the area near his home in Switzerland for most of the setting of his first novel in four years, "The Judas Tree."

We begin the serialisation of this novel, which promises to be the year's best-seller, on page 30.

As with many of Cronin's novels, the leading character is a doctor (Cronin was once a physician in London's fashionable West End).

★ ★ ★
IT'S hard to pick winners, but it shouldn't be hard to pick jockeys, so all we can say

Our Cover

● Princess Margaret kept up her social activities right up until the birth of her child. This recent picture shows her travelling by car to an engagement.

is that we are sorry that on the Melbourne Cup pages in last week's paper we put the caption for Adelaide's, Pat Glennon under the picture of another leading South Australian jockey, W. Pyers.

★ ★ ★
HENRI VAN DE VELDE, who built "Everglades" at Leura, N.S.W. (page 13), left more than money (£378,392) when he died in 1947, aged 68.

His employees at Felt and Textiles Ltd. remember him for his great kindness and generosity—and especially for a service he gave them.

A powerfully built man himself, he was almost fanatical about physical fitness. He built a clinic, with modern equipment, at the works at Botany, where physiotherapy was given daily and a doctor attended one day each week. These services were free.

NEXT WEEK: Free—A real paper pattern for a night-and-day blouse . . . Special Christmas section—Novel trees and gifts to make, including biscuits and sweets.

Australian star's London hit song



● Australia's blond bombshell Maggie Fitzgibbon has been hailed in London as "the greatest comedienne to hit this town since Cicely Courtneidge."

She had every West End theatre critic at her feet within 24 hours of her first performance as Max Bygraves' leading lady in the American musical "Do-Re-Mi."

Maggie got her first theatre contract by singing in the bath while Australian entrepreneur the late David Martin — guest at her parents' home — waited for his shower.

In "Do-Re-Mi" her wild athletic number, "Adventure" (pictured here), has been a real show-stopper at every performance.



MAGGIE FITZGIBBON, who has been hailed by London critics for her leading-lady role in the American musical "Do-Re-Mi," does a final run-through of her biggest number, "Adventure." It is a particularly exhausting song in which she runs all over the stage, does gymnastics on the bed, and practically ties herself in knots.

"ADVENTURE," 29-year-old Maggie's energetic song, is the biggest hit of the show, in which she plays Kay Cram, the long-suffering wife of a no-good New York jukebox hustler. In it she gives all the mad reasons why she chose to marry her Hubie Cram instead of a millionaire.

CO-STARS Maggie Fitzgibbon and Max Bygraves (who plays Hubie Cram) during quieter moments in the "Adventure" song. "Do-Re-Mi" slows down to a smooth ending when Hubie discovers that his wife is worth much more than all the greenbacks he can make in any racket.

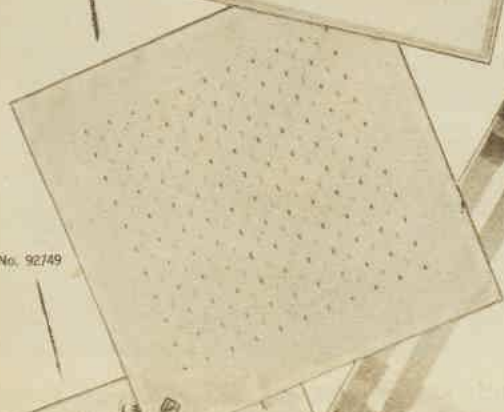


One Stoffels says
more than a
thousand words...

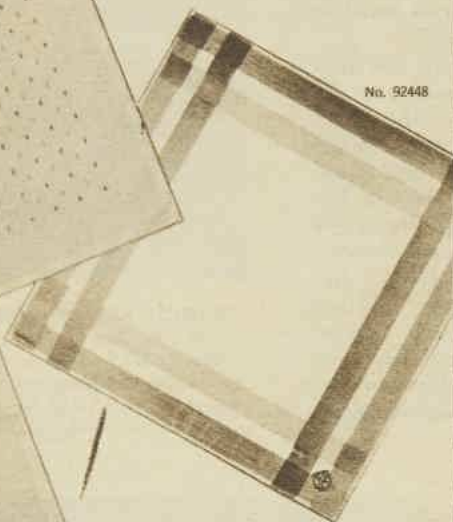
No. 21452



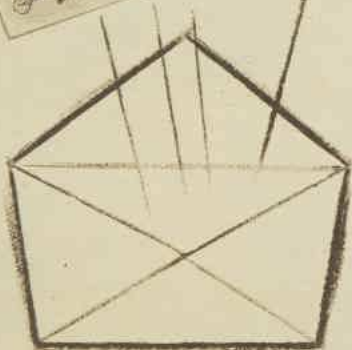
No. 92749



No. 92448



No. 21495



Let a lovely Stoffels handkerchief
in finest Swiss cotton express
your Christmas thought to friends
and relatives alike—choose from
delightful hand-screened prints,
novelty weaves, or solid colours
in the latest fashion tonings.

At all Stores.



Stoffels

SAY IT WITH STOFFELS—THE SWISS HANDKERCHIEF

Stoffels Handkerchiefs (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 7 Collins Place, Melbourne

SG4/42/61

For Shirley Jarvis —A DAUGHTER Jacqueline Maree

● Shirley Jarvis, of Campsie, N.S.W., same age (31), married about the same time and expecting a first baby about the same time as Princess Margaret, succeeded in all her plans.

- She got her baby girl.
- She is calling her Jacqueline Maree.
- She timed the arrival for husband Keith's birthday, October 25—at exactly 7.20 a.m.

AS for Shirley's arranging the birth of Jacqueline Maree to coincide with that of Margaret's baby, she said with a laugh, "I can't imagine what went astray there."

When I saw her in the public obstetric ward of King George V Memorial Hospital, Sydney, two days after her baby was born she was as perky as ever, even after a difficult and prolonged labor.

Shirley was wearing her prettiest pink bed-jacket and the mixed expression common to all first mothers: "Bring on the visitors" and "Isn't my baby the most beautiful in the world!"

Admittedly, Jacqueline Maree Jarvis is a fair contender for the title.

Like father

A brunette and very like her father, she weighed 7lb. 15oz. at birth, was 21in. long.

Her vital statistics have gone into the section marked "Our First Child" in the gilt-edged Family Book Shirley and Keith have kept since their marriage.

She has ten fingers and ten toes—a point that Shirley checked, in typical first-mother examination, on her first glimpse of her baby at exactly "9.30 a.m. on October 26."

Jacqueline's father is crazy about her. He cheerfully confesses he has the "sickly fixed smile of all first fathers."

"To think I swore I'd never look that stupid," he said. "I try to control it, but the minute some diplomatic friend is moved to remark, 'What a lovely baby,' so help me, I'm a gonner again."

Originally wanting a son, Keith now wonders where he got such a ridiculous idea.

He has been temporarily restricted to brief glimpses



● Mrs. Keith Jarvis, of Campsie, N.S.W., holds sleepy-eyed Jacqueline Maree, the daughter for whom she hoped.

of the baby through a nursery glass window and frustrated in his longing to hold her.

"I can't wait to get a decent close-up," he said.

Shirley said, "Keith's first reaction on seeing his daughter was, 'She's wonderful—she's got chubby cheeks and a stubby nose.'"

The imminence of Shirley's baby's birth caused much excitement among fellow obstetric patients at the hospital, I learned from the sisters and nursing staff.

Having "met" Shirley through stories in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, they continually cornered the staff with, "Is the Jarvis baby born yet? Is it a boy or a girl?"

And Keith's description was the one issued in the grapevine bulletin.

Shirley's mother, Mrs. Harriett Guest, of Camperdown, N.S.W., "mothered" Keith when Shirley went to hospital.

"He and 'Spooks' (Shirley's fretting dog) hardly ate a thing," she said. "Keith was so excited when he rang me from his job at a tin-printing firm with news of the baby."

Nearby workmates raised a cheer and cigars were handed

around "at the local" at knock-off time.

With special time off on October 26, Keith saw Shirley and his daughter and spent the rest of the afternoon sending telegrams and making phone calls to family and friends.

Shirley's mother, who works in the Missenden Road Post Office just across from the hospital, is delighted with her first grandchild (Shirley is her only child).

She'll be moving into the Jarvis' house at Campsie to help Shirley over the first few weeks.

"It's just an excuse for spoiling Jacqueline Maree," she said, smiling.

What now for Shirley Jarvis and her baby? Well, Jacqueline-Maree does all the right things, feeds and sleeps according to schedule, and, at the end of ten days in hospital, was to go home with her mother and father to her pretty pale yellow and white nursery.

She'll be christened some time after Christmas when Keith's mother, Mrs. Lloyd Brown, of Townsville, Qld., comes down to stay with the Jarvis'.

— Vicki Abrams

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961



PRINCESS MARGARET looked relaxed and happy as she and the Earl of Snowdon returned from a holiday in Scotland a few weeks before their baby was born. They were married 18 months ago, and the then Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones was given his title on October 3.

BONFIRES FOR MARGARET'S SON

● The arrival of Princess Margaret's baby set off a blaze of bonfires and fireworks throughout England. They had all been bought and put aside for Guy Fawkes Night, but such was the joyous reason for celebration that off went the crackers and big bungers and rockets in advance.

THE children of England spent, it is estimated, an average of about 30/- each on fireworks for the celebrations for the baby, and the Guy Fawkes fun that followed was rather like a damp squib.

Neighbors joined together around the bonfires—blazing like the hilltop beacons that used to celebrate Royal births—and there were set-pieces costing from 5/- to £5.

Undisturbed by the explosions and the fairy lights that burst into the evening sky, little Viscount Linley of Nyman slept behind the double windowpanes of the suite of rooms in Clarence House, the Queen Mother's residence, which the Princess had been given for her lying-in.

"My son, God bless him"

Outside Clarence House, crowds were reading the notice posted by the Comptroller to the Queen Mother. It read:

"Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, was safely delivered of a son at 10.45 a.m. today. Both mother and baby are well."

The Earl of Snowdon brought the staff at Clarence House together to meet the team of doctors and nurses who had delivered the baby.

He called for champagne all round and proposed the

toast: "To my son, God bless him."

A few minutes later the Queen Mother hurried in from the out-of-town function that had taken her away on this all-important day.

The Queen Mother had been bubbling over with excitement throughout the formal function of visiting the Royal Holloway College at Egham, in Surrey.

"The baby is a lovely little boy. I am very excited about it all. This has been a wonderful day for me to come and see you," she said.

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

It was not till she returned that she learned how much her little grandson weighed.

"Six pounds four ounces?" she said. "That is less than Margaret weighed. She was six pounds eleven ounces."

The baby boy, apple of his parents' eyes, has fair hair—"Just a bit of fluff really," said one of the nurses.

He has blue eyes, too—"But what lungs!" said the nurse.

The Queen, who had been holding an investiture at Buckingham Palace, finished her Royal chores and rushed to Clarence House by car. But even the Queen was allowed to stay only a few minutes in her sister's room.

Little Lord Linley was just over 24 hours old when his grandmother, Lady Rosse, was shown her grandson.

Now the baby is in the care of Sister Anne Thomson. When, eventually, a "nanny" takes over, she'll not be one of the old-fashioned domineering type, for Princess Margaret is determined that her son shall be brought up HER way.

"Expert" opinions on what babies should weigh, when they should walk, talk, and eat won't concern the Princess.

Her baby will be allowed to develop naturally and there'll be no question of the new little "Jones" being forced to keep up with the other little Joneses.

For Margaret is an expert on children herself. She has, in the past, expressed this interest in a most practical way by becoming patron and president of many children's charities and organisations.

Children, who have a sixth sense in recognising someone who likes them, have instinctively responded to her. In hospitals and orphanages and in crowds they've smiled up at her whenever she has been to see them.

Against undue discipline

And to Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and Prince Andrew "Aunt Margot" is a favorite.

In her experience with children, Margaret has had plenty of opportunity to realise that each is an individual from the moment he is born and shouldn't be pushed and bullied into actions he is not ready to make.

For these reasons the new

Royal baby can look forward to a blissfully unrestricted babyhood.

Typically, Margaret's ideas are in line with the very latest school of thought on baby care.

Like every young mother-to-be, the Princess has looked back into her own childhood for guidance in her new role.

Plenty of close family life

She was a very highly strung child and felt deeply the isolation which keeps Royalty apart from the rest of the world.

"I want to know about PEOPLE," she used to say despairingly to her governess.

Now she is going to make sure that her child has chances she never had.

There will be plenty of playmates for Margaret's baby and plenty of close family life—without lengthy separations from parents.

The habits of the Princess have not changed much since her childhood bedroom was described as "a maze," and her baby will grow up in a rather untidy, impractical atmosphere.

But there will be much happiness there.

The Princess has always had the gift of giving every room she uses "an air of being lived in and enjoyed," and she will bring fun and gaiety into the nursery, too.

As a mother she will be tolerant, understanding, and loving.

Who will the baby be like?



BABY MARGARET was saluted with blazing beacons on Scotland's hilltops when she was born at Glamis Castle 31 years ago.



BABY ANTONY (now the Earl of Snowdon) was born on March 7, 1930, son of a prominent Welsh-born London barrister.

THE NURSES



LEFT: Sister Anne Thomson, who is looking after Princess Margaret's baby. RIGHT: Sister Annette Wilson, who assisted the doctors at the birth.



FORMICA®

DECORATIVE SURFACING

...the expression of ideas

Choose FORMICA decorative surfacing for your home—and express your own decorating ideas freely and with pride. In every home, for every room, for all furniture and surfaces FORMICA beauty will be the lasting proof of your success.



FORMICA surfaced setting by J. McCain Pty. Ltd., courtesy Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd.



FORMICA

Decorative Surfacing—the International Standard

With contemporary colours and exclusive designs, FORMICA sets the trend—this year new, subtle pastels and more exciting Woodgrains add further to the FORMICA range.

Your architect, builder and hardware retailer recommend FORMICA surfacing. Your furniture retailer displays Australia's finest furniture surfaced with FORMICA. It's easy to express your ideas with FORMICA surfacing.

FORMICA QUALITY MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



MR. AND MRS. LOUIS NELKEN stand ready to greet guests at their ruby wedding anniversary party in their apartment, in South Yarra, Vic. Mrs. Nelken wears a 40-ruby ring her husband gave her on the anniversary. Behind them is a portrait of his mother, the late Mrs. E. Nelken.

THE NELKENS HAVE ENJOYED 40 YEARS OF PARTY-GIVING



"CLOYNE," the Nelkens' former home in Toorak. TOP, courtyard at "Cloyne" round which they grew many of the white and faintly green-tinted flowers for their annual Melbourne Cup Eve party, for many years one of the chief social events.

Hospitality needs no dim lights

By FRED A IRVING

● Know your guests' tastes and interests, mix them judiciously, and serve in pleasant surroundings with plenty to eat and drink. That's the well-tryed recipe for party-giving followed by well-known Melbourne host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelkin for 40 years.

THEY topped their long years of constant entertaining last month with an over-100-strong buffet dinner for relatives and close friends to celebrate their ruby wedding anniversary.

It was an occasion when memories naturally went back to parties over the years—

● To the big balls at Government House when Mrs. Nelken's father, Sir John Madden, for 25 years Chief Justice of Victoria, was in residence as Victoria's Lieutenant-Governor... and Lady Madden would permit none of her five beautiful daughters to have a dance until every debutante's programme was filled.

The five were Daisy (the late Mrs. Harry Osborne), Sylvia (the late Mrs. Clement Vallance), Ruby (Mrs. Pat Osborne), Lesley (Mrs. Nel-

ken), and Beatrice (the late Mrs. M. H. Baillieu).

● To the Melbourne Cup Weeks when every night saw a ball in a private home—in those days when there were lovely big homes for entertaining.

● To stately dinner parties in Sir John and Lady Madden's big old home, "Cloyne," in St. Kilda (now a funeral parlor), when the long, wide dining table was decorated with a tall epergne—"massed with the most marvellous erections of flowers and with drapes linking it to the central lighting," laughed Mrs. Nelken.

● To the year 1934, when she and her husband gave the first of the Melbourne Cup Eve parties at their own "Cloyne" in Toorak. These became a ritual Cup Week fixture and remained so for 21 years until the Nelkens

moved to their present luxurious apartment in "Amesbury House" in South Yarra.

"But even if we hadn't moved we'd have had to do something about that cocktail party of ours," said Mrs. Nelken. "It had really got out of hand with 400 guests at the last one we gave at 'Cloyne'."

White decor

"We'd start out with a planned guest list and then our friends would ask if they might bring their Cup Week visitors and friends with them, which we loved them to do, of course. But before we knew where we were the place was packed to bursting-point."

For this Cup Week social "must" the house was always decorated with flowers specially grown in the garden to fit the white-and-leaf-green decor of the reception rooms—all the flowers white, except

... And
champagne
no "cocktail
doctoring"

for a few Polar zinnias with their faint green tinge.

For this type of party Mr. and Mrs. Nelken always like to serve straight drinks: Champagne, whisky, gin—never any mixed cocktails, not even a champagne cocktail.

"If the champagne's a good one it doesn't need any doctoring," said Mr. Nelken.

Another strict avoidance at the "Cloyne" Cup Eve party—and at any Nelken parties, for that matter—is the dry-biscuit savory. "They're an abomination," he said.

The Nelkens prefer savories with a piquant flavor, such as smoked salmon, anchovy, stuffed eggs, chicken liver and bacon, and oysters. All these used to be prepared by their staff at "Cloyne," even for the largest parties.

But, adept as this host and hostess are at entertaining friends in their hundreds, their highest delight is in gathering a few together for a quiet dinner party in their own apartment with its large reception-room and charming dining-room.

"To me, the acme of entertaining is a dinner party for from eight to ten," Mr. Nelken said.

Their dinner table with its decoration is a far cry from the wide, flower-laden one of Mrs. Nelken's youth at her parents' home. A long, narrow table, it is simply adorned for a party with Georgian candlesticks, and not a flower in sight.

"Your guests should be the only ornament necessary," said Mr. Nelken.

Candles, too

At each guest's place is set a silver snuffbox as an individual cigarette-box. And the light is never dim.

"Dim lights are not kind to women—they throw shadows on their faces, which don't help their looks," Mr. Nelken said. "The candles on the tables are lit, yes, but there is always a stronger central light above as well.

"I always remember hearing Dame Nellie Melba say years ago at a big formal dinner party: 'Put some damn lights on. I don't want great shadows all over my face.'"

For their dinner parties the Nelkens like to have their guests with them for about 20 minutes before the meal is served while they enjoy a martini or a brandy cruster and trifle with some titbits, such as smoked salmon, anchovies, or oysters. "Anything longer than that destroys the value of a cocktail as an aperitif."

The ideal dinner, they feel, is a simple three-course one, served with good wines—a far cry, also, from the 12 courses of their youth.

And their favorite menu is a good consomme, a vol-au-vent, and a light sweet, preferably of the soufflé type. In summer they might perhaps add an ice-cream.

Obviously the Nelkens' rules for successful entertaining are strongly appreciated by the thousands of guests they have had round them over the 40 years. People who were on their guest lists of 40 years ago still happily accept the invitations.

And many of those guests' children have joined them on the lists, with just as much continuing enjoyment.

Positively!

EXCLUSIVE TO
COLES

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST VALUE!



ALWAYS
LOOK FOR
THE LABEL

Embassy

Styled exclusively for *Embassy*

Enchanting, new designs and styling in colourfast cottons. Sizes range from XSSW to XOS, to suit the young and not so young! A wealth of fashion value at a mere 15/- . . . (you'll buy two or three at this price!). See them NOW!

15/-

OBTAINABLE ONLY AT ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

G. J. COLES & COY. LIMITED (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

Baroness gives a pep-talk

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● During her eight weeks' tour of Australia, British peeress Baroness Wootton of Abinger has found much to remind her of England—the England, she says, of 1900.

"It is certainly not like the England of 1961. I have been taken aback at the status of women in Australia," said Lady Wootton during her stay in Sydney, where she lectured at the two universities.

"I was amazed to find women serving so rarely on juries. So few of them seem to be in the professions, with the exception of medicine.

"I haven't encountered a single woman professor here during my travels. I understand they do exist, but I met only one associate woman professor.

"I was surprised to find no women in the Federal Lower

as women don't go through them. And the women can't really blame the men. Men don't mistrust women in politics; they are more likely to mistrust one another.

"But I refuse to be drawn into an argument about which make the best politicians. Neither sex is more practical or more honest than the other and women should not be treated any differently.

"One excuse"

"Yet they are. When I was in Canberra I was asked to take a seminar on 'Women in Politics.' I said I would on condition that a man took a similar seminar on 'Men in Politics.' Not one would.

"The women who do get into politics in England seem to do well. I suppose it's because, being women, they are more highly selected. They tend to be the cream.

"One legitimate excuse for the apparent apathy, I suppose, is that women are often too busy to take an active part

in politics. Most women in public life do two jobs—their public job and looking after their family.

"I often look at the men around me in public life and think: 'It's all right for you; you probably have a wife who gives you three excellent meals a day. I have to provide my own as well as doing my job.'

"Women in public life have to work with one hand tied behind their backs.

"Yet many of the busiest women in public life are those with big families. One of the busiest women I know has four children under five, yet she is a practising psychologist.

"Not that everything is as it ought to be in England. There are still some doors closed to women.

Party line

"For instance, very few women in England become company directors. Most men who have reached the status I have in public life have one or two company directorships,



LADY WOOTTON

which is very convenient for them financially.

"I have no such directorships. Consequently, it can be harder financially for a woman to succeed in politics.

"Another thing I have not seen since I visited India—where they try to keep women down—is segregation at the social level.

"This business in Australia of women at parties being at one end of the room and the men at the other—I don't like it. Although it's true that it's not quite so common at university level, nevertheless it exists in all strata of Australian social life.

"But if women want to improve their status here they must take part in public life.

Don't be put off by men or other women if you see yourself as a politician. Don't take excuses.

"Nonsense!"

"Demand that women serve on juries. Don't listen to ridiculous excuses for their being kept off the panels.

"I heard one theory that women are not encouraged to do jury service because toilet facilities are not always available for them. What nonsense!

"Australian women seem to be very good at raising funds. If they are not to be allowed to serve on juries because there is no ladies' powder-room, let them raise the money to build their own."

They scrub shirts with wire brush, emery cloth

Ever consider scrubbing your husband's shirts with a wire brush and emery cloth?

Well, maybe it does seem a silly question—but that's exactly what they do when they're testing shirts for quality at BNS Bayswater.

Experts at this modern Victorian factory of British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd., are constantly testing shirts and other materials in a non-stop drive to make quality nylon garments even better.

One test for shirts involves nearly 2000 rubs with a wire brush and emery cloth.

Tests compared

Another of the BNS tests is called 'The Easy Care Test'. Sample fabric is washed in a washing machine with a detergent added to the water. Then the fabric is hung out to dry and its creasing compared with a set of laundered nylon materials graded according to their after-washing qualities.

BNS play an important role in assisting Australian manufacturers to produce top-quality nylon garments under the brand names of BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON.

They supply the trade with yarn manufactured to the most stringent quality requirements, then assist the trade to produce quality garments from the yarn.

BNS provide this service because they know that, however good the yarn itself, it can be ruined by faulty methods in the stages of fabric- and garment-manufacture.

Practical methods

Through their technical services, BNS advise the trade on the best methods of 'building in' to garment fabrics the qualities natural to the yarn.

In addition, BNS help manufacturers to overcome any technical problems encountered in their efforts to produce quality goods. BNS have their own modern textile mill in miniature to tackle these problems in the most practical way.

BNS constantly suggest to the trade new uses for nylon yarn; new types of fabric construction; even new types of garments.

All the resources of BNS stand behind the brand names BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON.

Value for money

Only approved manufacturers are permitted to use these names. By agreement with BNS, they submit garments for quality checks, and only garments which comply with BNS standards can be labelled BRI-NYLON or BRI-LON.

As Mr. B. C. Cornell, Managing Director of BNS, puts it:

"Our branding scheme is a friendly association between all sections of the trade to give the purchaser value for money."

If you would like any further information on nylon or nylon garments, please write to—

Public Relations Officer,
British Nylon Spinners
(Australia) Pty. Ltd.,
224 Queen Street, Melbourne
... a new and vital Australian industry.

BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON are trade marks of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

(Advertisement)

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FREE! A REAL paper pattern for a Night-and-Day Blouse in five separate tissue pieces that you can place straight on to your material. It is obtainable free by coupon.

● The Melbourne Cup—in color

Special color pictures of the race-day of the year.

● Your clothes show your personality.

A light-hearted guide to character-spotting, garment by garment.

● Big Christmas Section

How to make novel Christmas Trees. Gifts to make, including: Presents from your kitchen—biscuits and sweets.

● Would you marry a man 12 years younger than yourself?

A true story by a mother of grown-up daughters. She decided, against opposition, to marry a younger man.

● Help your child to say what he means—

Children are often inarticulate—help them to find the right words and fluency.

House and to find that equal pay is still a myth here in many professions."

Considering that Australian women had the vote many years before Great Britain (1894 in South Australia, the first State to grant it; 1921 in Britain), Lady Wootton believes that they have not made the most of their opportunities.

"Vicious circle"

The reason? "It's a vicious circle," she told me. "Women are not expected to take part in public life, so they don't. It's as simple as that.

"But why there have been no bold, bad women pioneers to break down the barriers I don't know.

"Theoretically, all the doors to politics and the professions in Australia are open as long

AT CUP WEEK CARNIVAL



● Some of the prettiest evening gowns and smartest race outfits seen for many years were worn in ballrooms and on Flemington lawns during Melbourne's Cup Carnival. The pictures on this page were taken at the annual Derby Eve Ball.

● Chef serves dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Gilby Morrell, of Toorak, Melbourne, at the Derby Eve Ball. The ball was held at "Homeden," the Toorak home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lord, who bought the old house this year from Mrs. George Nicholas.



● Miss Louise Barrett, of Double Bay, Sydney, and Mr. Mitchell Smith, of Melbourne, beside the swimming-pool at "Homeden." Miss Barrett wore a dress of pin-spotted muslin.



● Well-known yachtsman Mr. John Livingston took his own miniature camera to the ball. Here he snaps Miss Joyce Bowman, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Sam Hordern, of Sydney.



● From left: Miss Pam Gillespie (Melbourne), Mr. Graeme Arnott (Wellington, N.Z.), Miss Bernadette Russell (Melbourne), Mr. J. Caddy (Bendigo), Miss M. Raphael (Melbourne).



● Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, of Melbourne, with the Federal Minister for Labor and National Service, Mr. W. McMahon. Mrs. Grimwade wore a dress of draped chiffon.



● The blue-and-gold brocade waistcoat worn by Mr. Robert Sweeney, of Brisbane, attracted a lot of interest. He is pictured here with Miss Margaret Anne Jupp, of Melbourne.

The men were elegant, too



● Two of the most striking hats at Flemington were the coal-scuttle straw trimmed with a black rose worn by Jill Chapman, of Edgecliff, Sydney (above), and the huge white organza Breton chosen by Mrs. Richard Frank, of Caulfield, Victoria (right).



● Two girls and a filly. Misses Anne Montague, of Toorak, Melbourne (left), and Ann Wilkinson, of Melbourne, formerly of Brisbane, had a look at the horses before the first race. In the background is three-year-old filly Sprig O' Heather.



● Melbourne always provides an array of grey toppers. Pictured here are Mr. Trevor Clarke, of Victoria, with his son-in-law and daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Carnegie, back in Australia after several years in New York. Mrs. Carnegie wore a spray of white lilac pinned at the back of her hair instead of a hat.



● Walking on the lawn in the Members' Enclosure at Flemington, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Mead, of Melbourne. Mrs. Mead wore one of the popular flower hats. Hers was a tiny one made of lily of the valley and roses. Her suit was oyster silk.

Whichever way you look at it...



SOFT, NATURAL CURLS FOR
NORMAL AND EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

NEW!
**Richard
Hudnut**
QUICK home permanent

CUTS WINDING TIME IN 1/2

2 WAVES IN THIS BOX - USE 1/2 SAVE 1/2

CRYSTAL PURE PENETRATING LOTION
CAN BE RECAPPED

only nature—or...

RICHARD HUDNUT **NEW QUICK** **HOME PERMANENT** gives you lovely, really natural-looking waves

The secret is in Richard Hudnut's exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion with lanolised penetration. This crystal clear lotion penetrates so quickly and so thoroughly, it lets you wrap more hair on to each curler so that you use less curlers—and your waves are more natural-looking. Your waves set easier and your set lasts longer. And, because of its special lanolising ingredient, your hair always stays soft and silky.

Choose the type made specially for your hair!
For easy-to-wave hair **RED BOX**
For hard-to-wave hair **GREEN BOX**
Each one gives you sufficient for two 20-curl Perms!

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE **13'.**



AND FOR SMART
END CURLS

RICHARD HUDNUT
Quickette

Gives two end waves or two between-perm pick-ups... you can add new curls just where they are needed to keep your hairstyle looking perfectly groomed all the time. Richard Hudnut Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is the one waving lotion that can be recapped for using a second time.

Each box contains sufficient for two pick-ups and costs only 9/-.



It seems to me

USUALLY my best friends wouldn't give me credit for handy-woman skill, so I can't resist the urge to boast about a couple of last weekend's successes.

First, I read a hint on page 40 of this paper, suggesting the use of a cracked teapot as a holder for a ball of string. I have an old Chinese-style teapot that served for a vase until it began to leak. Because it is pretty I hadn't been able to bring myself to throw it out. So I put the ball of string inside and tried to thread it through the spout. The spout's curve defeated me. Then I tried a bead on a short piece of string, worked it through the spout from the outside, removed bead, tied the string on to the end of the ball, and pulled it through.

This triumph gave me such confidence that when the striking keys of my portable typewriter started to jam—a mishap that usually sends me running to the machine's service department—I decided to approach the problem constructively.

Though often inclined to curse the frailty of portables compared with standard office machines, I think that mine gets clogged with cigarette ash, which cannot be blamed on the manufacturers.

Tried a brush. No result. So I turned the typewriter upside down and shook it. Better, but not perfect. Then, inspired, I used the vacuum cleaner.

It worked.
Anybody need anything invented?

★ ★ ★

MANUFACTURERS of sake, the rice wine that is the traditional drink of Japan, are now advising that it be served iced instead of at room temperature to conform with the changing tastes of Japanese citizens.

This will no doubt cause some ructions among the old guard, but the ice will win in the end.

Many Britishers and a fair number of conservative Australians still give a delicate shudder if offered ice in whisky. These die-hards raise the kind of eyebrow that they otherwise reserve for people who eat peas from a knife.

Year by year their numbers grow smaller. Ice makes most spirits more palatable, and the old warm whisky rule was laid down before ice was a household commodity.

★ ★ ★

THOSE paper carrier-bags with advertisements on the side ought to be cheaper than the plain kind.

You rake one out of the cupboard and find it's marked "Tom's Greengrocery" when you intended to go to Joe's. Silly of me, of course. I suppose that's why the shopkeepers do it.



PICTURES of Yuri Gagarin, the Russian spaceman, showing his new plumpness aroused a lot of speculation.

He had spent two weeks in hospital. Officially his ailment had nothing to do with his space flight.

But he was undeniably 15lb heavier.

For once I'm inclined to believe the Soviet spokesman who said: "It is probably the big receptions everywhere he goes that have made him more plump."

For a precedent you need only recall some beauty-contest winners—not all, but some—who left this country slim as reeds and came back, after their prize trip abroad, several pounds heavier. And who could blame them?

It is one thing to keep on saying "No thank you" with a goal in view (like being a cosmonaut or winning a beauty contest). It is another to knock back the desserts after the battle is won.

And if I were Major Gagarin I wouldn't care. I would go on enjoying those banquets until I was quite certain they couldn't fit me into a space capsule. Once is plenty.

★ ★ ★

THE Bondi Beach bikini controversy in Sydney has caused a revision of the bathing-costume regulations in force since 1935. The new regulations will not specify measurements but require a costume to be "proper and adequate."

Times change and the togs change with them

And yesterday's gone with the tide,
Like those daring young things of the 'thirties

Who seemed then so little to hide.
They are fogies now to their youngsters
And often inclined to preach

About proper and adequate costumes
For wearing on Bondi Beach.

What's improper today might be standard
In another two decades or so,

Though truly it's hard to envisage
What more a bikini could show.

The wearer will make it or mar it,
And Grandma, indeed, looked a peach
In her proper and adequate costume
Parading on Bondi Beach.

The pleasures of life there are many
Though some are expensive, some not,
And the year rolls round to December
With a weekend that's happily hot.

Let us slam the door and go running
Well out of the telephone's reach
In a proper and adequate costume
On Sunday to Bondi Beach.

'Everglades': One man's dream



MAGNIFICENT VIEW over the Jamieson Valley (left) from the garden of "Everglades," the Leura (N.S.W.) estate built by the late Henri van de Velde.

TALL GUM in front of the 10-room house, which has five bedrooms and two tiled bathrooms, one with an octagonal bath, the other with a hot-box.

● In the early 1930s, when the depression turned many people's hopes into nightmares, the dream of one man, the late Belgian-born businessman Henri van de Velde, came true.

HENRI VAN DE VELDE played an important part in founding a major Australian industry, Felt and Textiles Ltd. Fabulously wealthy, he longed to build a dream home and gardens on 14 acres of scenic bushland he had bought at Leura, N.S.W. He recruited a band of unemployed builders, stonemasons, gardeners, and architects to bring his dream to reality. The house and gardens, estimated to have cost a total of £100,000, he named "Everglades."

He imported hundreds of rare and costly trees, shrubs, and plants from all over the world and had nearly four acres of land terraced and landscaped into a show garden.

More than 6000 seedlings for each of many varieties of flowers were planted.

In the gardens were built a squash court with showers and change room, a swimming-pool, and an open-air theatre.

The old Pacific Cable Co. building in George Street, Sydney, which van de Velde owned, was being demolished at the time, and he had the 80-year-old ornamental column doorway moved to "Everglades," where it became the backdrop for the theatre.

Every six months the gardens were opened to the public for a silver coin and about £1200 was raised each year for Red Cross.

Sydney physiotherapist Mr. E. Gill, Henri van de Velde's masseur and friend, remembers his sense of humor.

Once when a party walked into the grounds where Mr. van de Velde was working in old clothes and hat, a member asked, "Who is the guy who owns this place?"

Henri van de Velde replied, "Oh, just some silly old fool who lives down there."

When he died in 1947, his widow sold "Everglades" to grazier Mr. Harry Pike. It was sold again to Sydney bookseller Mr. Michael Swain, a noted horticulturist. In July last year it was transferred to Angus and Robertson Ltd. The property is again for sale.



STATUE of a small boy in the corner of the garden outside the living-room. Henri van de Velde placed imported and antique bronze and stone figures throughout the garden.

Pictures by **KEITH BARLOW**, staff photographer.



women

will appreciate the advantages of a cheque account with the "Wales". It will save them running about from place to place to pay the bills, for it's much easier to drop a cheque into the mail. And it's much safer too; it's not a good idea to carry a lot of money. A cheque account also gives a permanent record of all income and expenditure.



**BANK OF
NEW SOUTH WALES**
FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

A6128C

*Best for Baby's
daily
Vitamin C*

ALLENBURYS MEDICINAL ORANGE JUICE COMPOUND

Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound contains a consistent amount of Vitamin C... ensures baby maintains healthy growth and provides resistance to disease. The Vitamin C content in fresh oranges varies. Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound never varies because Vitamin C is added to the fresh orange juice to maintain a constant 84 mg of Vitamin C in each fluid ounce.

EQUAL TO 48 ORANGES

You get greater economy, too, because each 8 oz. bottle contains the equivalent of 48 oranges... yet costs only 6/9!

EASIER TO USE

When you use Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound there's no messy preparation. In hot weather, guard against the possibility of dehydration, and increase baby's fluid intake. Add Allenburys Medicinal Orange Juice Compound to cooled, boiled water. It makes an interesting, appealing and beneficial drink and provides the necessary amount of Vitamin C.

**ALLENBURYS
MEDICINAL
ORANGE JUICE
COMPOUND**

A PRODUCT OF GLAXO-ALLENBURYS

Obtainable from your family chemist



Reception in country garden

● Three hundred people packed St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Narromine, for the wedding of Miss Judy Lindsay and Mr. Ross McFadyen, younger son of the late Mr. Lionel McFadyen and of Mrs. McFadyen, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney. The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lindsay, "Mungeribar," ten miles from Narromine, where dinner was served in a marquee erected on the tennis court.



● Mr. and Mrs. Ross McFadyen in the garden of "Mungeribar," home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lindsay, where the reception was held after their marriage in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Narromine, on Saturday. Left: Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay and the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen (right), of Bellevue Hill, Sydney. Mrs. Lindsay wore grey satin, Mrs. McFadyen a jewel-encrusted satin sheath.



● Signing the register—Mr. and Mrs. Ross McFadyen with bridesmaids, from left, Janet Baldwin, Diana Fairfax, Gillian Garland, and Julie Bangel. The bride's gown was copied from a 66-year-old photograph of the wedding of the late Mrs. Frank Manchec, of "Binnigi," Moree. It was of French corded cotton with a high neck and long sleeves. The bridesmaids also wore white. Guests arrived by car and plane for the wedding.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

THERE'LL be lots of distinguished medical men in the audience when the Phillip Theatre presents the specially written revue "Is There a Doctor In The House" on Sunday evening, November 26, to aid the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons Appeal.

One of the most eminent will be visiting English baronet and noted surgeon Sir Harry Platt.

Before the performance he'll be a guest of honor at a dinner party being given by Sir Douglas and Lady Miller, of St. Ives.

Lady Miller is chairman of the ladies' committee of the New South Wales division of the appeal, which has a target of £300,000 to be raised in Australia and New Zealand.

The money is needed to extend facilities for postgraduate work in surgery.

DECORATIVE Joanna Windeyer's father, London University professor Sir Brian Windeyer, is unable to fly out from England for her marriage to Dr. Peter Maher at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on November 5. But he has sent a lovely dinner service, which will have pride of place in the flat the young couple have taken in Bellevue Hill. Recent bride Mrs. Ian Johnston and Mary Anne Meagher will attend Joanna, who will also be escorted by five-year-old page David Hill, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hill. John Baird will be best man and Leo Thorp groomsmen. After the ceremony Joanna's mother, Mrs. J. Windeyer, of Vaucluse, will entertain at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

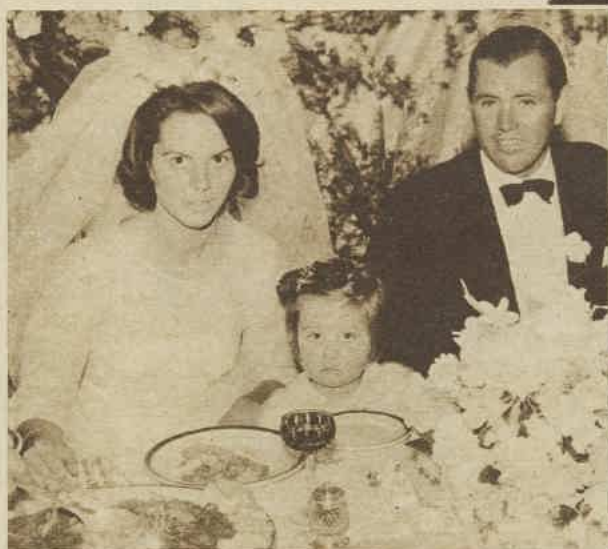
I HEAR Dr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Williams have lots of plans for bringing "Heath," a charming old home they've bought in Cross Street, Double Bay, up to date when they settle in town from Cootamundra at the end of the month.

SUCH an attractive unit in Bellevue Hill — with a sweeping view of the Harbor — will be the home of Bill Edwards and his bride-elect, Patti Griffin, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on November 15. It will be an all-white bridal theme for Patti and her attendants, Mrs. Gordon McFadyen, Mrs. Campbell Scott, and Anne Amadio. Tim Allen will be best man and David Allsopp and Peter Headlam groomsmen. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Pat Levy, of Edgecliff, and the late Mr. F. W. Edwards. Patti's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Griffin, will entertain at Princes after the ceremony. Interstate friends who will be Sydney-bound for the wedding include Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Potter, of Melbourne, and Queenslanders Mr. and Mrs. John Crozier.

ARRIVING in Melbourne in the Oriana after nearly two years abroad, Kerry Roberts took the first plane for Sydney so that she could motor to Narrimine with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Eric Roberts, of Vaucluse, for the wedding of Judy Lindsay to Ross McFadyen. Kerry was at Mon Fertile, a French finishing school in the Swiss Alps, for a year and later covered 12,000 miles exploring the Continent by car with Phoebe Kater, Sarah Croudace, and Deirdre Mack. In England she had a wonderful reunion with her brothers, Dr. Harley Roberts, who, with his wife, is living in Essex, Dr. Lindsay Roberts, and his wife, and her younger sister, Toni-Lee Roberts, who had just arrived in London from Sydney en route for Mon Fertile. Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay Roberts and their small son and daughter, Rowan and Cathie, are returning home in the Port Hobart on November 24 after four years overseas.

WARM welcome from their host of friends for Edwin Sutherland and his pretty wife, Jenny, who are making a two months' visit from Palo Alto, in California. They've taken a flat in Darling Point Road for week-day residence and spend their weekends alternating between staying with Jenny's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Donkin, of Bowral, and Edwin's family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutherland, at "The Chase," Moss Vale.

STAR BILLING at the bridal table at the reception after the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Day, at St. Andrew's Church, Junee, was given to petite flower-girl Fiona Boyd, sitting between the bridal couple. After attending the bride, formerly Miss Nonie Scott, Fiona got stagefright, and hid in the garden at "Panuara" (where she is shown at right), the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. MacLeod, who entertained there after the ceremony. The bridegroom, a former Olympic skier, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Day, of "Talbingo," Tumut. Mr. W. A. Scott, of Young, is the father of the bride.



ADELAIDE'S bride-of-the-year, formerly Miss Anne Kidman, leaving St. Augustine's Church, Unley, after her marriage to Mr. Robin Abel Smith. The bride, who is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kidman, of Eringa, Unley Park, wore a gown of white Swiss embroidered cotton. It was perfectly simple in design, and etched with scalloping.



CLASSICALLY simple gown of organza and satin was chosen by Miss Anne Hudson for her wedding to Mr. Peter Taylor at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Wahroonga. The bride is the daughter of Sir William Hudson, chairman of the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority, and Lady Hudson, of Cooma, and Mr. Taylor is the son of Mr. Charles Taylor, of "Bellevue," Holt's Flat, and the late Mrs. Taylor. After their honeymoon, the couple will live at Holt's Flat.



ENGAGED. Miss Sandra Bragg and Mr. Nigel Campbell, who announced their engagement in Melbourne at a dinner party given by Miss Bragg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg, of "Rossdale," Aberdeen. Mr. Campbell is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Campbell, of "Nant," Bothwell, Tasmania. After the dinner at the Australia Hotel, Melbourne, Miss Bragg and Mr. Campbell attended the Derby Eve Ball.

For health protection

Mortein

is as
important as
the food
you buy



That good food you buy can become poison - without Mortein protection from flies. Mortein Pressure★Pak and Mortein Plus are the only insecticides powerful enough and yet so safe. That's why to preserve health, they're as important as the food itself.

DANGER YOU CAN'T SEE

Food touched by any common fly can be contaminated, instantly, with dangerous germs. Remember Hepatitis, Gastro-Enteritis, Typhoid, Encephalitis, Poliomyelitis, Infantile Diarrhoea — and a host of other deadly diseases — are carried by flies.

DANGER OF IMITATIONS

Many imitations of Mortein Pressure★Pak are so hazardous that they would not be allowed on the American market.

Mortein Pressure★Pak, however, like

Mortein Plus, contains no toxic ingredients. Instead, it has costly Pyrethrum — the most powerful insecticide known and the safest of all to use. Insects cannot become immune to Mortein Pressure★Pak . . . it kills them all — even insects resistant to DDT, Lindane, and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior fly sprays.

Mortein Pressure★Pak — your positive guaranteed safeguard. It is the most economical insect spray. Just 3 or 4 seconds spraying will kill all insects in any average room.

In two sizes 7/11 . . . and . . . 13/11



SPRAY SAFE... USE ONLY

Mortein

PRESSURE★PAK
OR MORTEIN PLUS

When you're on a good thing
... Stick to it!



ST217

Worth Reporting

JUDY MILLAR, 25-year-old brunette teller at the Bank of New South Wales Wynyard branch, Sydney, is beginning to understand why the job has been a man's prerogative.

Judy, first woman teller in the bank since World War II, said: "I've had to file my nails down, and use no nail-polish, so they won't get chipped."

"I have to wash my hands dozens of times a day, because they get green from handling money. And money has a really grubby smell."

Physically, the job is not easy. It involves standing all day in the same spot (Judy prefers standing, although a stool is provided), handling large sums of heavy money, and always having a ready smile for the customers.

"I've been collapsing as soon as I get home," Judy said.

Judy's work is exactly the same as the male tellers'. Her day starts at nine, when she carries the money from the safe. ("I'm sure I'm developing enormous biceps, too.")

Then she stands taking in money and handing it out till five, broken only by the balancing of cash at 3 p.m.

Judy regards the job as a challenge. "I've got to be just as good as the men, and I'd like to be better," she said. "So far, I haven't had any discrepancies."

And, as for the customers: "Well, the men get a twinkle in their eye when they come to me. And I think elderly women find a woman teller reassuring," Judy said.

Bank branch manager Mr. H. B. Langford said that Judy's appointment was a test of "public and staff reaction."

"If the test is successful—and it seems to be—the bank may put other girls in the tellers' boxes," Mr. Langford said.

Her clothes work for her

HERE is the clothes credo of American Pat Premo, designer and manufacturer of high-fashion clothes.

Miss Premo, dark and petite, with a slender figure that wears clothes well, recently visited Australia during a whirlwind tour of the world.

When asked to explain what she meant by "Clothes that do a good job for you," Miss Premo pointed to the smart wool suit pictured below.

"That suit works so well," she said, "I couldn't possibly leave it at home."

"At home in California we attend lots of semi-business functions in the evening, such as cocktail parties. That's where my pink suit comes into the picture; I've worn it all day with leather shoes, skin handbag."

"Come cocktail time I ring the changes with a matching sleeveless chiffon blouse and waist tie, silk shoes, short white gloves, clutch purse, and I'm on my way."

"I guess a suit can't be more functional than that."



DESIGNER Pat Premo's . . . at evening becomes a cocktail outfit.

DUE in London's West End around Christmastime is a play called "The Doctor and the Devils." The play, which tells the story of Burke and Hare, the infamous Edinburgh body snatchers, was written by Dylan Thomas and Donald Taylor.

The gloves came by sidecar

STRANGE city sight at peak hour: A large police sergeant on a motor-cycle with his sidecar full of immaculate white gloves speeded up to a young traffic constable at a busy intersection.

The constable halted all lanes while he extracted and donned a pair of gloves. The sergeant, in a flash, was on his way.

Somebody late with the Force's laundry?

No, said the Force when we checked. Just special issue of gloves for a special detail of traffic police for a special procession (state or royal progress, etc.).

Normally, the traffic chaps launder their own gloves.

Can friends criticize... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet, but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

NOW—here's the quick, easy way to keep your toilet bowl sparkling clean and hygienic.

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire toilet bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or toilet sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewer and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the "S" bend—where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC
Regd.
TOILET CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"The Pilgrim Daughters"

Hesketh Pearson (Heinemann), 31/-.
Last century many very rich American girls began marrying into the British aristocracy, notably Consuelo Vanderbilt to the 9th Duke of Marlborough. The Duke's father, too, had married as his second wife an American, Lily Hammersley, a wealthy widow; and his uncle, Lord Randolph Churchill, had married Jeanette Jerome, daughter of a New York financier—their first son was Winston.

But money, in the continuing American invasion, has not always been the only attraction. Beauty, as in the case of Ellen Dwight and the Hon. Edward Twisleton, and brains—as with Lord Astor and Nancy Langhorne Shaw, who became the first woman British M.P.—played their part. Another clever woman, Maud Burke, married shipping magnate Sir Roche Conard. As Emerald Cunard she ruled London society, entertaining the Prince of Wales and the American whose marriage caused the biggest sensation of all, Wallis Simpson.

The story of each meeting and marriage is handled with gossipy detail as though the noted biographer had cleared his files of left-over historic trivia collected over

the years and decided to use it up in this book.

"The Snake Has All The Lines"

Jean Kerr (Heinemann), 13/3.
Sure and gifted writing laced with wit and whimsy comes trippingly off the pen of successful playwright Jean Kerr, American housewife, mother of four and author of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." The title sets the pace. It comes from a remark of her eldest son, who returned from school one day to announce dejectedly that he had been cast as Adam in a play about Adam and Eve. "That's wonderful, you have the lead," said his mother. "Yeah," he replied, "but the snake has all the lines."

When Jean Kerr hears complaints about the school system she springs to the defence of schools—not for their educational benefits but out of gratitude that a teacher can keep 40 or 50 small children interested and occupied for five hours a day. She makes the misfortunes and minor crises of everyday family life seem like screamingly funny episodes, and she leaves you feeling happy that these things can happen to you, too—every hour, on the hour.



SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

Called "At Home With The Sun", it shows you what a delightful influence NACO "V" type Sunblades will be on your day-to-day living. It shows you how those tall, slim, gleaming metal vanes will give you positive, day-long, year-round control of sun and wind, plus the distinction of a striking new colour area for your home. Here, in one bold, effective feature, is the permanent improvement which does most to transform a home, in any location, any climate. The cost, as you will see, is surprisingly moderate. May we forward your copy of "At Home With The Sun"?



NACO "V" TYPE SUNBLADES

N. V. APPLETON PTY. LTD., DIVISION OF APPLETON INDUSTRIES LIMITED
BRISBANE • SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE • PERTH • DARWIN • LONDON

N. V. Appleton Pty. Ltd.,
197 Wilson St., Newtown,
N.S.W.
124 Bridge Rd., Richmond,
Vic.
128 Gerler Rd., Hendra, Q'ld.
51 Woodville Rd., Woodville,
S.A.
Barnett Bros., 203 Hay St.,
Perth, W.A.
Millars and Sandovers,
53 Smith St., Darwin, N.T.



(Mail this coupon to the address in your State shown at left.) Please forward my free copy of the NACO "V" type Sunblade book

NAME

ADDRESS

WW15/11



LOWERING the dark glasses she habitually wears, Holly Golightly (Audrey Hepburn) takes a long, cool look at the older woman (Patricia Neal) who is her rival for the affections of young writer Paul Varjak (George Peppard).

"Breakfast at Tiffany's"

● In Paramount's film version of Truman Capote's best-selling novel "Breakfast At Tiffany's," Audrey Hepburn throws off her usual ladylike screen personality to play Holly Golightly, the raffish, on-the-make heroine, at loose in today's New York. One of Hollywood's newer young actors, husky, fair-haired George Peppard, is her co-star.

SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLY, in one of her unpredictable moods, strolls down New York's Fifth Avenue with a puzzled Paul at her side. All Audrey Hepburn's clothes for the film were designed by Givenchy.



Documentary tells story of Hemingway

By NAN MUSCROVE

● Big television event of the month is Channel 9's presentation on Wednesday, November 15, at 8 p.m. of N.B.C.-TV's hour documentary about Ernest Hemingway.

HEMINGWAY, world-famous author, war correspondent, adventurer, sportsman, and tough guy, shot himself in July.

All his talent as a writer, his violence, and his eccentricity have been examined and translated on TV into what American critics agree is one of the best documentaries yet about a human being.

Hemingway's TV life story begins during his boyhood in Oak Park, Illinois, and covers the colorful years of his writing career and life as a sportsman through till the time of his death.

Rare films taken at his estate in Cuba and while attending a bullfight are also shown. According to some critics, the life of Hemingway is not as vividly portrayed as the times—the Paris of the roaring 'twenties, the Spanish Civil War, the excitement of the bullfights.

The film is woven together with excerpts from his novels and dispatches as a war correspondent.

Hemingway seemed to attract violence. His life has violence in it like a country road has mileposts. The documentary is said to highlight this.

What makes the film more fascinating than usual is the circumstances of his death and the unanswered question why such a man died the way he did.

Some critics say the documentary makes the manner of his death harder than ever to understand.

Hemingway's fans are legion and the film should have a wide audience. Most of his books have been made into films. "For Whom the Bell Tolls," shown recently on Channel 7, was one of the most popular.

The violence that marked Hemingway's life seems to come out in his fans, too—most are violently for or against. It certainly looks like some good living-room arguments at least on the night of November 15.

He strikes right note

PIANO-PLAYING — the effortless kind—has had a morbid fascination for me ever since my schooldays, when, after years of painful lessons, I got to the stage where with concentration I

could play "Barcarolle" with crossed hands.

For this reason I was a pushover for the A.B.C.-TV's "Magic of Music," featuring Eric Jupp and his piano. Mr. Jupp is a talented and effortless performer and even looks happy while he plays.

He is good TV value on his own, but I watched him and got a double dividend.

I found that "Magic of Music" is one of those modest A.B.C. shows that is miles better than it sounds—it is an entertaining variety show. There's an orchestra and a mixed bag of entertainers, singers, dancers, and so on, and, as I said before, Mr. Jupp and his piano. I can recommend "Magic of Music" as very pleasant TV.

Hancock, alone, is a hit

AFTER various false alarms,

Tony Hancock came back to A.B.C.-TV recently. The show, called simply—and famously—"Hancock," stars Hancock, out of the environment of East Cheam and alone.

Sid James, who added so much to the earlier Hancock shows, does not figure.

Hancock is not my favorite man as a comedian, but if the first show is any indication, it is going to be a half-hour that I will watch for my own pleasure, not as a dutiful worker.

It was a send up of a radio "drip" drama serial. I found myself laughing aloud, despite my sour approach to the show, and I'm grinning now as I remember bits of it. Don't miss it.

★ ★ ★
THE W. D. & H. O. Wills Golf Classic at The Lakes, which all channels telecast recently, proved again what a superb medium TV is for such an event.

Viewers had a perfect armchair view without having to struggle against the wind that marred a couple of days or the worry of periscopes or eager spectators blocking their view.

Notable about the telecasts were the commentaries. They were very good. It was quite obvious that all the commentators are keen fans of the two big sporting shows "Top Pro Golf" and "World Championship Golf." They had learned a lot from them, even to the hushed, suspenseful voice on the greens.



● The late Ernest Hemingway, whose colorful life as author, adventurer, and tough guy has been made into a TV documentary.

Rod takes a lot of beating

ROD TAYLOR, darling of the loving care he used to get on the "Hong Kong," is suffering from a wrenched back, split ear, and gashed forehead.

Rod is at present in Italy on location at Maratea, where he is making a movie, "King of the Seven Seas."

He now really appreciates the loving care he used to get on the "Hong Kong" set, he says. In Maratea he has to do all his own stunting and nobody has heard or is interested in ways to soften the blows or falls.

"You risk your life and limb and have to be ready to go before the camera right afterwards," he said.

Long-shot comes home

RICHARD LONG, chubby-faced hero of Channel 9's "Bourbon Street Beat," has suddenly come good after a long run of bad luck.

Long, who was transferred to the cast of "77 Sunset Strip" after the American season of "Bourbon Street" ended, lost his role because of some unfortunate headlines about a quarrel he had with his wife.

He was out of work for quite some time and then landed the starring role in a play, "Under the Yum Yum Tree," at Hollywood's old Las Palmas Theatre.

Now his stock has skyrocketed, because record crowds have been jamming the old theatre to see his performance and Long is being sought by TV and film producers.

"It's sort of like sneaking back in through the rear door," said Long recently. "But somehow a man has to regain his prestige. This was a huge gamble, but it's paying

off. A lot of people said I was washed up in the entertainment field. I'm not."

Most happily Long's new success and happiness with being on the stage has brought him closer to his wife than ever before.

"We're both thankful that my luck has changed," he said. "For a while things looked pretty black."

NEW FILMS

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ WILD IN THE COUNTRY

Elvis Presley — violent, sullen, intense—fills the screen in this psychological drama—a thin tale woven round his moody appeal. Only fans will enjoy it. A paroled delinquent, Presley goes to psychiatrist Hope Lange for treatment. Hope falls for his brooding charm. Presley has a pleasing song for all his followers. Tuesday Weld and sweet Millie Perkins are well cast in support.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . HIMSELF.

★ PARRISH

Weak dialogue, acting, and editing make a farce of this 136-minute saga of Tobacco Valley, Connecticut. Young field hand Troy Donahue is St. George to the "little man" in his stand against land-grabber tycoon Karl Malden. He is also an idol to swooning valley girls—Connie Stevens (a promiscuous picker), Diane McBain (the boss' money-hungry daughter), and stock heroine Sharon Hugoney. A phony role hampers Claudette Colbert, Troy's mother. The film is too long by half.—Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . DRAGS.

NEW WONDER AIR BED

3-reed mattress with single reed pillow and push-in valve. Also available with snap fasteners to form double bed.
SIZE (approx.): 80" x 30" single, 80" x 60" double.
COLOURS: Blue, green, orange, or Candy-striped (as illustrated).

Play it cool with . .



CAMPER AIR BED

Large size, 4-reed mattress with 3-reed pillow, push-in valve. Also available with side snap fasteners.
SIZE (approx.): 84" x 37" single, 84" x 74" double.
COLOURS: Blue, green.

LEISURE CHAIR

Only 42 oz. and very easily carried. Provides comfort deluxe for beach, garden, fisherman. COLOURS: Blue, green.



HAND INFLATOR
Li-Lo's can be easily inflated by mouth or with this little inflator.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING RUBBER, SPORTS AND TOY STORES

Protect your cat SAFELY from TICKS and FLEAS



- Safe for cats
- Kills ticks & fleas
- Keeps them away
- Prevents ringworm
- Gives coat lustre
- Perfumed

Ticks & Fleas killed instantly



- with only ONE wash
- Kills ticks & fleas
- Cleans your dog
- Relieves Red Itch
- Makes coat glossy
- Fragrant
- Safe

from Chemists & Pet shops everywhere



AMERICAN Tam O'Shanter

EASY-CARE COTTON KNITS FOR TOTS TO TEENERS

- ★ machine-washable
- ★ colour fast
- ★ guaranteed not to shrink or stretch out of fit

'PONCHO' (Far left). Latest craze in U.S.A. (Blue, red or gold stripes.) 3-7: 27/6. 8-14: 29/11.

'CAPRI' PANTS (Far left). Cotton-knit match-mates for Tam O'Shanter tops! 3-7: 29/11. 8-14: 35/-.

'TRIM JIM' (Left). With inbuilt collar stays! First ever, for boys. (Blue, gold or green stripes.) 3-7: 29/11. 8-16: 32/6.



'JACKY'. With appliqued daisies. (Green, blue or gold with white.) Age 3-7: 29/11. 8-14: 32/6.

'CANDY'. Jaunty top in gold, blue and white or gold, antelope and white. Age 3-7: 25/- 8-14: 27/6.

'HUCKLEBERRY'. New look T-shirt. Gold, blue or green stripes. Age 3-7: 16/11. 8-16: 17/11.

'CUTIE-PIE'. Adorable style in pink or blue with white. Age: 1-4: 14/11.

'HE-MAN'. Junior Club shirt. Gold, green or blue with Eagle insignia. Age 3-7: 27/6. 8-16: 29/11.



'MARY-LOU'. With cute collar styling. (Red, green or blue with white.) Age 2-4: 25/-.

'L'IL ABNER'. Tailored shirt (in blue or gold tones) with colour teamed polished cotton shorts. Age 2-4: 37/6 the set.

THE EXACT STYLES YOUNG AMERICA

VOTED TOPS-FOR-FASHION THIS SUMMER!

All Tam O'Shanter styles are available in a galaxy of fun-loving, sun-loving shades. And remember, they are machine-washable, colour-fast and guaranteed not to shrink or stretch out of fit!

Tam O'Shanter Lincoln

Made in Australia under
exclusive licence by



BOYD, Q.C., addresses the Court. Boyd (standing, left) sometimes confuses viewers by appearing on the Bench. In England, Q.C.s are sometimes appointed as Acting Commissioners (Judges) at the Assizes (District Courts in Australia) to assist when the work is heavy. The appointment ends with the Assizes, and the Q.C. returns to private practice.

BOYD WINS ON TV

"BOYD, Q.C.", a drama of the English courts on A.B.C.-TV, is delightful TV. It stars Michael Denison as Richard Boyd—a very different type from his many American counterparts on the screen. He is an astute Q.C., suave, bland, and likeable, with a dry wit that spices his appearances. I would love to see Boyd battling out a case against the commercial channels' old smoothie Perry Mason. Who would win? I don't know, but I do know that it would be both exciting and witty.—*Nan Musgrove.*



MICHAEL DENISON, who plays Boyd, addresses the Court. Denison has no legal training except hours of watching cases in London's famous Old Bailey. He says barristers and actors have a common problem—trying to get their message across to a resisting group.



BOYD'S CLERK, Jack (Charles Leno), above, is the only person besides Boyd who appears in every episode. Jack, who refers to Boyd as "The Governor," acts as narrator, making explanatory comments and sometimes describing legal procedure. This helps maintain the show's brisk pace.

MAKE YOURSELF A CHRISTMAS DRESS

● Three here-there-and-everywhere outfits designed for the festive season ahead. The designs all have smart, simple lines and our detailed paper patterns put the dresses right into the easy-to-make range. Order now (see panel on opposite page) and make a Christmas dress.



7435. — Tailored dress and matching jacket (right) has casual dash. The bare-shoulder dress is worn under an easy-fit short jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

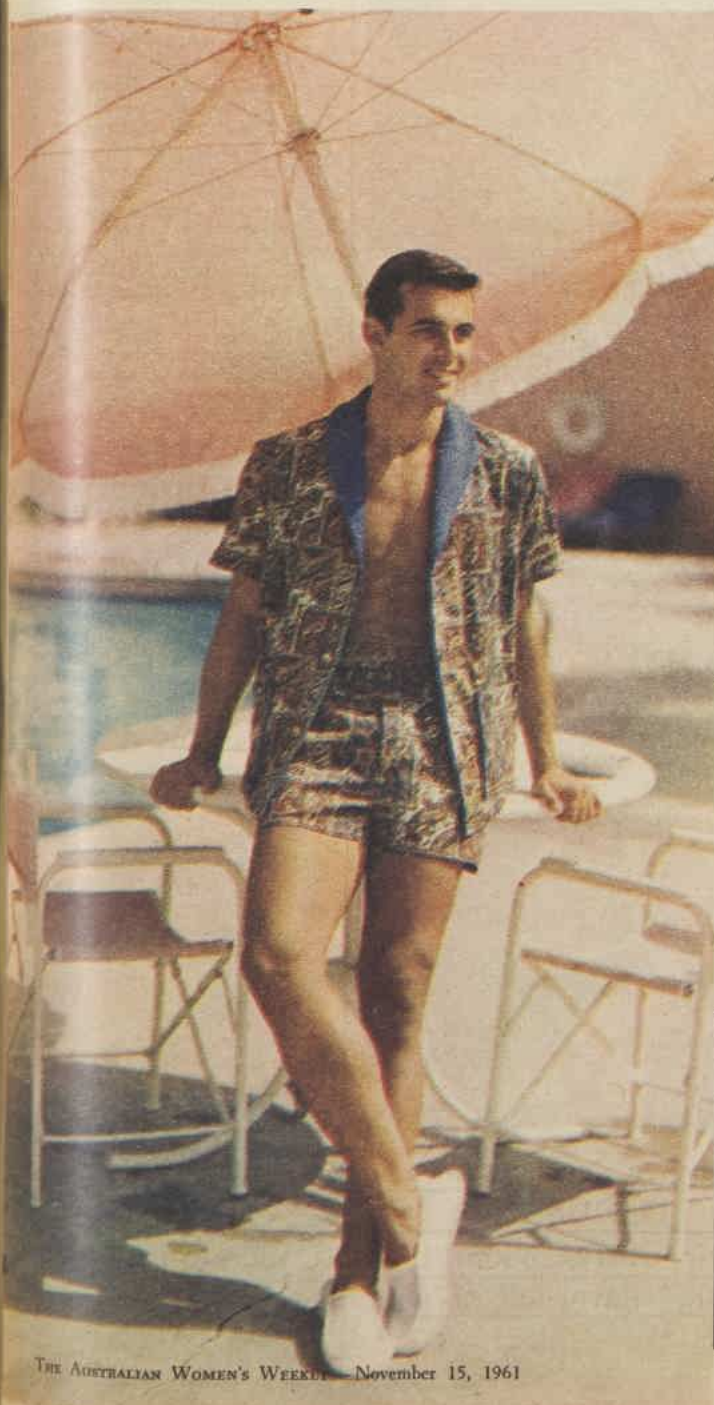


7433. — Fashion-right one-piece (left) designed with a bloused bodice top and easy-fit straight skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

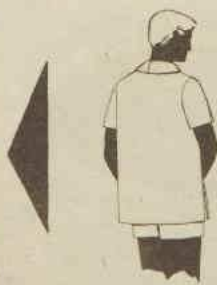
7434. — The jacket dress — summer version. The dress is cool and sleeveless, the jacket lace-trimmed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 4in. eyelet embroidered cotton lace. Price 4/9.

MAKE YOUR MAN A CHRISTMAS GIFT

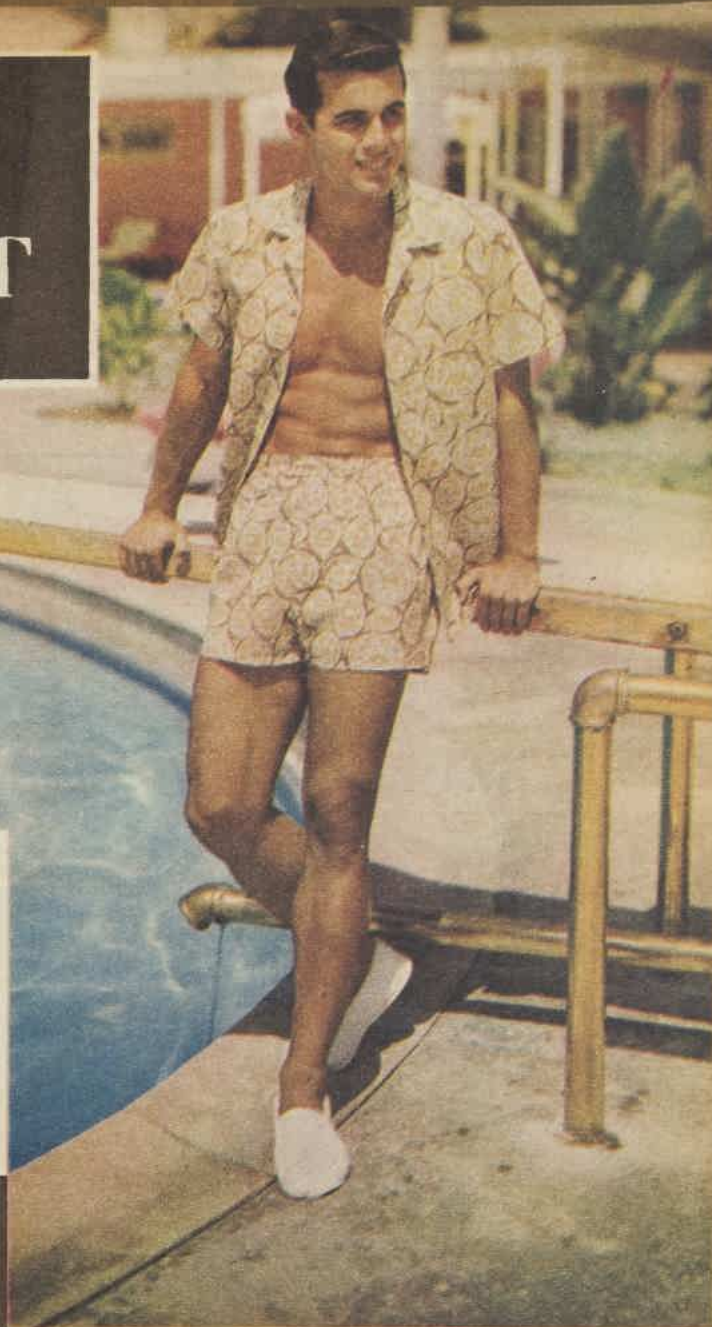
● Here are three ideal do-it-yourself Christmas gifts for father, son, or beau. All are good men's fashions, smart for the beach or relaxing at home. All can be made from one of our easy-to-follow patterns. See panel below for details of how to order. No C.O.D. orders.



7431.—Leisure or playsuit (above) has perfect tailored shorts and matching short-sleeved shirt. Sizes: SM, M, and OS. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7430. — Handsome news for on or off the beach. The shirt is lined with terry toweling. Sizes: SM, M, OS. Requires 3 1-8 yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. 36in. terry toweling. Price 4/9.



7432.— Tailored wrap - and - tie dressing - gown can be made in two lengths. Sizes: SM, M, and OS. Requires 4½ yds. for short length and 5½ yds. 36in. material for longer length. Price 4/9.



● Patterns are obtainable at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 649 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

- Since synthetic fabrics have been perfected, white has become practical for everyday wear.

THE fashion item answers a query taken from a reader's letter. Here is the query and my reply:

"Do you think a casual suit made in a white fabric would be too impractical for city wear? If you like the idea, please design a style using red as a contrast."

White is practical if you buy a fabric that dries quickly and needs no ironing.

The design I have chosen is illustrated below. The Chanel-type jacket is bound in contrast; the skirt is straight and easy. The whole effect is casual and, at the same time, chic.

A paper pattern for the design is available. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Would chiffon be too soft and light for a straight dress with no waist? The dress is for dancing."

If the chiffon is made over matching silk, it is perfect for such a design. Numbers of straight-cut, no-waisted party dresses have a hemline marked with three or four self-material ruffles. To look effective, each ruffle should be approximately 4in. wide.

"Could you suggest something new in a pleated one-piece?"

The fabric is grey-and-white-striped silk."

I suggest a lengthened bodice, curved slightly to the figure, plus an all-around pleated skirt. Have the top of the dress uncollared, sleeveless, and buttoned in shilling-size white pearl buttons.

"Do you consider white too girlish for a dance-length summer dress?"

I think nothing is more marvelous than all-white for the ballroom. It can look sophisticated or ingenuite.

For a sophisticated design I like the idea of white silk crepe with one bare shoulder and the bodice slightly bloused above a column-slim skirt.

White silk organdie, high-necked and edged with a ruffle of white lace, the ruffles repeated at the hemline, would look young and pretty.

"Are there any new designs in sportswear separates?"

The shape of sportswear separates is changing—it is more attuned to current dress and suit silhouettes. The newest design in this category is a softly bloused top balanced by a gored or flared skirt.

"Please help with a style and hat to wear for a going-away costume in early December. I want the outfit navy linen, the hat white."

A navy silk-linen suit worn with a "blown-up" pillbox hat of coarse white straw would look effective. For the suit design I suggest a single-breasted, waist-length jacket and a flared skirt.

"Is there anything to replace shorts at the beach?"

Yes, a playdress—flared, belted, and cropped short of the knee. The silhouette is princess. In hot pink or orange cotton, the dress will look very "by-the-sea" and new.



DS454.—Suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material; 3yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

FLAVOR-BUDS

...thousands in every spoonful!



BUSHELLS INSTANT COFFEE is not just a powder but thousands of coffee **FLAVOR-BUDS** (tiny particles of pure, 100% coffee) which are ready to give you delicious "roaster-fresh" coffee the instant you pour on boiling water.

That's the secret...a special process which gives you **THOUSANDS** of **FLAVOR-BUDS** in every spoonful—rich, "roaster-fresh," flavor-full coffee—that's **BUSHELLS!**

THE GIRL AND THE BEARDED BEACHCOMBER

He was the most handsome young man she'd ever met except for THAT beard . . . a short story

By VICTOR CANNING

THE trouble with being a barber is that most of the time you just get a bird's-eye view of people. You talk to the tops of their heads and you don't know whether they're listening or not. After twenty years on Toreda Cay I don't worry about it. I just go on talking. Sometimes people tell me to shut up, and I do. But I can tell you this—you want to be careful about telling people to shut up. Sometimes it pays to listen.

For instance, take young Mark Gregson. He came out here about five years back. Came over from Nassau to the Outer Islands, settled down on Toreda, bought himself a launch from the last of his money, and started giving fishing trips to the visitors. He made enough to make himself comfortable, and that was all he wanted.

Nice fellow was Mark, tall, fair-haired, and grew himself a fluffy beachcomber's beard; about twenty-eight, I should think, and as brown as a berry. Wanted nothing except this easy life, sleeping under palm trees, a little fishing, swimming—pure paradise—until the diesel yacht Pandora dropped anchor off his place one evening.

Now, there was a nice boat, gleaming like sugar icing and owned by the Duchess of Marchmill. The Duchess was an old trout of about seventy, loaded with money and jewels, and spending most of her time at a small plantation she owned up in the hills. The yacht just sat in the bay waiting for her.

To page 69

There was a smile on Anne's face as she listened to Mark's serenade.

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN





"Featherweight" belt with grip, 1/11



"Wonderform" belt with pin, 3/6

"Wonderform" belt with grip, 3/6



Kotex "WONDERFORM" belts with choice of self-locking grip or pin. Light, non-twist elastic is adjustable to your own waist size for a perfect fit and greater personal comfort. In Pink or White.



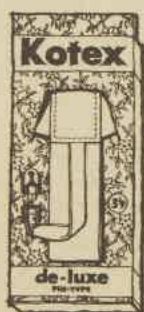
Only KOTEX

belts give you five different styles—for your very personal choice

Kotex "DE-LUXE" belts—made of smooth, wide elastic for superb comfort the whole day through. Won't twist or curl. Available with grip or pin and in Pink or White.



"De-luxe" belt with grip backed by special protective tab, 3/9



"De-luxe" with pin, 3/9

Combine Wondersoft Kotex* feminine napkins with your Kotex belt for lasting comfort

*Trade Mark Registered—Kimberly-Clark Corp.

KK466



"Get in the house," Miss Martha yelled to the children as she rang the bell furiously.

The old school bell

A short story by OLGA ROSMANITH

MISS MARTHA sat in her big chair looking out the screen door of her living-room. She saw a patio with a low desert stone wall, beyond it a pasture where grazed a small dairy herd, beyond that again a tall windbreak of eucalyptus through which gleamed the white walls of the neighboring farm buildings.

It was a sweet spring morning cheerful with sunlight and mating bird calls. Miss Martha frowned at it with tears in her eyes. This was a day for pottering in her rock garden down the steep front steps at the other side of the house. Thinning out old roots and pushing seeds into empty places.

But her right leg was stretched straight and stiff on a hassock before her and she was facing the intolerable fact that her pottering days were over.

The front door bell chimed, but she didn't answer it. Finally the caller walked round to the patio and found her.

He was a tall elderly man in an expensive city business suit. "I'm Mr. Webster from Wood and Webster, the San Francisco antique dealers. The doctor told me I would find you here."

"Come right in, Mr. Webster, the door is open."

He stood there chatting with the old lady a few minutes before he appraised her antique furniture.

"When the taxi let me out, you know what I thought, Miss Perry? I thought I was back in my childhood. This house is a replica of that little red schoolhouse."

Miss Martha said sharply, "That's not strange. This is the old red schoolhouse of Three Oaks. What's more, I'm the old grey schoolmistress. The town grew in the other direction. That's why it wasn't razed for housing developments. I bought it from the school board. I intended to spend the rest of my life here."

Mr. Webster looked around the room, latticed-windowed and walled with knotty pine. He appraised the hand-braided rugs, the antique china dogs on the stone shelf above the big

boulder-stone fireplace, and the early-American maple furniture.

All good in its way, but he saw only one thing for which he had a buyer.

"I understand from Doctor Graves you want some ready money to move elsewhere. You have a lovely place here, Miss Perry. May I ask what changed your mind about ending your days here?"

Miss Martha indicated her stiff leg stretched out on the hassock. "I fell and injured my knee. It is a mile walk to the town and the bus service is very unreliable. So I'm no longer independent." Her voice trembled slightly. "Go in the bedroom and check over the other furniture."

Mr. Webster obeyed, but he still saw nothing else he wanted.

He returned to her. "Miss Perry, I don't see anything here that we can use. We don't have a call for it. However, I have a customer who collects old schoolbells. I'll give you a hundred dollars for the one on your mantelshelf."

Miss Martha glanced at it, a big ugly brass bell with a worn black handle. It had a clang that could be heard in the next county, but to her it made a stirring music.

"No, Mr. Webster. That belongs to the days when kids were kids and one lone teacher could cope with a schoolful. I'll never part with the bell."

The price went up to two hundred before Mr. Webster gave up and politely left her.

After he had gone Miss Martha called up the doctor.

Doctor Graves was another left-over from ancient times. He didn't have an office in the glass brick and concrete medical building. He still used part of his old house as consulting-room and dispensary where he still mixed some of his own medicines. He was eighty-one, and had a busy time with old ladies who brought their grandchildren.

To page 70



IT'S AN ASTOR...
that's the difference

PICTURE THE DIFFERENCE ASTOR 'Barclay' MAKES !



ASTOR 'Leisure-line II'
Most modern frig. ever.
\$173 gns.



ASTOR fully automatic clothes
washer \$209 gns.



ASTOR 'Concertmaster'
Stereo \$125 gns.

The product which bears the name ASTOR is *all* ASTOR. It comes from a completely self-contained organisation which creates, designs and manufactures each component, right from the raw materials, be it plastic, timber, metal or glass. Now, you see the difference. This brilliant new ASTOR 'Barclay' 23" Lowboy, the culmination of 40 years of electronic leadership, a remarkable step forward in sheer design, technically far ahead of its time. ASTOR 'Barclay's' impeccable finish and styling is sheathed forever in the revolutionary new Polyester glass-hard finish which resists burns, liquids and abrasions. An entirely new chassis provides the most sensitive picture-sound combination yet achieved, giving crystal clear and reliable performance in *any* reception area, including most difficult fringe areas. Two big speakers, plus wide-range tone control, assure lifelike quality of sound. Other advanced ASTOR features include automatic noise suppression and electrostatic focus to ensure both sound and picture are kept steady and clear. See this new ASTOR 'Barclay' . . . in your own home, then you'll realise why, over the years, more Australian homes choose ASTOR than any other brand. Barclay 209 gns. (other ASTOR models from \$139 gns.)

*Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania

ASTOR

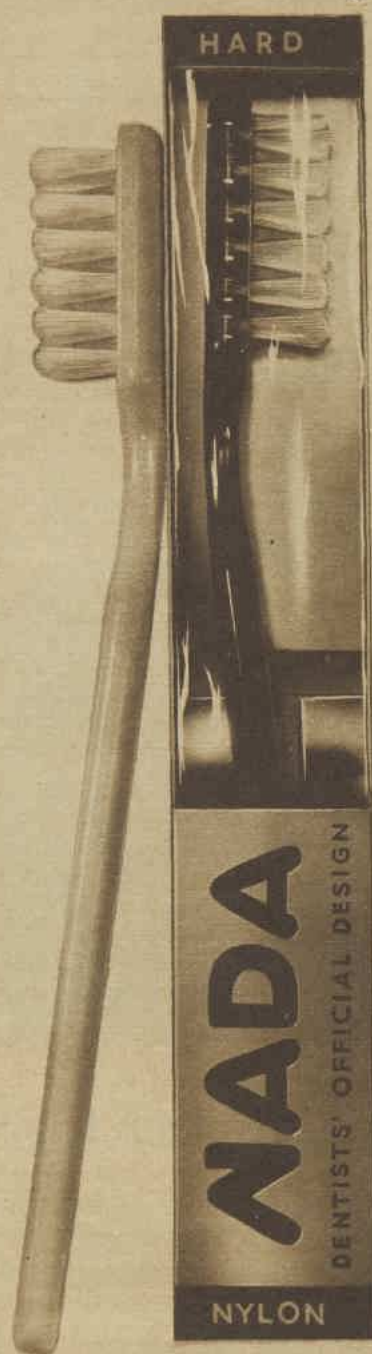
(FP 4B31L)

PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961

Page 27

A toothbrush designed for me?...



Nada is the Dentists Designed toothbrush. It adapts naturally to the contour of your teeth... handles are correctly slanted so that you exert just the right amount of pressure... active Nada bristles clean every crevice. Now there's a scientifically designed Nada toothbrush for every member of your family. NADA IS SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

- Nada Nylon 2/-
- Nada Natural Bristle .. 3/9
- Nada Multi Tuft 2/8
- Nada Junior Nylon 1/6
- Nada Junior Bristle 2/-

NADA

DENTIST DESIGNED TO CLEAN YOUR TEETH PERFECTLY!

A Precious Time

Ted held his wife in his arms and knew that with her he could face any disaster . . . a short short story

By BETTY KJELGAARD



UP to now Ted Ferris had spent his Saturdays going over sales accounts or playing golf with a buyer and then bringing him home to one of Jen's superb dinners. But this Saturday he was out of his groove.

He took himself down to his air-conditioned den in the basement and tried to reappraise his future and that of his wife and two sons. Yesterday afternoon he had been fired.

Jen had been calm last night when he told her it had happened—the company changing hands. "Well, after all, we have been expecting it," she said.

Now the morning sunlight drove golden shafts across the den and pinned them mindlessly until he heard Jen's step on the stairs.

"Hey," she said, "keep an eye on the kids for a while. I'd like to run into the village."

"Ha," he said. "You've been reading the penny-saver ads."

"Just call me Pinchfist Jennifer. Dain's playing in the garden and Kip is building something in the sandbox."

For the first time Ted knew fear. The very fact that they were kidding about the sudden necessity for thrift brought it to life. He was among the unemployed. Oh, blow it, he thought, and made himself relax.

It wasn't the end of the world, for Pete's sake. He'd have another job as soon as he lined up his contacts. Meanwhile, they'd have to live more simply.

Heat was rising up his neck and he realised he was fighting a losing mental battle with himself. It wasn't living simply that bothered him; it was—that's a good question, he thought: what is it? He caught the glint of sunlight on a large bottle on the shelf behind the bar. That could be it, he knew—the whole answer in a bottle. He picked it up and read the label.

Champagne. Somebody had sent it in the hospital when Dain was born eight years ago. How Ted and Jen had laughed when it arrived! They were young, enduringly in love; they had a home and a job and a son. The champagne became a sort of symbol. They were just beginning their lives. Why not keep it until they had really arrived.

So it had been put away, like a small nest-egg, always willed just out of reach while they climbed. And now, cons of time later, Ted saw only a green glass bottle. The symbol was gone.

He replaced it, feeling hollow. As he turned away he heard Dain's voice outside. Ted's nerves tightened again; the fear was back.

The living-room, dressed for summer in cool chintz, was quiet. He stood at the screen door that led to the terrace.

Dain was bouncing a ball against the side of the garage. Kip, the three-year-old, was busy at the sandbox. Ted felt isolated and coldly helpless. They deserved so much. There was a sudden vast hunger in him for something he could not interpret.

Opening the screen door, he stepped out. "Hi," he said.

Dain glanced around. "Hi," he said, and went on throwing the ball.

Kip looked up. "Hi," he said.

Ted felt like an intruder. Then he went up behind Dain, and when the ball bounced back he caught it as the boy whirled. "I'll pitch you some real ones," he said.

"O.K.," Dain said disinterestedly.

They began tossing the ball back and forth without speaking, as was usual. But now Ted tried to dredge beneath that silence. For the first time he noticed that Dain seemed to be measuring him with incredibly clear eyes and Ted thought: How well do I really know my elder son? How well does he know me?

He strolled over to the boy. "Suppose some night next week we take the tent and camp out?" he said.

There was an instant of mutual surprise and then everything levelled.

"Gee," Dain said, "that sounds neat." His eyes shone. "Can I go up in the attic and look for the tent now?"

No heavy warnings about making a mess in finding it, Ted thought. The moment was somehow too delicate, too precious. "Sure," he said.

Dain galloped away, yelling, while Ted stood warming himself in the sound. What had happened? He didn't know. He knew only that the hunger in him was abating a little, that he had an inexplicable sense of buoyancy.

He turned, seeing his younger son, and went over and dropped down beside him. Kip was on that exclusive globe of the very young, still chattering to an invisible comrade. Ted watched him fondly, with silent laughter.

"Little gasbag," he said.

Kip stared at him comically, rubbed his nose with a grimy fist.

The laughter was breaking loose in Ted. "Butterface," he said.

The little boy looked at him again, his mouth turning endearingly upward. "B'face," he said.

An almost overpowering tenderness swept over Ted. He caught Kip under the arms and stood up with him, holding him close against his chest. For just a moment he held his son that way, feeling the exultant pound of his own heart, before he pressed his lips to the blond head and put him down again.

The feeling of warmth and joy held and grew as he went back into the house. There was his lounge chair and Jen's chair, and on the table be-

tween them a little cocktail apron she was embroidering. She was mad for little aprons. Ted loved her in them. He loved her in anything.

He touched the scarlet cloth gently. Jen and love, he thought—one and the same. In fact, he was surrounded by love. It leaped at him everywhere he looked, spoke everywhere he listened. It was in his son outside, in his son upstairs, in his wife, shopping for bargains because her man had lost his job.

Ted felt like shouting with laughter. He'd get another job, all right—an even better one. Of course—because he'd keep on climbing. Now he knew that there was more than one top to reach. In his personal life he'd had the best for a lot longer than he had realised. Armed with that invincible weapon, he certainly would not be satisfied with anything but the best in his career. Any way you looked at it, Ted decided, he had it made.

Dain was whistling loudly in the attic. Ted whistled the same tune softly as he went down to the basement. The idea had struck him a moment ago, the wonderful idea. He lifted the bottle of champagne from its rack for the last time and took it upstairs and put it in the refrigerator. He had barely closed the door on it when he heard Jen coming. She was lugging a big paper bag and her cheeks were flushed.

"There," she said. She put the bag down and began hauling out the contents. "Six cents off on soap powder today. And a sale on coffee if you buy three pounds. Two cans of tuna for the price of one." She was talking too rapidly and Ted watched her, his perception warning him that something was about to happen.

She fished around in the bag, hesitating, and then drew forth a small, round jar and held it so Ted could see it. "Caviare," she whispered. "Wasn't that screwball—buying caviare now?" Her eyes met his, seeking, begging.

"I had the oddest feeling today, as if—oh, I don't know—when something jolts you, you see everything differently. You don't take everything for granted. It brings you closer and makes you know how lucky you are—how lucky I am." She looked beautiful and helpless and foolish. "Well, here it is. The—caviare."

Blessed, blessed, Ted thought. He put his hands on either side of her face. "We'll have it tonight," he said, "with the champagne."

Her eyes widened and then became radiant with perfect understanding. "Yes," she said. "Oh, yes, darling."

They held to each other. What a gift we have! Ted thought. And he didn't mean caviare or champagne.

(Copyright)

Got that good-to-be-alive feeling again . . .

Mr. R. Quill, 237 Norton Street, Croydon, N.S.W.

"Tired . . . irritable—that's the way harsh purgatives had me. Then I decided to give All-Bran a go. In no time I got back that good-to-be-alive feeling. I eat All-Bran every morning now."



Invite "Mother Nature" to Breakfast

All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp, appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK—Nature's way of keeping us fit, regular and cheerful.

That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast—for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity—if you let her. No harsh purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"Bulk" is the answer

With so many modern foods over-cooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least one food every day which is rich in "bulk." That one is All-Bran—made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.

In addition to giving vital "bulk," All-Bran is a health food. All-Bran contains: Vitamin B, Vitamin

B, Niacin, Food Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

See then why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food—instead of harsh purgatives which drain energy away.

Begin this pleasant test tomorrow

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you should see your doctor.

If after 10 days you are not completely satisfied, Kellogg's will gladly send DOUBLE your money back if you return the packet.

So crisp and appetising



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty Ltd

Goddard's SILVER POLISH
IS FOR SHOWING OFF!

Go ahead and be downright proud of your gleaming Goddard's-polished silver. Goddard's shows off the silver on the "Queen Elizabeth" and has been endorsed by England's most famous homes and hotels for over a century. 3/6 and 4/10.

You'll also appreciate Goddard's Silver Cloth and Goddard's Plate Powder. 4/6 each.

GODDARD'S, specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.

He had found success at last
but the past haunted him
still . . . a dramatic new serial

By
A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Stars Look
Down" and "The Citadel"

THE JUDAS TREE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE autumn morning was so brilliant that Moray, judiciously consulting the rheostat thermometer outside his window, decided to breakfast on the balcony of his bedroom. He had slept well; for an ex-insomniac six hours was a reassuring performance. The sun shone warm through his silk robe, and Arturo had, as usual, prepared his tray to perfection. He poured his Toscanini coffee, anointed a fresh croissant with mountain honey, and let his eye wander with all the rich, possessive pleasure of a discoverer.

What beauty! On the one hand, the Reisberg, rising to the blue sky with heaven-designed symmetry above green, green grasslands lightly peppered with little ancient red-roofed peasant chalets; on the other, the gentle slopes of Eschenbruck, orchards of pear, apricot, and cherry; in front, to the south, a distant ridge of snowy Alp; and beneath, ah yes, beneath the plateau of his property, lay the Schwansee, beloved lake of so many, many moods, sudden, wild, and wonderful, but now glimmering in peace, veiled by the faintest skein of mist, through which a little white boat stole silently, like . . . well, like a swan, he decided poetically.

How fortunate after long searching to find this restful, lovely spot, unpolluted by tourists, yet near enough to the town of Melsburg to afford all the advantages of an efficient and civilised community. And the house, too, built with precision for a famous Swiss architect; it was all he could have wished. Solid rather than striking perhaps, yet filled with comfort. Think of finding central heating, built-in cupboards, tiled kitchen, a fine long salon for his pictures, even the modern bathrooms demanded by his long sojourn in America! Drinking his orange juice, which he always reserved for a final pleasure, a sigh of satisfaction exhaled from Moray, so blandly euphoric was his mood, so sublimely unconscious was he of impending disaster.

How should he spend his day? As he got up and began to dress, he reviewed the possibilities. Should he telephone Madame von Altshofer and go walking on the Teufenthal?—on such a morning she would surely want to exercise her weird and wonderful pack of Weimaraners. But no, he was to have the pleasure of taking her to the Festival party at five o'clock—one must not press too hard. What then? Run into Melsburg for golf? Or take out the boat? Finally he decided to look into the question of his roses, which, suffering from a late frost, had not fully flowered this summer.

He went downstairs to the covered terrace. Laid out beside the chaise-longue he found his mail and the local news sheet—the English papers and the Paris "Herald Tribune" did not arrive until the afternoon. There was nothing to disturb him in his letters, each of which he opened with a curious hesitation, a reluctant movement of his thumb—strange how that ridiculous phobia persisted. In the kitchen Arturo was singing.

Moray smiled. His butler had irrepressible operatic tendencies—it was he who had chosen

the blend of coffee once favored by the maestro on a visit to Melsburg—but he was a cheerful, willing, devoted fellow, and Elena, his wife, though stupendous in bulk, had proved a marvellous if temperamental cook. Even in his servants he was decidedly lucky . . . or was it merely luck, he asked himself mildly, moving out upon the lawn with pride. In Connecticut, with its stony soil and unconquerable crag grass, he had never had a proper lawn, at least nothing such as this close-cropped velvet stretch.

Flanking his luscious turf, a gay herbaceous border ran, following a paved path that led to the lily pond, where golden carp lay motionless beneath the great sappy pads. A copper beech shaded the pond, and beyond the Japanese garden, a rocky mount, vivid with quince, dwarf maples, and scores of little plants and shrubs with Latin names defying the memory.

The farther verge of the lawn was marked by a line of flowering bushes, lilac, forsythia, viburnum, and the rest, which screened the vegetable garden from the house. Then came his orchard, laden with ripe fruits—apple, pear, plum, damson, greengage. In an idle moment he had counted seventeen different varieties, but he owned to having cheated slightly, including the medlars, walnuts, and large filberts which grew in great abundance at the top of the slope, surrounding the dependence, a pretty little chalet which he had converted to a guesthouse.

Nor must he forget his greatest botanical treasure: the great, gorgeous Judas tree that rose high, high above the backdrop of mountain, lake, and cloud. It was indeed a handsome specimen, with a noble spreading head, covered in spring with heavy purplish flowers that appeared before the foliage. All his visitors admired it, and when he gave a garden party it pleased him to display his knowledge to the ladies, omitting to reveal that he had looked it all up in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

"Yes," he would say, "it's the *Cercis siliquastrum* . . . the family of Leguminosae . . . the leaves have an agreeable taste, and in the East are often mixed with salad. You know, of course, the ridiculous popular tradition. In fact, Arturo, my good Italian, who is amusingly superstitious, swears it's unlucky and calls it—l'albero dei dannati—" here he would smile, translating gracefully—"the tree of lost souls."

But now he discovered Wilhelm, his gardener, who admitted seventy years and was seventy-five at least, nipping buds by the cucumber frame. The old man had the face of the aged Saint Peter and the obduracy of a cavalry sergeant. It took tact even to agree with him, but he had proved his worth in knowledge and labor.

Together they went to the rose garden, where, once the old man had scattered blame in all directions, the number of new varieties required was discussed and determined. As Wilhelm departed, a delightful diversion occurred: two diminutive figures, the children of the village piermaster, aged seven and five, were observed breasting the steep path with that breathless speed and importance which denoted the delivery of an invoice.

Suzy, the senior, clutched the yellow envelope, while Hans, her brother, carried book and pencil for the receipt. They were the most attractive, bright-eyed children, already smiling, glowing actually, in anticipation of the ritual he had established. So, after glancing at the invoice—it was as expected from Frankfurt, confirming the arrival of two cases of the special 1955 Johannisberger—he shook his head forbiddingly.

"You must be punished for being such good children."

They were giggling as he led them to their favorite tree, a noble Reine Claude loaded with yellow plums. He shook a branch and when a rain of juicy fruit descended they burst into shrieks of laughter, scrambling down the slope, pouncing on the ripe rolling plums.

Only when they had filled their pockets did he let them go, then he looked at his watch and decided to be off.

In the garage, adjacent to the chalet, he chose to take the sports car. For one who had attained the age of fifty-five and had from choice retired to a life of leisure and repose, such a vehicle might possibly have been judged too racy, the more so since his other two cars were notably conservative.

Yet he felt, and looked, he had been told, far far younger than his years: his figure was slim, his teeth sound and even, he had kept his hair without a thread of grey, and his smile, which was charming, he had retained an extraordinarily attractive quality—spontaneous, almost boyish.

At first his road ran through the pasture land. In the lower fields men, and women too, were busy with the eternal cycle of the grass. Some paused in their scything to lift a hand in greeting, for he was known, and liked, no doubt because of his kindness to the children, or perhaps because he had taken pains to interest himself in all the local junketings.

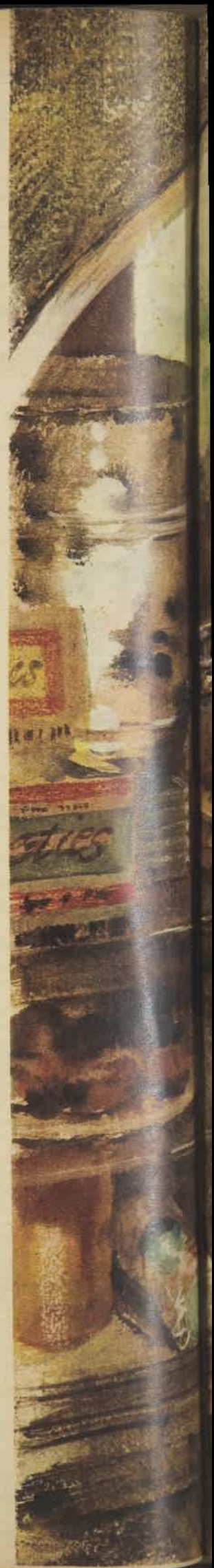
Presently he came to the outer suburbs: streets which seemed to have been scrubbed, green-shuttered white houses with their front plots of asters and begonias, their window-boxes filled with blooming geraniums and petunias.

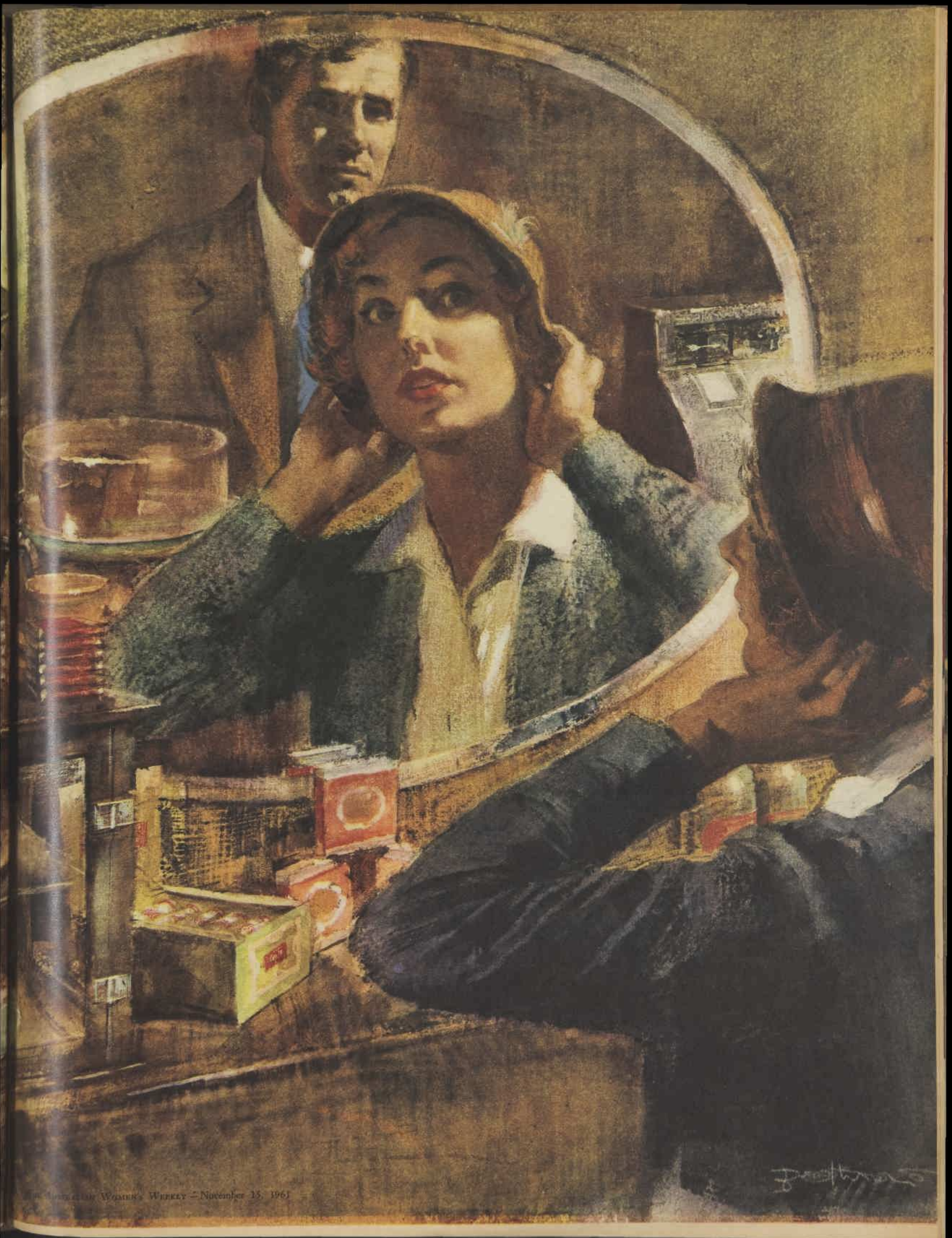
How wise in his special circumstances to settle here, away from the vulgarity of the present age: the hipsters and the beatniks, the strip-tease, the rock-'n-roll, the ridiculous mouthings of angry young men, the lunatic abstractions of modern art, and all the other horrors and obscenities of a world gone mad.

To friends in America who had protested his decision, and in particular to Holbrook, his partner in the Stamford Company, who had gone so far as to ridicule the country and its inhabitants, he had reasoned calmly, logically. Did not Shelley, Keats, and Byron spend long periods of romantic leisure in the vicinity? As for the lake, Turner had painted it, Rousseau had rowed upon it, Ruskin had raved about it.

To page 55

For a moment they gazed at each other in the mirror, then Moray broke the silence to ask about the next train.





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 15, 1961

LIVING FREE

FINAL INSTALMENT

Story of Elsa and her cubs

● The Kenya lioness Elsa had been reared by the author, Joy Adamson, and her husband, George, a senior game warden, as a comrade understanding their ways but also retaining contact with wildlife. Her cubs were fathered by a wild lion. The Adamsons helped Elsa, handicapped by motherhood and often attacked by a fierce rival lioness, to feed herself and her family. Now read on

DURING the second week of October, George returned to camp and for several days life went on uneventfully until one night the fierce lioness and her mate announced their arrival by impressive roarings from the Big Rock.

Elsa took the hint and at once moved her family across the river.

Early next morning George saw the fierce lioness standing on the Big Rock clearly outlined against the sky. She allowed him to come within four hundred yards of her and then made off.

Elsa came in for a quick meal that evening but did not reappear for forty-eight hours. During this time we changed guard. Worried by Elsa's absence, I went out to look for her but could find no pugmarks. Next morning we found her spoor and those of the cubs all over the camp, and I thought it very strange that they had made no sound to indicate their presence.

That evening the family turned up, but Elsa was in a queer mood; she showed no interest in me or in Gopa or Little Elsa and was entirely absorbed in Jespah. I felt really sorry for Gopa, who tried very hard to attract her attention, rolling invitingly on his back with outstretched paws whenever his mother passed close to him, with no result except that she stepped over him to join Jespah.

"Dark and ugly"

The following afternoon when the light was already fading Makedde and I saw a lioness climbing up the Big Rock and then sitting on top of it—undoubtedly this was the fierce lioness. I got out my fieldglasses and had my first good look at her. She was much darker and heavier than Elsa and rather ugly. I observed that she was staring at us.

Suddenly there was a scream close to us, and the next moment the bush seemed to be alive with elephants. Makedde and I ran back to camp as fast as we could. All that evening the elephants trumpeted and rumbled as they went down to the river to drink. Besides this the lioness kept on roaring from the top of the rock. There was no question of sleep that night and Elsa naturally kept away.

In the morning we tracked the fierce lioness' pugmarks and those of her mate;



FAMILY AT LARGE: One day the author, Joy Adamson, came upon Elsa trotting along with the cubs and took this photograph.

they had gone upstream back to the area in which we believed they usually lived. Elsa, no doubt, knew this, for that night she brought the family into camp for their dinner.

She now paid little attention to me until the cubs had settled down to their meal; then she was as affectionate as ever. This was plainly a new stratagem she had devised so as not to arouse their jealousy.

Freezing rain

The air was oppressive and lightning streaked the horizon at frequent intervals. Soon after I had gone to bed a strong wind started blowing, the trees creaked, and the canvas of the tent flapped; then the first drops of rain fell, and it was not long before I seemed to be under a waterspout. The downpour continued throughout the night.

We had not expected this deluge and had not hammered our tent pegs in. As a result the poles collapsed and I spent my time trying to raise them sufficiently to keep some shelter over my head, while a river seemed to run round my feet.

When at last the freezing hours came to an end with daybreak, I looked forward to a cup of hot tea to warm me up but none appeared, for the firewood was too wet to kindle, and, besides, the boys had spent the night in the same conditions as myself.

When I emerged I saw that George's tent had also collapsed, and from inside it I heard Elsa moaning in a low voice. Soon she appeared with Jespah and Gopa, rather bedraggled but dry. But even this downpour had not induced Little Elsa to seek shelter, and when I caught sight of her outside the thorn fence I saw that she was drenched.

I began to sort out our soaked belongings and remove them to the cars to save them from the lions, and in this I was "helped" by Jespah, who had great fun defending each box I wanted to move. When I had finished my work Elsa, Jespah, Gopa, and I crowded into my tent and Little Elsa consented to come inside the flaps but no farther; at least she had some protection there.

by Joy Adamson



JOY and Jespah at play.

out immediately after the first rains but vanished in a few days' time: now they were everywhere and looked like rolling velvet beans.

It was exactly one month after the rains had started and the yellow blackheaded weaver colony had arrived above our tents that I picked up a fledgeling which had fallen from its nest. It was naked except for a few feathers, which, as they were still encased in their sheaths all but a tiny bit of fluff at the end, looked more like quills.

When I held it in my hand to keep it warm the fledgeling looked pathetically defenceless. But however frail and helpless it was possessed by a strong instinct for survival and never stopped crying for food. Although our staff spent most of their time catching grasshoppers there were never enough to satisfy the hungry bird. I placed it inside a nest which I hung near to those of other weavers, but they did not adopt the orphan.

Every two hours I gave it the catch, which usually amounted to about twenty grasshoppers' abdomens, which I placed with forceps in the fledgeling's throat.

It thrived on this diet, and on the second day already welcomed my approach with loud chirpings and stretched its bald head as far as it could out of the nest's entrance hole.

Tam-tam's diet

I kept the nest in its natural position with the funnel-like entrance pointing to the ground so that the occupant was not only protected against rain but could also keep the nest, which was lined with soft guinea-fowl feathers from our kitchen rubbish, clean of excrement. The little bird's instinct for cleanliness was remarkable.

I called the little fledgeling Tam-tam, which in Swahili means candy or sweet. During the night it slept inside its nest, which I placed on top of my mosquito net, where it was not only sheltered against the rain but where I could also scratch it from underneath if the little one cried, but no scratching from below would make her forget her hunger.

Just before dark she always seemed especially hungry, but this also was a bad time for harvesting grasshoppers, as the lions were in the camp.

The feeding problem solved itself one late afternoon when Elsa flung herself down in the tent asking me to help her with the tsetse flies.

I had Tam-tam in my hand and no chance to place her safely elsewhere. So keeping her hidden in my hand I caught the tsetse off Elsa's back with the other; then it occurred to me that the tsetse might provide an ample food supply for Tam-tam's needs. She took them so greedily that I collected a good supply for next morning's breakfast.

Within the next three days Tam-tam developed feathers which showed she was a female. I watched her naked under-parts growing the softest fluff in one single day and the yellow tissue lining the beak being reduced to small spots at the corners.

I kept her well fed in her nest close to my table in the studio. She knew her name by now, and whenever I called she appeared in the entrance hole chirping excitedly and doing an agitated shivering dance. I took her many times into my hand, but she never ventured farther than on to the table or the typewriter.

Next day she was in the studio with us when suddenly she flew from her nest and disappeared into the surrounding bush.

Continued on page 57

read her thoughts...

give her

Parfum Gemey

de Paris

Every woman longs for these
Gemey Golden Gift Packs—capturing for her
the gay, light-hearted atmosphere of Paris.



Delightfully refreshing—
for all-over skin toning.
A bouquet that lingers—
Gemey Skin Perfume.
Exquisite diamond-cut
bottles. Two sizes, 10/6
and 16/6.



A gentle, subtle fragrance. Parfum Gemey
meets the mood, and the occasion, perfectly
... gay as Spring-time when it's "come-as-
you-are" ... sophisticated and worldly when
it's "formal." Paris-styled diamond-cut bottles.
Two sizes, 6/- and 16/6.



Sheerest luxury! Delightfully
fragrant Talcum Gemey, soft and
caressing. Only 6/-.

Go gay . . . give Gemey!

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's
blissful
comfort
for
tired
aching
legs

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT
EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! 42/- PAIR

* ALL NYLON * 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS
* GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR * 4 COLORS

HN244

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

ORDER
"AUSTRALIAN
NATURE"
BOOK NOW

• Order our 68-page
all-color "Australian
Nature" book now (see
coupon, page 56) for
posting to friends
overseas for Christmas.

THRIFTY XMAS GIFT



AVAILABLE ALL GROOM STORES
or write for FREE
literature to: Breville
Electric Ltd., Perth
S.W. 4122



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for
all letters published. Let-
ters must be original, not
previously published.
Preference is given to
letters with signatures.

Their best years

WHILE looking for books for two lady customers in the small library I run, one asked for "The Best Years of Their Life." I didn't have the book but asked her, "What were your best years?" She told me from 30 to 50; her companion preferred from 47 to 57. I was surprised that their best years were not their young years and thought what an interesting discussion this question would make.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Edgar, West Coburg, Vic.

Dressmakers' liability

SHOULD dressmakers be made to pay the price of the material if a dress has been spoiled? I know many dressmakers blame the style and your figure and usually the matter is forgotten. But surely one has the right to redeem any expense if the work done is unsatisfactory.

£1/1/- to "Doubtful" (name supplied), Perth.

Against big families

ALL you proud parents of large families, please note. In having at least five children you are being selfish to them, even though to you the joy is great. With each new baby the chance of a good education, smart clothes, and other necessities is lessened. In the event of the parents' death the little ones are left to be brought up by their elder brothers and sisters, which, I think, is most unfair. Speaking as one of 11, partly orphaned, with 23 years between eldest and youngest, I've resolved not to have more than four children unless my husband is a millionaire.

£1/1/- to "Badly Done By" (name supplied), Condobolin, N.S.W.

Sweet childhood

WATCHING two youngsters—about five years old—feeding licorice pieces to a Shetland pony at the Royal Show I cautioned them that their licorice would give him a tummy-ache and he'd die and wouldn't be there next year for them to pet. "Oh! That's all right, I'm not coming next year, anyway," said one youngster sweetly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Johnson, Dianella, W.A.

Back-door Johnnies

NOWADAYS, with no servants in the home to attend to door-to-door salesmen, why is it still considered necessary for them to call at the back door? I'm sure most busy mothers would prefer them to use the front door. It's often most inconvenient and embarrassing to find someone at the back. Salesmen calling at the front give the housewife a chance to appear tidy when answering their knock.

£1/1/- to "Front Entrance, Please" (name supplied), Midland, W.A.

They are Australians, too

TASMANIANS are often accused of being isolationists, but during a visit to New South Wales earlier this year I was asked by several people how I liked being in Australia! £1/1/- to "Dart" (name supplied), West Hobart.

TV fanettes

LIKE "Perturbed" (N.S.W.) I, too, have a 4½-month-old TV fanette, but unlike her daughter, who screams when taken away from the set, my baby doesn't object. I find her interest helpful at feeding-time, when she sits quietly eating solids while watching the screen. £1/1/- to "TV Age" (name supplied), Glenageary, S.A.

I AM a nursing sister at a hospital dealing with "difficult" children and "problem" feeders up to toddler age. Almost without exception the history of admitted children is a record of over-stimulation in their early months—through radio, TV, or well-meaning relatives. We spend weeks trying to undo the damage which has been done. A few screams now, "Perturbed," is a small price to pay compared with the miserable existence some of our small patients lead until quietened back to normal.

£1/1/- to "Nurse" (name supplied), Carlton, Vic.

FOOD is the only distraction which brings our seven-month-old "square-eyes" back into focus with the present. Even while eating, her eyes automatically swing back to the set.

£1/1/- to "Square-eyed Mum" (name supplied), Dundas, N.S.W.

AT eight months my granddaughter has been a TV fanette for four months. When her brothers come in for their evening session, baby is propped up to watch with them. Their mother is able to prepare their evening meal in peace.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. P. Clark, East Malvern, Vic.

AT 15 months my son is an ardent Mickey Mouse Club fan and no one dares interrupt him. I often wonder what he sees in it, for, when tapping his foot to the music, he stands with his nose a mere inch from the screen.

£1/1/- to L. Johnson, Perth.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM fond of bush picnics—boiling the billy, and so on. But the sad truth is that the bush is getting hard to find.

I remember when you could go out of town a little way, choose a quiet spot, and collect enough sticks to light a fire.

Today you have to go a long way to find a spot, and there are always other people in it. Then, in my experience, you run into another difficulty — there are no sticks.

What has happened to all the sticks in the bush? I suppose they have been burned by people from the city boiling billys. The demand for sticks has outrun the supply.

After failing to find sticks on a couple of picnics we decided to bring our own. It seems queer at first, taking sticks to the bush, but you get used to it.

We would chop up the boxes left by the greengrocer, or any other wood handy, and pack the pieces neatly in a box. Then we would carry them by car deep into the wild outdoors.

THE BUSY BUSH

By this means it was possible to boil a billy and even grill sausages.

But one day we ran out of wood at home.

My wife said: "Why not take the barbecue and some charcoal? It's less trouble."

So we set out for the bush with the barbecue and a sack of charcoal.



coal and our tea in a vacuum flask. We always do that now.

I don't know what Henry Lawson, the author of *While the Billy Boils*, would think of it. But he did not have our problems to contend

with. If he lived now he might call his book *While the Vacuum Flask Pours* or *While the Barbecue Pre-Heats*.

It's not just the bush that is hard to find. Those plain, unsophisticated bushfolk that Henry Lawson knew are becoming scarce, within a long drive from town.

A few weeks back, about 50 miles from Sydney, we saw a roadside sign: "Potatoes, 10lb. for 7/6."

It seemed an attractive offer, potatoes fresh from the soil at less than city prices, so we pulled in.

But the potatoes were disappointingly small and wizened. A smartly dressed young lady who was in charge of the stall and was listening to a portable radio said: "We have better ones for 10/-. They've just come from Tasmania."

Yes, things are changing. You can still have a good time at a bush picnic with a portable barbecue, of course, if the people next to you are not too noisy. But I think it is a pity there are no more sticks left in the bush. Perhaps we could import some from Sweden or Canada.

A man in the kitchen

● Many a man—bachelor or husband—enjoys being cook once in a while, and he's almost certain to choose a simple-to-prepare dish which has an exotic touch. In this three-page feature are recipes for these spare-time chefs.

HE may not leave the kitchen exactly as he found it, but he'll take great care preparing the food, so sit back and enjoy a meal you haven't had to cook yourself.

Recipes that appeal to those who make a hobby of cooking are not necessarily the type of food for everyday fare.

All the recipes in this feature are sufficient for 4 to 6 people and all spoon measurements are level. The eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used throughout.

NEAPOLITAN STEAK

One piece rump steak cut about 2 or 3 inches thick, 1 clove garlic, salt, pepper, little oil.

Savory Butter: Six ounces butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon oregano, salt, pepper.

Cut garlic in half and rub all over steak, season with salt and pepper and coat generously with oil. Place under preheated grill and cook, turning once or twice until done to desired degree. Serve piping hot, cut into slices, and top with pieces of savory butter made as follows:

Cream butter and lemon juice together, beat in parsley and oregano, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Chill.

CREAMY SEAFOOD CHOWDER

Two pounds salted haddock, 1 small jar mussels, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 4 medium onions (sliced), 4 medium-sized potatoes (cubed), 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon thyme, dash cayenne pepper, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 pints milk, 1 cup cream.

Cut fish into large chunks, place in saucepan. Add enough water to cover, bring to boil, and drain. Cover with fresh water, cook over low heat about 15 minutes until fish is tender. Remove fish and cool. Strain fish liquid and reserve. Remove skins and bones from fish, drain mussels.

Heat fat or oil, add onions, and cook over low heat until tender (about 10 minutes). Add potatoes, salt, pepper, sugar, thyme, cayenne, fish liquid, and just enough water to cover potatoes. Cover tightly, cook until potatoes are just tender. Add fish pieces and mussels.

Melt butter in a heavy saucepan over low heat. Add flour and stir to blend thoroughly. Add milk gradually and stir constantly. Cook and stir until mixture thickens slightly. Stir in cream. Add milk mixture to fish mixture. Simmer over very low heat 15 minutes. Serve hot. The flavor of the chowder is improved if it is cooled, then allowed to stand in the refrigerator overnight or longer before reheating and serving.

NEAPOLITAN STEAK, flavored with a little garlic, oil, and seasonings, is topped with savory butter. The recipe is given on this page.

WELSH RABBIT

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1lb. sharp cheese (grated), 1 cup beer, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, toast.

Melt butter or substitute in top half of double saucepan over hot (not boiling) water. Add cheese, stir until it begins to melt. Add beer very gradually, stirring constantly (you can use an electric beater on the lowest speed) until mixture is thickened and smooth. Slowly add egg, salt, cayenne, and mustard. Stir to blend thoroughly, serve at once on toast.

LOBSTER AU CHAMPAGNE

Three cups cooked lobster meat (fresh or canned), 4oz. butter, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 small carrot (finely chopped), 1 cup chopped parsley, 3 egg-yolks (beaten), 1½ cups cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ cup champagne.

Melt butter in large saucepan, add onions, carrot, and parsley. Simmer over low heat until vegetables are mashed and soft. Combine egg-yolks with some of the cream, mix well, and pour slowly into pan, stirring constantly. Add lobster pieces, remaining cream, salt, cayenne pepper. When sauce thickens, add champagne and cook 1 minute longer. Serve hot.

BENGAL CURRY

Two pounds lean lamb, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 onions (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons preserved or crystallised ginger (chopped), 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch black pepper, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 or 3 tablespoons curry powder (depending on taste), pinch ground cloves, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon chopped mint (dried or fresh), 1 cup coconut (freshly grated if possible), 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup cream.

Cut lamb into 1in. cubes, removing bones and fat. Melt half the butter in frying-pan and add onions. Saute 5 minutes, add remaining butter and lamb cubes, and brown. Stir in ginger, sugar, pepper, salt, curry powder, cloves, milk, and mint; mix well. Cover, cook over low heat 1 hour. Add coconut, cover, and cook 20 minutes or until lamb is tender. About 15 minutes before end of cooking time, gradually stir in lemon juice and cream, adding them separately and in the order given to prevent curdling. Serve hot on bed of hot fluffy rice with chutney, green salad, and cold beer.

FILLETS OF SOLE IN WINE

Two pounds fillet of sole or flounder (fresh or defrosted frozen), 6 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup finely chopped shallots or white onions, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 bay-leaf, 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup cream.

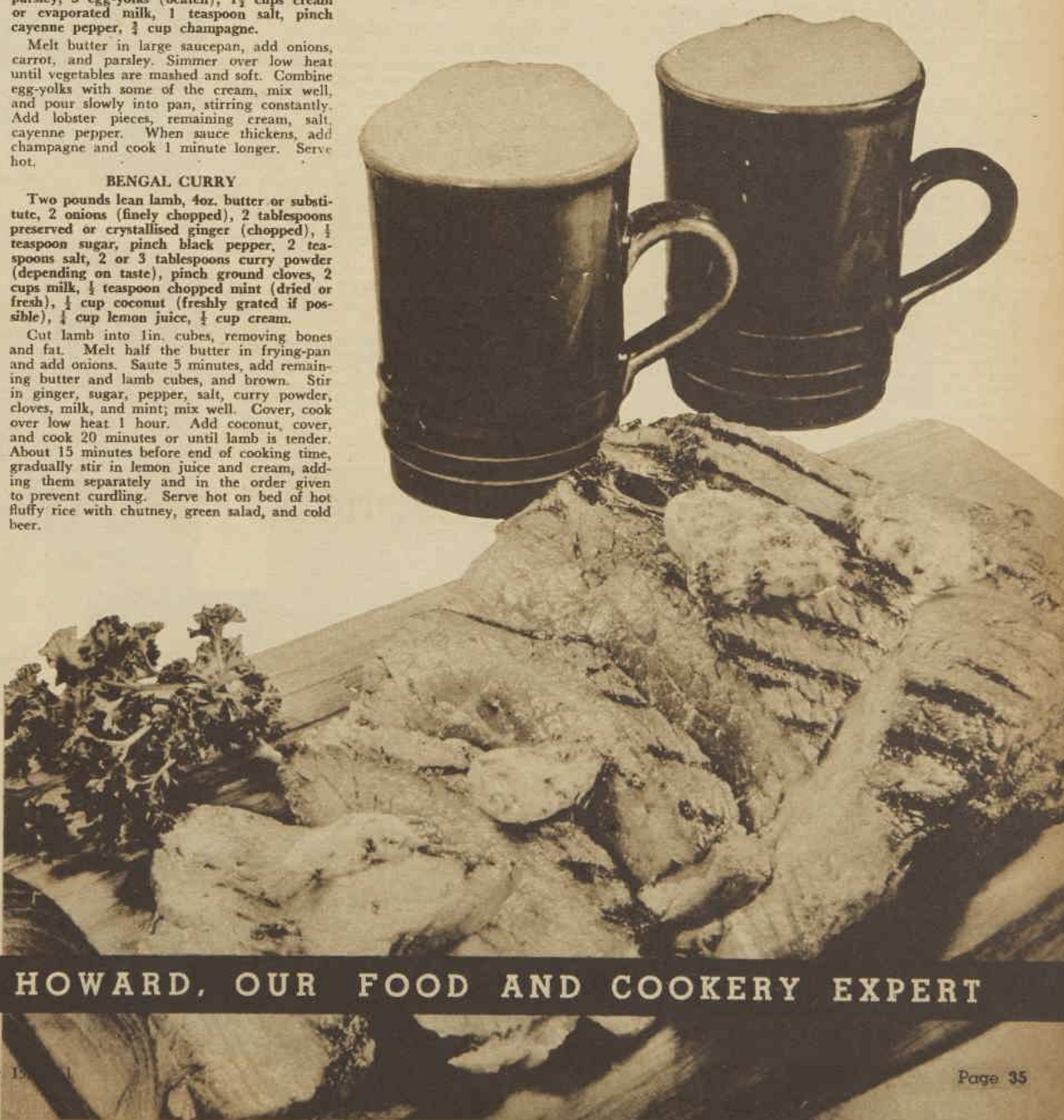
Arrange fillets in greased shallow baking-dish. Dot with bits of butter. Add shallots, wine, bayleaf, mushrooms, and salt. Cover tightly with aluminium foil. Bake about 20 minutes until fish flakes easily. Carefully remove fish to heated serving-platter, keep warm. Pour liquid from baking-dish into small saucepan. Cook over moderate heat until liquid is reduced to about half the original amount. Add cream slowly, cook, and stir 5 minutes, but do not boil. Strain; pour over fish.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

Six large potatoes, salad oil, 2 tablespoons hot milk, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk (well beaten), 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Scrub and dry potatoes. Prick lightly with fork, rub skins with salad oil. Bake in hot oven 45 to 60 minutes or until soft. Cut slice from each baked potato; scoop out contents. Mash with hot milk, salt and pepper to taste, and butter. Beat until fluffy, adding egg-yolk a little at a time. Refill potato shells. Sprinkle with cheese, grill until lightly browned.

Continued overleaf



By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

PRUNES IN RED WINE

One pound prunes, dry red wine, sugar, 1 bay-leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ stick cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons grated lemon rind.

Soak prunes at least 8 hours in half again as much wine as is necessary to cover them. Be sure they are covered while marinating in the wine, and the longer you leave them the better, because they must be thoroughly soft. Place in saucepan, add sugar to taste, spices, and lemon rind. Simmer until prunes are tender, then remove with slotted spoon to serving-bowl, being very careful not to break the skins. Continue boiling the syrup until it is slightly thick. Strain through double cheesecloth, pour over prunes.

BURGUNDY PORK CHOPS

Four pork chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup burgundy, 1 cup canned crushed pineapple (undrained).

Combine flour, salt, and pepper and dredge chops with this mixture. Brown chops in heated fat and transfer to greased casserole. Blend mustard, brown sugar, and cornflour in saucepan, stir in wine and pineapple. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Pour over chops, cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until chops are tender. Serve hot.

CAESAR SALAD

One clove garlic (chopped finely), 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 large lettuce, 1 cucumber, 3 stalks celery, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 raw egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 3oz. blue vein cheese (crumbled), 1 cup small bread croutons fried in butter until golden, 8 anchovy fillets (rolled), 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese.

Add chopped garlic to the 2 tablespoons oil; allow to stand several hours. Place crisp washed lettuce, sliced celery, and cucumber slices into large salad bowl. Combine the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper; pour mixture over salad greens and drop in whole egg. Add lemon juice and blue vein cheese; toss lightly until greens are evenly coated. Before serving salad, sprinkle the croutons with garlic-flavored oil and add to salad with anchovy fillets and parmesan cheese.

TERITAKI STEAK KEBABS

Two pounds round steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 12 small mushroom caps, 1 large green pepper (cut in 1-in. squares), 12 canned pineapple chunks, melted butter.

Cut steak into strips about 6in. long, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, and 2in. wide. Place in shallow pan. Combine soy sauce, garlic, ginger, onion, and water; pour over meat. Cover, let stand in refrigerator at least 2 hours. Turn pieces several times. When ready to cook, remove meat from marinade and thread on long skewers, accordion fashion, alternately with mushrooms, green pepper squares, and pineapple chunks. Place on grill rack, brush with melted butter. Grill 4in. from heat about 10 minutes, turn frequently, and brush with butter to brown evenly. Serve hot.

FRENCH CHEESE OMELET

One and a half tablespoons butter, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded tasty cheese, 2 slices crisp cooked bacon (crumbled), sauteed mushrooms, chopped parsley.

Melt butter in omelet pan over low heat, shake butter so it will grease side and bottom of pan thoroughly. Combine in bowl the eggs, water, salt, pepper; beat with rotary beater until mixture is well blended but not frothy. When butter in pan starts to foam, pour egg mixture into pan. Loosen around edge of pan with spatula as omelet begins to set. When mixture is set but still moist, sprinkle top with cheese and bacon. Increase heat to brown bottom of omelet. Carefully fold omelet in two with spatula and slip on to heated platter. Serve at once with sauteed mushrooms, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Sauteed Mushrooms: Three ounces butter, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small mushrooms, salt, pepper.

Heat butter in pan, add mushrooms, lemon juice, and seasonings and toss over heat about 5 minutes or until tender. Serve.

PRAWNS AND HORSE RADISH

Two pounds prawns, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), 3 tablespoons prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint commercial sour cream, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Remove head and shell from prawns, but leave tails on. Place in shallow dish. Combine the lemon juice, oil, oregano, and half the chopped garlic. Pour over prawns, allow to marinate 2 hours. Meanwhile combine remaining garlic with horseradish, mustard, sour cream, salt, pepper, and sugar; place in small saucepan. Stir over low heat until hot (do not allow to boil). Drain prawns, arrange on serving-dish, pour over sauce and serve at once.

ORIENTAL PORK MEDLEY

Two pounds pork fillets, 3 tablespoons oil, 2 onions (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Chinese mushrooms (soak in cold water 20 minutes), salt, pepper, 2 cups sliced celery, 1 tin bean sprouts, 3 cups chicken stock, 5 tablespoons cornflour, 3 cups hot cooked rice, red pepper (sliced).

Cut pork into little bite-size pieces, brown in hot fat in frying-pan. Add onion slices and mushrooms, which have been squeezed out and chopped roughly. Cook over heat, turning occasionally, until lightly browned. Add salt, pepper, celery, bean sprouts, and stock. Cover tightly, cook over low heat 20 minutes. Blend cornflour with little water. Gradually stir into mixture, cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Arrange hot meat mixture on platter garnished with red pepper slices and serve with rice.

GRAPEFRUIT DESSERT

Two large grapefruit, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 4 tablespoons sherry or cognac.

Wash grapefruit and cut in halves. Remove the core, loosen the segments with thin pointed knife. Sprinkle each with brown sugar and sherry or cognac. Place under hot grill or in moderate oven, cook until sugar melts and surface is lightly browned. Serve at once.



FISH TARTARE
—fillets of bream, sole, or snapper covered with a crisp coating of bread crumbs, deep-fried and served hot with tartare sauce. It is an easy dish to prepare and the recipe is at right.

FISH TARTARE

Six fillets bream or snapper, lemon juice, salt, 1 cup seasoned flour, 2 eggs (beaten with 2 tablespoons milk), 2 cups breadcrumbs, oil or fat for frying, tartare sauce.

Wash fillets in salted water, dry and rub with lemon juice. Roll in seasoned flour, dip in egg and milk mixture, and coat with breadcrumbs. Heat oil or fat in shallow pan, fry fish until golden all over and tender. Serve on hot platter topped with tartare sauce.

Tartare Sauce: Two cups prepared or home-made mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons capers, 1 large gherkin (chopped finely), 3 stuffed olives (chopped finely), 1 tablespoon red pepper (chopped finely), 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Combine all ingredients and use as directed above.

SWISS CHEESE FONDUE

One clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Swiss cheese (shredded), 1 cup dry white wine, 2 teaspoons cornflour (blended with 1 tablespoon water), salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons kirsch, chunks french bread.

Rub inside of heavy saucepan with cut garlic. Add cheese and wine. Place over low heat, cook until cheese is melted and blended with wine, stirring constantly. Stir in blended cornflour, stir until thickened slightly. Season with salt, pepper; stir in kirsch. Serve very hot with chunks of french bread for dipping.

VARIETY OF DISHES for a man to cook and for the family to enjoy. They include 'chilli con carne, Caesar salad, French cheese omelet, prawns and horseradish, oriental pork medley.

LA LUISE RICE

One cup long-grained rice, 2oz. butter, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 cup sliced celery, 1 small tin mushrooms, 1 red pepper (sliced thinly), 1 cup blanched shredded almonds, 1 can waterchestnuts (drained), 1 can bamboo shoots (drained), 3 cups chicken stock, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Place rice in shallow pan and toast in moderate oven until lightly browned, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile melt butter in large saucepan and saute onion in this until lightly browned. Add celery, mushrooms, red pepper slices, almonds, waterchestnuts, bamboo shoots, stock, and soy sauce; season with salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently 5 minutes. Pour mixture over rice and cover and bake in moderate oven until liquid has absorbed (about 45 minutes). Serve hot.

CHERRIES JUBILEE

Two cups canned or cooked cherries, 1½ cups cherry syrup, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons red-currant jelly, 1 slice lemon, 3 tablespoons brandy, 1 block home-made or bought ice-cream.

Remove pips from cherries. Blend cherry syrup with cornflour in saucepan, add red-currant jelly and lemon slice. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until sauce thickens and boils. Add cherries and heat thoroughly. Heat brandy in small saucepan, but do not boil. Scoop ice-cream into serving-bowl. Pour heated brandy over hot cherries and light with match. Pour over ice-cream.

OXTAIL RAGOUT

Two oxtails (about 3 or 4 pounds) cut into pieces, ½ cup flour, dash pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 3 onions (sliced), 6 carrots (cut into 1in. pieces), ½ cup diced celery, 1 cup dry red wine, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 large can tomatoes, 6 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 whole cloves, 1 bayleaf, 1 small can mushrooms.

Wash and dry oxtail pieces. Combine flour, salt, and pepper in paper bag. Add meat pieces, shake a few at a time to coat evenly. Melt butter or substitute in large frying-pan, fry oxtail pieces and onions until meat is evenly browned all over. Arrange meat and onions in large greased casserole dish. Add carrots, celery, red wine, salt, tomatoes, peppercorns, paprika, cloves, and crushed bayleaf. Cover, bake in moderate oven 2½ hours. Remove from oven, allow to cool, and skim off fat. Add mushrooms and liquid, continue to bake, covered, further 30 to 40 minutes or until tender.

DEVILLED OYSTERS

Two bottles oysters (drained), 1 can mushroom soup, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup fine bread-crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, parsley.

Drain oysters and chop roughly, add to the mushroom soup. Blend dry mustard with lemon juice and worcestershire sauce, stir into mixture. Pour into four greased ramekin dishes or one large dish, top with sprinkling of breadcrumbs, and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until piping-hot. Serve garnished with parsley.

KIDNEY DIABLE

Eight sheep's kidneys, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup flour, water, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons bacon fat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, hot rice or toast.

Soak kidneys in salted water 15 minutes; remove, peel off skin and cut out any fatty core and veins. Rinse thoroughly, chop into small pieces. Cover with cold water, add a little salt and lemon juice and soak 30 minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water. Place in saucepan and cover with 2 cups boiling water. Cover, simmer 30 minutes, then drain kidneys and reserve liquid. Mix the flour with remaining salt and roll kidneys in this mixture. Heat butter and bacon fat, add kidney and onion and saute until browned (about 5 minutes). Stir in seasoned flour left over from coating kidneys and add 1½ cups hot water, mustard, worcestershire sauce, and 1 cup liquid from kidneys. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Serve on toast or with hot rice. Garnish with parsley.

PRAWN AND HAM JAMBALAYA

Two pounds small prawns, one ½in.-thick slice smoked ham (cut into cubes), 3 tablespoons oil, 2 small onions (chopped), 1 clove garlic (minced), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 bayleaf, 1½ cups uncooked rice, 2 cups water, 1 tin whole tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika.

Shell and clean prawns. Heat any ham fat in frying-pan, saute cubed ham until lightly browned. Remove and set aside. Add oil to pan, and saute onion, green pepper, garlic, and crushed bayleaf. Add rice and cook (stirring constantly) until browned. Add water, tomatoes, and seasonings; mix well. Cover and cook (stirring occasionally) until rice is tender (about 30 minutes). If mixture becomes too dry, add water. When rice is cooked, add prawns and ham. Continue cooking until reheated through. Serve with tossed green salad.

CHILLI CON CARNE

Two tablespoons fat or oil, 1 cup chopped onion, 2lb. chuck or topside steak (minced), 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon fresh chilli pepper (chopped), 1 teaspoon paprika, 3 cups tomato juice, 1 clove garlic (peeled), 2 tins red kidney beans (drained), cooked rice, parsley.

Heat oil in heavy pan over moderate heat. Add onion, brown lightly. Stir in meat, cook lightly until browned all over. Add salt, pepper, chilli powder, chopped chilli pepper, paprika, and tomato juice. Pierce garlic with cocktail stick, add to meat mixture. Bring to boil, simmer very slowly 1½ hours, stirring occasionally and skimming off any excess fat from top of mixture. Remove garlic, add beans, and continue cooking 15 minutes. Serve chilli con carne on bed of hot rice, garnish with parsley.

BANANAS FLAMBE

Four bananas, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ cup brandy, cinnamon, whipped cream or ice-cream.

Into hot frying-pan add butter, allow to melt, then add sugar; simmer until slightly dissolved. Add peeled bananas and saute until golden brown. Pour over brandy and ignite. Serve at once while still flaming sprinkled with cinnamon. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

NEXT WEEK'S COLOR COOKERY: Gifts from the kitchen

FATHER'S FAVORITE CASSEROLE

Six hogget chops, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 sliced onions, 1 small carrot (chopped into rings), ½ cup sliced celery, 1½ cups meat stock, 1 cup tomato purée, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ cup raisins, salt, pepper, 3 medium-sized potatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tomatoes, ½ cup shredded cheddar cheese, parsley.

Combine flour, salt, pepper, and curry powder, coat each chop with this mixture and reserve remainder. Heat oil or fat in pan, add chops and fry on both sides until brown; remove. Add sliced onions, carrot, and celery and cook until lightly browned. Add remaining flour mixture and stir until browned. Add stock, tomato purée, worcestershire sauce, and raisins. Stir over heat until sauce thickens slightly; season with salt and pepper. Arrange chops in greased casserole dish with lid. Pour over the vegetable sauce. Peel potatoes, cut into ½in.-thick slices. Arrange on top of casserole. Season lightly, dot with butter. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1½ hours or until chops are tender. Just before end of cooking time take casserole from oven, remove lid, and top with tomato slices, cheese, and little seasoning. Return to oven to melt and lightly brown cheese. Decorate with parsley. Serve hot.

FATHER'S FAVORITE—a casserole made from hogget chops and various vegetables and spices. It is topped with tomato slices and grated cheese which is cooked until a delicate golden brown color.





**“Sports day, Mum —
I’d better have
two glasses of Fortagen!”**

Children know. Fortagen really does give them more usable energy. You know it’s good for them in so many other ways too. Fortagen is made from malt, milk and eggs (rich in protein and carbohydrate), fortified with EIGHT ESSENTIAL VITAMINS and made delicious with pure chocolate flavour. Fortagen dissolves quickly in hot or cold milk—it’s the easy way to health and energy for your children.

FORTAGEN



✿ the energy food for modern families—✿ ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST—HE KNOWS

Cookery Course

SEASONING WITH HERBS

—Varieties and how to use them

FRESH herbs from the home garden or dried herbs bought at a food store add new flavor interest to familiar dishes.

Herbs should enhance, not dominate, the food's natural flavor. Use less of a dried herb than a fresh one, and if food is to cook a long time add herbs only for the last half-hour of cooking time.

CULINARY TERMS

Bouquet garni: Bunch of fresh herbs consisting of 3 sprigs parsley, 2 sprigs thyme, 1 sprig marjoram, and 1 bayleaf tied together with cotton and used to flavor soups, stews, sauces, and other meat dishes.

Fines herbs: French term applied to equal amounts of chopped fresh parsley, chervil, chives, and tarragon. Used in omelets or sprinkled on salads. A pinch added to scrambled eggs gives a delicious flavor.

USES OF HERBS

Basil: Plant similar in appearance to sage. Use fresh or dried leaves in soups, sauces (especially for macaroni or spaghetti), meat, stews, salads, tomato dishes, some vegetables, especially egg-plant, scrambled eggs.

● Try a pinch in tomato juice cocktail.

Bayleaves: From the sweet bay or laurel tree. Have a strong flavor that is released by moist heat. Sold dried. Use sparingly in stews, soups, sauces.

● Try adding a leaf when cooking potatoes for potato salad.

Celery seed: From a special variety of celery, sold dried and powdered. Used in soups, stews, savory dishes. Also ground, mixed with salt, and used as celery salt.

● Try a dash of celery salt in tomato juice.

Chervil: Plant similar to parsley. Use fresh in salads, soups, sprinkled over roasts, in sauces and egg dishes.

● Try chopped fresh chervil in french dressing.

Chives: Thin grass-like leaves of bulb of onion family. Use chopped leaves to flavor cottage or cream cheese, egg dishes, cream soup.

● Try one tablespoon, chopped, in mashed potato.

Dill: Seeds of plant similar in flavor to caraway. Fresh leaves are also used, finely chopped. Use in pickles, salads, meat and fish dishes.

● Try mashed turnips with butter, pepper, and a pinch of crushed dill seeds.

Mint: Fresh leaves easily grown in the home garden, used to garnish as well as flavor. Use in mint sauce or mint jelly served with lamb, in cooking new potatoes and peas, in potato salad, to garnish summer drinks.

● Try savory biscuits spread with cream cheese and sprinkled with chopped mint.

Oregano: Plant resembling marjoram. Use finely chopped leaves, fresh or dried, in salads, meat loaves, stews, vegetables, meat sauces for spaghetti.

● Try sprinkling a pinch over tomatoes, in tomato omelets, or add to potato salad.

Parsley: Easily grown in the home garden. Use in savory dishes, sauces, sandwiches, salads, and stuffings.

● Try eating the parsley used as a garnish; fresh, it is rich in Vitamin C.

Rosemary: Well-known garden shrub. Use fresh or dried leaves in meat, fish, or vegetable dishes.

● Try adding a small amount to roast lamb seasoning.

Sage: Perennial shrub. Use fresh or dried leaves to flavor seasoning for pork and poultry and in some cheese dishes.

● Try brown bread sandwiches with cream cheese lightly sprinkled with chopped sage.

Savory: Plant similar in appearance to rosemary. Use fresh or dried leaves to flavor meats, seasonings, soups, sauces.

● Try adding a pinch to cream of celery soup and using as a sauce for cauliflower.

Sesame: Small seeds of an East Indian plant. Use in Oriental-type cookery or breads, cakes, cookies, cream soups, and with noodles.

● Try a little in crumb topping for savory luncheon dishes.

Tarragon: Leaves of a plant notable for distinctive flavor. Can be bought dried or in tarragon-flavored vinegar. Use in all salads.

● Try cucumber salad sprinkled with a little dried tarragon and tarragon vinegar.

Thyme: Easy-to-grow herb. Use fresh or dried with all seafoods, chicken, egg, and tomato dishes.

● Try a pinch in spinach cream soup.

RECIPES FOR MEAT, CHEESE DISHES

The recipes below are examples of the use of herbs to add new flavor to meat and cheese dishes.

VEAL SUPREME

(Basil, bay, rosemary)

One cup water, 1 soup-cube, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon oil, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 2lb. veal steak, 1 medium-sized onion, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 tablespoons diced green pepper, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons flour and 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with water), 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, pinch dried basil, 1 teaspoon chopped rosemary, 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Mix water, soup-cube, tomato sauce, oil, and vinegar. Pour over cubed meat. Add chopped onion and sherry. Marinate 1 hour. Drain liquid into saucepan, thicken with blended flour and cornflour. Add green pepper, celery, salt, pepper, herbs, sugar. Pour over meat and onion in ovenware dish. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours.

FRENCH FRIED CHEESE ROLLS

(Sage, parsley)

Thinly sliced fresh sandwich bread, softened butter, grated cheddar cheese, finely chopped sage, beaten egg mixed with 1 tablespoon top milk or cream, fat or oil, parsley.

Lightly butter one side of bread, cover with cheese, sprinkle lightly with sage. Roll up, secure with cocktail sticks. Dip into beaten egg and milk, deep-fry golden brown. Drain, tuck parsley sprig in each end of each roll.

CRUMBED LAMB WITH HERBS

(Marjoram, thyme, parsley, tarragon)

Six lamb chops, clove garlic, 1oz. shortening, 1 teaspoon chopped fresh marjoram and thyme, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, pinch dried tarragon, salt, pepper, and nutmeg, fine breadcrumbs.

Trim chops, rub both sides with cut clove garlic. Melt shortening, mix with herbs, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Smear liberally on one side of each chop, press into crumbs. Turn, repeat on other side. Place on greased aluminium foil on grill-pan, cook 10 to 15 minutes under moderate heat, turning once. Or fry in small quantity fat or oil in shallow pan.

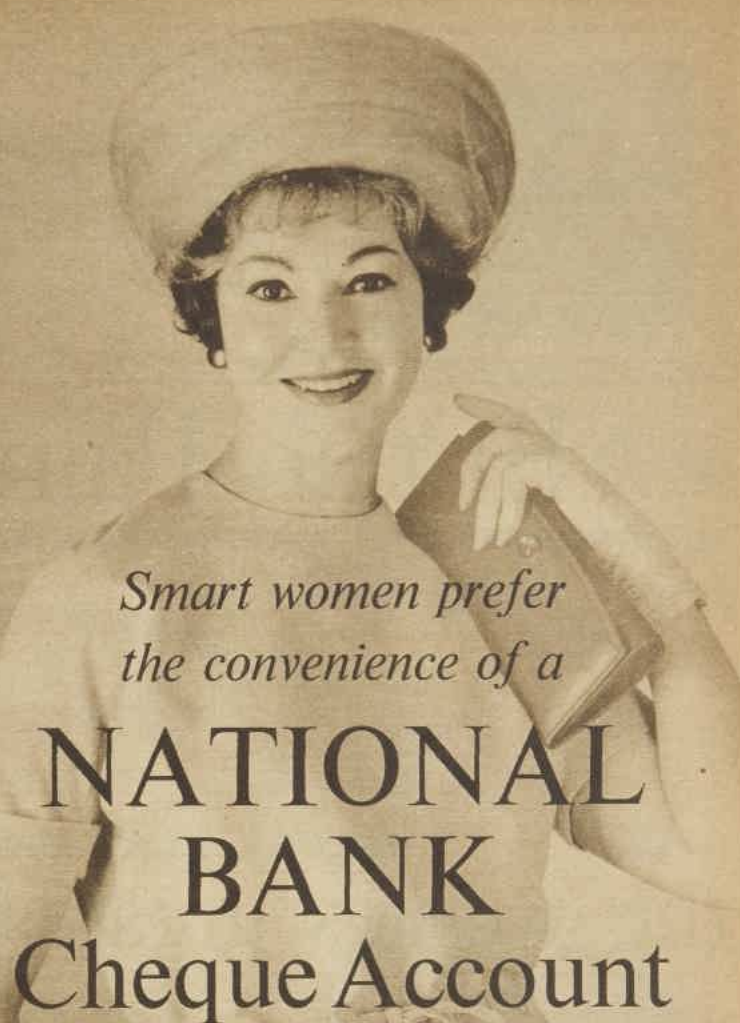
HERB POT-ROAST

(Oregano)

Three pounds rolled rib of beef, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon dried oregano, 2 tablespoons red wine, 1 sliced onion, 1 sliced carrot, 2 tablespoons flour.

Brown meat well on all sides in bacon fat in heavy saucepan. Add salt and pepper, oregano, wine. Turn meat several times so seasonings contact surface of meat. Place onion and carrot on top of meat, cover closely, cook slowly 2½ to 3 hours or until tender, adding stock from time to time to keep moist. Lift meat on to serving-platter, make liquid up to 1½ cups, thicken with blended flour, simmer 5 minutes. Serve gravy with sliced beef.

NEXT WEEK: Seasoning with spices.



Smart women prefer
the convenience of a

NATIONAL BANK

Cheque Account

The cheapest, fastest and simplest method of making any payment

EASIEST TO OPEN . . .

Opening a National Cheque Account takes just 5 minutes! There is no delay — just call at your local "National" branch — and an account will be opened for you immediately.

The moment you open your National Bank Cheque Account — you can use it straight away! You'll find it's the most convenient method of making all your payments — and the cheapest too!

EASIEST TO OPERATE . . .

Look at some of the advantages you get with a National Bank Cheque Account.

- You needn't carry cash in your pocket.
- You can pay bills faster . . . easier.
- You have a permanent record of payments you make.
- If you lose a receipt, your cheque is proof of payment.
- You can enjoy all the services offered by the National Bank.

Decide to open a National Bank Cheque Account today at your nearest "National" branch.

9061/10/61



THE NATIONAL BANK

OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED

(Incorporated in Victoria)

890 Offices throughout Australia, Papua, New Guinea, United Kingdom.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's inquiry.



The markings on the bottom of this old sugar basin are Walker and Hall, Sheffield, 73 and 998. Could you tell me its age, please?—Mrs. A. Harmsen, Hobart.

Your vase would have a britannia metal base, that is antimony, lead, and tin, and would have been made about 1885 to 1890. It is typical of electroplated designs of this period.

Readers' household hints

● These useful hints for housewives have been sent in by readers. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

KEEP all soap pieces, melt down in an old saucepan, and pour into small patty-tins. When set they come out quite easily. The children love to use them instead of regular-sized soap.—Mrs. K. Fleming, Gunda, via Gympie, Qld.

Spring and summer rains mean muddy outdoor shoes. Train the children to remove them on the porch or verandah and have a shoe rack handy. When dry, brush off mud with a stiff brush before applying polish and cleaning in the usual way. This saves time and keeps mud out of the house.—Miss M. Arnold, P.O. Box 279, Devonport, Tas.

To obtain a nice, light color in beach driftwood or tree twigs for flower arrangements, immerse the wood in a solution of strong household bleach with one large tablespoon of salt. Leave until the wood is the desired color, wash in fresh clean water, and dry in the open air.—Mrs. D. Allen, 8 Market Street, Dandenong, Vic.

To prevent linoleum tearing when cutting it, heat the blade of the knife and it will slide through the linoleum and not tear it.—Mrs. M. Stewart, 23 Wesley Street, Lutwyche, Qld.

Dogs dislike the taste of soap, so if your pet has a sore leg or foot wet a cake of soap and rub it over the bandage. This will prevent the animal from tearing off the bandage.—Mrs. J. Hicks, Box 542, P.O., Orange, N.S.W.

While interior decorating is going on, paint a few inches of a smooth stick the color of each of the paints used. Then, when you go shopping for soft furnishings, you will be able to take the stick with you to match the colors exactly.—Mrs. T. Murphy, 7 Lyall Avenue, Hampstead Gardens, S.A.

To renew black kid gloves, rub them over with a sponge dipped in a sauce containing a teaspoon of olive oil and a few drops of black ink. Dry in the sun.—J. E. Herniston, c/o "Yamall", Grenfell Road, Cowra, N.S.W.

A simple way to keep the garbage bin from being upset by strong winds or stray dogs is to drive a metal stake solidly into the ground so the handle of the bin can be slipped over the end of the stake.—Mrs. T. C. Walsh, 30 Harris Road, Bicton, W.A.

To find out whether eggs are fresh, fill a basin with water. A fresh egg will lie flat on the bottom; not-so-fresh will rise slightly; and a bad egg will float on the top.—Mrs. N. Pollard, 307 Orrong Road, Carlisle, W.A.

Crumbs often lodge in a toaster and can be quickly flicked away by using a clean pastry brush.—Mrs. R. J. Jones, 106 Glass Street, Essendon W.5, Vic.

Instead of the conventional toilet brush, use a dishcloth with foam-rubber pad. It will not mark the porcelain and is much cheaper than a brush.—Mrs. L. Golden, 25 Etela Street, Belmont, N.S.W.

Use a dry bathroom sponge to remove bits of fluff from dark suits and coats. It is much more effective than a clothes brush.—Miss J. Stewart, 3 Crown Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

A cracked teapot can be used in the kitchen as a string-holder. The ball goes inside and the string is threaded through the spout.—Mrs. O. Parker, P.O. Box 299, Queenstown, Tas.

A strip of elastic tacked inside the front of a dressing-table drawer will form a convenient holder for bottles of perfume, nail-polish, or lotions. You can also apply nail-polish while the bottle remains in its place.—Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean Street, North Ipswich, Qld.

If you have a useful hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for every one published.

British Paints presents

TO ARCHITECTS, MASTER-PAINTERS, PROPERTY OWNERS

Supa-Flat

VELVET FLAT ENAMEL

the world's greatest colour range

FOR EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR

Manufactured in Australia to the exclusive "British" Alkyd formula, Supa-Flat is guaranteed to be made to the most rigorous exterior standards which, obviously, ensure greater all-round durability for interior use at no extra cost.



This delightful room has been decorated with Supa-Flat Velvet Flat Enamel in colours from the Supa-Flat colour card... Tangerine walls and Tusk ceiling with a White cornice. Notice how they harmonise. Please ask your nearest British Paints authorised agent for your FREE Supa-Flat colour card and choose from graceful, elegant pastels and dramatic feature colours.

See the fabulous
**SUPA-FLAT INTERMIX
COLOUR BOOK**
at all British Paints
Authorised Agents

or discuss these fabulous, high-fashion decorator colours with your architect or master painter. Large colour chips make your choice so easy!



NO OTHER FLAT ENAMEL HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- Sensational covering power.
- One-coat cover with roller.
- So very easily washed.
- Self-sealing. Mould and fungus proof.
- Leaves no lap or brush marks.
- Extremely durable and colour-fast.
- A luxurious velvet flat finish that adds beauty everywhere.

COMPANION PRODUCTS

to be used in conjunction with Supa-Flat for woodwork, doors, windows and skirting boards of your room. Your choice can be brilliant gloss or satin finish, whichever you prefer.



BRILLIANT GLOSS ENAMEL
For exterior and interior. Its brilliant beauty is smooth as glass. One coat covers any colour.



SATIN FINISH ENAMEL
For interior woodwork. Specially recommended for walls and ceilings of your kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

EVERY answer to EVERY painting problem
"DESIGN FOR COLOUR" - 10/- A COPY
at all British Paints Authorised Agents.

then in
you walk
with
poise



Ever so subtle with your elegance, you love the simplest lines of fashion... wear them with a certain charm and grace.

Even on difficult days, nothing can mar your poise... for you choose Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You wouldn't dream of using anything but Tampax. It's invisible and unfeels when in place. There are no binding belts—no chafing, cumbersome pads. Nothing can show and no one can know. Tampax is dainty to use, change and dispose of. Fingers never touch it and extras can be conveniently tucked away in your handbag.

No wonder you've made Tampax your very personal choice! It's the new way, the modern way!

In Regular and Super absorbencies, at all chemists and stores.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women



**GIVE
YOUR
BABY
LOVELY
CURLS**

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks treatment, 4-16

Curlypet

All the family will love **only Everybody's**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 15, 1961

A mother's story

● If the woman of the house is dejected, the whole family suffers. The writer of this article, who wishes to be anonymous, wins a £20 prize.

"THE HOUSEWIFE BLUES"

● I wonder how many housewives share my problem — that of recurrent bouts of "housewife blues"?

TODAY, for example, I am feeling low. Jeremy, aged two, started the day with a grizzle (perhaps a molar is on its way) and cried the whole time I was dressing him.

Then he was perverse about his breakfast (didn't want porridge, ate his egg, wanted his porridge, didn't want toast, cried when put down because he did want toast).

Next, he found a splendid mudhole and needed two changes of clothing, took his tricycle on the road countless times and left it there, rode his brother's tricycle on the garden, and generally alternated between mischief and tears.

Philip, the four-year-old, is also being unco-operative and provoking. Such a short time ago he was most amenable and full of charm!

Today, against the background of Jeremy's performance, he seemed twice as argumentative as usual.

Then, when I had thankfully delivered him to afternoon kindergarten, which he loves, I was horrified to find, half-way home, that he was following me, having decided, he said, that he did not want to go.

Back to the pre-school I took him. Was nothing to go right?

Extraordinarily enough, my low mental state did not result from this difficult morning. On the contrary, I have a horrid suspicion that my mood brought on the difficulties.

"Pollyanna"

I can go for weeks, even months, in a state of happy contentment, and, in true Pollyanna fashion, counting my blessings. And then, one day, these "housewife blues" hit me.

My husband comes home, the children are bathed and in bed, waiting to say good-night to him, the dinner is nearly ready, and we sit by the fire for a glass of sherry together.

All seems well. But it is a deceptive calm. I feel tired to the very marrow.

My husband talks of his doings and then asks me about my day. There seems little to tell; but I try to find something interesting, determined not to complain about trivial childish misdemeanors.

I am not doing well, though, and too soon I am launched into a recital of the day's ups and down.

An ill-phrased remark causes my husband to exclaim: "Now, surely it wasn't as bad as that; I do wish you wouldn't exaggerate."

To my horror — and even

more to his! — I burst into tears.

I cannot tell him what is wrong, for my depression seems utterly fundamental: at that moment my whole existence seems pointless.

I force myself to get the dinner and try to appear normal.

But inevitably on these occasions when at last I get to bed I cry silently into my pillow and in childish fashion think up one hundred reasons for my tears:

- That I still have not managed to save enough out of the housekeeping to buy myself a much-needed new foundation garment;

- That I am fed up with my winter clothes, all of which, with the exception of two cast-off jumpers given me by a friend this season, I suddenly calculate to be at least five years old;

- That I can never get to a hairdresser, and despite weekly washing and frequent pinning my hair does not look as it should;

- That I can never get into town to shop, that I have to cope with bare, uncarpeted floors, and there seems no possibility of a holiday for years.

Poor husband!

If I try really hard I can go on for a long time thinking up items like these.

I should be ashamed! But let me hasten to explain that this is not designed to give my poor husband nervous dyspepsia, since I make sure that he is well and truly asleep before I indulge in this luxury of misery.

The worst of it is that a bout like this leaves its shadow over me — and over the whole household — for days.

I have come to dread these attacks and wish that I could put my finger on the cause — and a remedy.

Since I did not marry until after I was twenty-five, I have not the excuse of wondering whether I rushed into marriage and motherhood too soon.

Indulgent parents gave me a university education, and I spent three selfish, wonderful years making the most of every minute.

After graduation I set off, like so many others, for a working holiday in Europe, did some interesting work, and travelled and absorbed as much as I could.

Soon after my return home, I met my husband. What could be rosier?

In the earlier years of our married life we lived in the tropics. Hence my all-too-limited domestic ability was not taxed.

It was, therefore, something

of a shock when we eventually settled at home in Australia and I found myself faced with the everyday round of the housewife.

My ability to produce salmon mousse and chicken lescro for a dinner party (with my native servants!) was of little use as I strove to compile a list of weekly menus for a family, for now I had not only a husband to cook for but two small boys.

At first each day seemed an endless mealtime, interspersed with some frantic washing, ironing, and cleaning.

But I was determined to succeed and gritted my teeth in my efforts to keep the house shining and clean, the children in freshly washed and ironed clothes each day, the mending and ironing up to date, and the meals varied.

I did not stop to think how unpleasant those gritted teeth must have been for my family. I was too miserable.

We had acquired a house in a pleasant country area outside the city; but to me the unmade, muddy roads, the lack of transport, the unfenced, unmade garden, and lack of telephone or floor coverings within meant only isolation and work.

I do not know what made me see how foolish I was being and what an impossible atmosphere I must have created for my family, but one day I did suddenly see sense.

I suddenly realised how lucky I was.

Maybe we were having a limited budget for some time, but I had everything that any woman could want — a husband whom I'd want to marry all over again were I to meet him for the first time now, and children of whom I was inordinately proud; and a fresh little house which in most respects pleased me.

Thus my contentment and Pollyanna outlook took root.

I have found, however, that to keep this tender plant of contentment alive takes thought and effort.

Remedies

As you can see, I am by no means always successful. I can only pass on to any other depressed housewives these few suggestions of ways I have found helpful in warding off the dangerous boredom of being constantly tied to a house.

Firstly, I think it is important to try to arrange to take some regular outdoor exercise.

I have just started playing tennis with a group of other young mothers.

During this hour and a half each week I feel as free as a bird with the sky all around, instead of the four walls of my house.

Secondly, I think that we

should try to pause in our household flight each day to spend 10 or 15 minutes in the garden just for the pleasure.

There is a thrill in finding the right brown buds on the fruit trees, so soon to swell into blossom, or the first firm green shoots of daffodils or tulips.

Thirdly, we should try to do more often the sort of thing I happened to do the other day, which brought great pleasure all round.

I went with the children into nearby bushland to get for our garden some freesias growing wild there.

For the boys this simple outing was a real expedition and they loved it, while I sniffed with reminiscence and

delight the damp, mushroomy smell of the ground as I dug out a few clumps.

The fourth thing which has brought me great enjoyment is listening to some of the schools broadcasts while I am working in the house.

Prose and verse readings and some excellent sessions on the life and work of noted writers have certainly stimulated my drowsing brain.

In these simple ways, housewives can have something fresh almost every day.

However, there are still days when I just feel low and those dreadful "household blues" attack. I have no way of avoiding them.

Perhaps some other housewife can supply an answer.



The energy crispbread youngsters need

He's growing fast... burning up energy that must be replaced... so make sure he has health-giving Vita-Weat every day. Add any nutritious spread to Vita-Weat's whole wheat goodness and you have delicious energy-packed "sandwiches" that he'll enjoy.



P.S. Write today to Peck Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dept. 1, Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W., for your free Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" diet chart.

V10



DELICIOUS combination of chocolate and peppermint flavors will make this cake a favorite with all the family. See recipe this page.

Cake recipe wins £5 prize

● A Queensland reader wins the main prize of £5 this week for her recipe for a simple chocolate cake filled and topped with marshmallow and then coated with frosting.

A TASTY chicken and rice dish and cookies each win £1 consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Three tablespoons cocoa, boiling water, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar,

2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, marshmallow and chocolate toppings.

Mix cocoa to paste with boiling water, add jam, and mix in sufficient boiling water to make 1 cup; cool. Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Sift flour and salt, fold into creamed mixture alternately with cooled cocoa mixture.

Turn into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich tins, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Turn out, allow to cool. Fill with half the marshmallow filling, cover top with remaining filling, allow to set. Coat with chocolate topping, decorate with walnut halves.

Marshmallow: Two tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, few drops peppermint essence.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat hot water and sugar together, boil for 10 minutes, add gelatine and boil further 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, peppermint essence, mix. Beat well until just beginning to set. Use to fill and top cake as directed.

Chocolate Topping: One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, vanilla.

Place butter, cocoa, and water in a saucepan and heat until mixed and cocoa dissolved. Cool. Gradually stir in the icing-sugar, beat well. Flavor with vanilla and use as directed.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Sutherland, McLean Street, North Ipswich, Qld.

BRAZILIAN CHICKEN

One chicken about 4lb. (rabbit is good substitute), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 cup raw rice, 3 cups stock, 2oz. tomato paste, 2oz. chopped ham or bacon, 1 teaspoon paprika, salt, pepper, 1 cup cooked peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup almond halves.

Joint chicken, cut into serving pieces (if using rabbit, do the same, but soak $\frac{1}{2}$ hour first). Heat oil in pan, add chicken pieces, brown well all over. Arrange in greased casserole dish. Pour all but 1 tablespoon of oil from pan, add onion and cook until golden. Add rice, saute few minutes, add stock, tomato paste, ham, and seasonings. Bring to boil, pour over chicken. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until chicken is tender and rice soft. Remove from oven 10 minutes before end of cooking time, add peas and almond halves. Return to reheat and finish cooking. Serve piping-hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Daglish, 162 Flinders Street, Hawthorn, W.A.

PINEAPPLE COOKIES

Half cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor-sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple (drained and crushed), 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnut, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar together thoroughly. Add pineapple and egg, mix well. Sift dry ingredients together, add to creamed mixture. Blend in nuts and vanilla. Drop by dessertspoons on to greased tray, allowing room for spreading. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Ferguson, 13 Adelaide Terrace, St. Marys, S.A.



RICE (*Oryza Sativa*)

One of the world's most nourishing grains



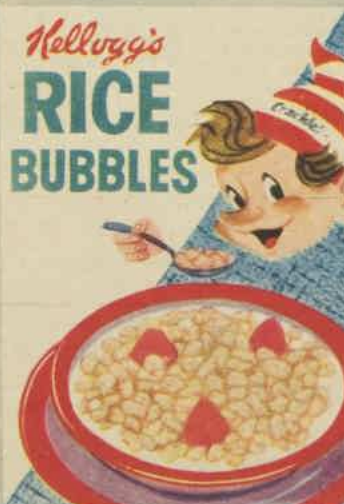
Such a snap, crackle
and popping good breakfast!

Seems they want to tell you how good they taste. How crisp they are . . . How nourishing, too.

Actually, these Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* of goodness are more nourishing than ever! More vitamins than the whole grain rice itself! Yes! Kellogg's have added extra food values for you and your family. Tomorrow morning?

"The best to you each morning"

*Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.



OUR TRANSFER



THREE FLOWER MOTIFS to decorate household linens are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 205. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-



• *Banksia serrata* is a gnarled tree usually 15 to 40 feet high with grey, silky inflorescences. It grows from Queensland to Tasmania, often in the sandstone of the coasts and mountains.

AUSTRALIAN NATURE



• Yellow-flowering spikes of *Banksia prionotes*, a native of Western Australia. The leaves are 5½ to 12 inches long with acutely pointed teeth round them.



• Flowerhead of Coast Banksia (*Banksia integrifolia*), an erect, bushy tree 10 to 60 feet high, common on the eastern foreshores and extending to the tablelands.

• Banksias were named in honor of Sir Joseph Banks, the distinguished patron of botany who visited Australia with Captain Cook in 1770. The genus has about 51 species, mostly shrubs or trees from 10 to 60 feet high, usually with rough bark and gnarled trunks. The flowerheads vary. There are two Banksias with brilliant red flowering spikes, while other species have flowerheads which are grey, orange, red-brown, green, or purple. Banksias are useful sources of pollen and a strong-flavored, dark honey.

(Pictures of *Banksia serrata* and *Banksia integrifolia* by Mr. S. Macoby, Sydney. Others by Rev. George Rees, Sydney.)

• *Menzies Banksia* or *Firewood* (*Banksia menziesii*), common near the Swan River, W.A., was not named after the P.M., but after Archibald Menzies, an early botanical collector.



At last! Here's new GLAMOUR for your HOME!



Make your best room even better!

Find **COLOUR** magic in your WASHING MACHINE!



Change your colours as often as you change your mind!



SO PRETTY!
SO PRACTICAL!
SO ECONOMICAL!

NO MESS!
NO STIRRING!
NO TROUBLE!

Just press the button . . .

Gilseal DYES will do the rest!



Costs so little — gives you so much!

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUERIES WHATSOEVER — PLEASE CONSULT YOUR CHEMIST — HIS ADVICE IS **FREE!**

GILSEAL DYES

SUITABLE FOR SILK, RAYON, NYLON, COTTON, LINEN, WOOL, WOOL AND TERYLENE MIXTURES.

FOR —
TINTING WITH COLD WATER
DYEING WITH HOT WATER
BOILING NOT ESSENTIAL

OF SUPERIOR FASTNESS TO SUNLIGHT AND WASHING. CONTENTS SUFFICIENT FOR FULL WASHING MACHINE LOAD UP TO 12 LBS. DRY WEIGHT.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS INSIDE EACH PACKAGE. WILL NOT HARM YOUR WASHING MACHINE.

FAST COLOURS
WITHOUT
BOILING!



AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● One of the things that has always made me pity the really rich is the way custom forces them to hand over their children into other people's care.

Hands that wash dishes need soothing NIVEA

Modern detergents, soaps, hot water, even the weather, dry out natural skin oils and moisture, leaving hands sore and chapped, robbing them of natural loveliness. Regular use of Nivea overcomes the problem. Nivea, containing Eucerite, the nearest thing to natural skin oils, is moisture absorbent. Nivea penetrates deep into the skin tissue, carrying skin oils and moisture where they do the most good . . . keeping hands soft gentle and lovely-to-touch. For lovely hands always, use Nivea daily.

In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Liquid Nivea in bottles.

SKIN needs NIVEA

Another fine **SCN** product
Smith & Nephew

Have you tried NIVEA CREME SOAP?



IT'S ONLY 1/-
More for
mum,
more
for dad,
more for
the kids
in your
greatest
magazine
Everybody's

terrified by RHEUMATISM



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"
(Original letter in Head Office.)
That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

"Nannies"

versus "Mummies"

EVERYONE makes mistakes in rearing children — we know that's true, because the psychologists are always telling us.

My feeling would always be that I'd rather have my mistakes inflicted on my own children than have them affected by someone else's mistakes.

With a fully trained and efficient nanny on the job your children would either get a cool and starchy upbringing and miss out on the warm affection that they need or else they would get all that from the nanny and their mother would be of very little account.

I suppose in a way it'd be nice not to have to get up to a coughing child all through the night, but I know it would have given me incurable attacks of sour grapes to hear my children calling for "Nanny" when they were hurt or frightened instead of for "Mummy."

Parents have quick ears — for yells

SOME witty American said once that you could always pick out the married men on a crowded beach.

If a child called out "Daddy" at the top of its voice the married men would spring to their feet in hundreds.

It's funny how long the habit persists.

Often when I'm working around the house and am miles away in my thoughts I come automatically to the alert when I hear a childish voice yelling "Mummy" from a neighboring garden with that particular panicky note that means they're stuck at the top of a tree or have lopped a bit off their fingers with a broken bottle.

It takes me a moment or two to remember that my children have passed that age, that yells for help come from them in a different tone of voice and usually mean that they're incapable of finding something that I have carefully put where it will be right under their noses.

Extras on the family menu

MOST astonishing thing of the week for me was to be told by a neighbor that I had capers growing in my garden.

We all love capers, either in sauce with boiled mutton or as a garnish added to sandwiches, so a 3/6 bottle of them goes nowhere.

I was wandering round in the garden watching one of our crazy cats who regularly eats two or three nasturtium flowers every time she passes the plot when my neighbor said, "Don't you pickle the seeds? They're capers."

Quite frankly I didn't believe her. I think I imagined the caper was an imported delicacy grown on the caper bush.

But I looked it up later in the dictionary and there it says quite plainly:

"CAPER. Bramble-like South European shrub; (pl.) its flowerbuds pickled; ENGLISH CAPERS, seed vessels of Nasturtium pickled."

My neighbor had told me that you ought to divide the seedpods (they split into three segments easily), soak them in salted water for two days, then drain them, put them in bottles, and cover them with boiled vinegar that has been spiced with a blade of mace, a few cloves, a few shallots and peppercorns, and a teaspoon of salt to the quart.

Keep three months before using.

While on the subject of food, I've just been given a recipe for a dish with the heavenly title Cream in Paradise.

You need two ounces of crisp toffee, which you pound until it is almost powdered. Next, in three different bowls, you beat three egg-yolks until they are smooth and paler in color, half a pint of cream until it is thick, and three egg-whites with a pinch of salt until they are stiff. Put these aside while you beat four ounces of butter until it is light and very frothy. (Don't attempt this recipe unless you have an electric beater or relays of willing slaves.)

Next you mix the butter with the egg-yolks and beat for another ten minutes until the mixture becomes almost spongy, add three ounces of sugar and still beat, then add the pounded toffee, and finally fold in the egg-whites and the cream.

Pour this mixture into a mould and chill it. Turn it out before serving.

Home-made toffee is said to be the best. I haven't tried the recipe yet. I'm going to wait for the weekend so that Diana can make the toffee and perhaps be induced to superintend the beating.

Not as dumb as we look

CAUGHT the tail-end of one of the noisy arguments between Diana and Mike the other day and then heard Mike defending himself to Hugh on the grounds that "Diana's so dumb that someone's got to argue with her just to help her."

"Maybe," Hugh said, "but if you were bright yourself, Mike, you would have learnt by now that no woman is dumb enough to listen to reason."



Modess BELTS

the perfect accessory to Modess

they're made for each other!

So comfortable, so secure — Modess Belts ensure perfect peace of mind.



The revolutionary VEE-FORM Belt is luxuriously different. Made of wide, all-white Nylon, it lasts longer, washes and dries in minutes. Its unique "V" design adjusts to every change of position — remains firmly in place.

Also available:

Adjusta-Form with pins or clips
Fine-Form economy belt

Modess BELTS

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Now, enjoy today's greatest value
AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING
—at new low prices



by

Kelvinator

The value is greater with

AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING

Kelvinator

The day of messy defrosting is over!

At these low prices you can now afford what used to be a luxury—*automatic defrosting*. Choose from these 3 Kelvinator models—



With "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost even Ice Cream stays frozen

Save work, end messy defrosting! It takes only one second of your time to push the button. This wonderfully simple automatic defrosting method does away with all heating elements. With "Magic Cycle" all foods stay at correct temperature while defrosting takes place. And, of course, no heating elements means less power is used. You save money, too!



Kelvinator "Space-Saver" 9 De Luxe — with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Push-Button Defrost; 8½ cubic ft. capacity; 25 lbs. Frozen Food Chest; full-width Crisper; full-width Meat Tray holds 17 lbs. of meat and fish; tall bottle storage; slide-out shelves; 2 big egg racks; Balanced refrigeration; powered by the "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit.

150 gns.

* AVAILABLE IN EITHER RIGHT OR LEFT HAND OPENING DOORS

When you trade-in, trade up to Kelvinator and enjoy Automatic Defrosting—at new low prices today's greatest value!

Choose
Kelvinator
HOME APPLIANCES
for Better Living

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONERS • TELEVISION

Kelvinator

now on 3 feature packed models from only 150 gns.

all have exclusive "Magic Cycle" Automatic Push-Button Defrost to save you time, trouble and energy. Add to this, features designed to save you time and work and in-built quality

to give you years of trouble-free service — all this at new low prices — and you'll agree it's unequalled value! See your Kelvinator retailer and inspect these new models.



Kelvinator "Space-Saver 10" — with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Push-Button Defrost; 10 cubic feet capacity; 38 lbs. Frozen Food Chest; Special Meat Tray; Waist level Crisper; convenient lift-out Utility Basket; twin egg shelves to cradle 18 eggs; tall bottle storage; Balanced Refrigeration powered by the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit.

174 gns.



Kelvinator "Space-Saver 10" De Luxe — with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Push-Button Defrost; 10 cubic feet capacity; 38 lbs. Frozen Food Chest; Special Meat Tray; Waist-level Crisper; Lift-out Utility Basket; Twin Egg Shelves to cradle 18 eggs; tall bottle storage; 3 slide-out shelves; Balanced Refrigeration; powered by the "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit.

189 gns.

Choose from 6 models priced from only 135 gns.

"Space-Saver 211"	8 $\frac{3}{4}$ c.f.	135 gns.
"Space-Saver 221" De Luxe	8 $\frac{3}{4}$ c.f.	150 gns.*
"Space-Saver 241"	10 c.f.	174 gns.*
"Space-Saver 271" De Luxe	10 c.f.	189 gns.**
"Foodarama 489" De Luxe	12 c.f.	238 gns.**
"Foodarama 689" De Luxe	14.2 c.f.	257 gns.**

* Magic Cycle Automatic Push-button Defrost ** Cyclic fully Automatic Defrost.

PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS

FREE
Colour Brochure
on KELVINATOR
HOME APPLIANCES
Just send this coupon.

*This beautiful full colour
booklet is your guide to
greater value! Send for
yours today! It's Free!*

To Kelvinator Australia Ltd.,
Box 1347, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.
or your local Kelvinator branch

Please forward me your free colour
brochure on all Kelvinator Appliances.

NAME:
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS:

STATE:
K1377

BOND'S Beautiful Babywear

Sun suit especially for the beach, has red, white and blue trim, snap fastening gusset for easy changing.
Sizes: 18-24,
22/11



Two-piece sun-suit. Rompers have crossover shoulder straps, snap fastening gusset for easy changing. Shirt has side neck opening. Checks of blue, lemon, green, pink.

To 12 months, 21/-
To 18 months, 22/6
To 2 years, 24/11
To 3 years, 27/6



Hard wearing terry makes this beach going outfit of jacket and trunks. Jacket in white.

Sizes: 18-26, 19/11
Trunks piped with red, white and blue.
Sizes: 1, 3, 5, 7, 9/11

GRO-WEAR®

Baby clothes that grow with baby

You can dress baby in Bond's Gro-wear at birth and at 20 lbs. these delightful little garments still fit. Made from cloud-soft cotton and stretch nylon in a choice of stretch terry or stretch fancy knit, Gro-wear gives unrestricted freedom as baby grows. It washes beautifully, dries quickly, (needs no ironing). Seven pretty Gro-wear styles for girls and boys.

GRO-WEAR

Romper suit with convenient gusset fasteners for easy dressing, no bulky seams. Fancy or Terry Knit.

24/11



Colours

Fancy Knit: All-White and White with Pink or Blue Candy Stripes
Terry Knit: Pink, White, Blue or Lemon.

GRO-WEAR

Romper suit with front opening. Fancy or Terry Knit.

29/11



GRO-WEAR

One-piece suit with full length opening. Fancy or Terry Knit.
37/6

Colours

Fancy Knit: All-White and White with Pink or Blue Candy Stripes
Terry Knit: Pink, White, Blue or Lemon.



A FOUR-PAGE FEATURE

WISTERIA

—the garland of spring

PERGOLA covered with wisteria at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Martin, Point Piper, N.S.W. The vine was planted five years ago and is pruned back hard each year when its leaves have fallen. Pillars of the pergola are covered with fragrant climbing *Rhynchospermum jasminoides*. Tubs of citrus trees add a sharp note of color to the scene. A weeping grafted plum tree, which flowers and fruits, is planted in the middle of the lawn.

Picture by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

For work or play they'll
depend on ORIS



2895/11
7 jewels
Chrome case
WATERPROOF
£6.15.0



2815/3
7 jewels
Rolled gold case
£8.15.0
Chrome case
£6.5.0



2937/21
7 jewels
Rolled gold case
£8.15.0



2901/1
7 jewels
Chrome case
£5.9.0



2951/3
7 jewels
Chrome case
£5.10.0



2917/1
7 jewels
Chrome case
£9.10.0



2860/1
7 jewels
Chrome case
£6.5.0

What could be a better present for your youngsters than a wonderful ORIS Swiss watch? You'll agree that ORIS is an excellent investment in their future, it will help them to realise the importance and value of time at an early age. They'll learn to depend on ORIS, too, because for more than half a century it has proved a thoroughly accurate and reliable watch. In 96 countries, ORIS has earned a reputation as the watch that experts can fully approve — yet one which is surprisingly inexpensive. So for Christmas, birthdays, good schoolwork, or any special occasion — think seriously about buying an ORIS Swiss watch for your children. Ask to see the ORIS range at your jewellers.

LAY-BY FOR CHRISTMAS NOW!

Prices are for watches only — bands or straps extra.
All models shockproof KIF except 21278 and 2952/2.



3003/1
7 jewels, chrome case, £6.5.0
Rolled gold case, £6.15.0



2779/11
7 jewels
Chrome case
CALENDAR
£7.10.0



2818/11
7 jewels, chrome case, £6.5.0
Rolled gold case, £6.15.0



2900/1
7 jewels
Chrome case
£5.10.0

21278
7 jewels
Chrome case
£4.19.4

2901/1
7 jewels
Chrome case
£5.13.0

2860/2
7 jewels
Rolled gold waterproof case, £8.10.0
Chrome — waterproof case, £6.18.0



THE BEST WATCH IN ITS CLASS

TS40

Page 50

WISTERIA (continued)



WISTERIA—COVERED apple tree was photographed at Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson's home at Seaforth, N.S.W. Experts discourage planting of wisteria on a live tree, as the vine is so competitive. However, many gardeners feel the combined beauty is worth the risk.

How to grow it

THERE are ten species and varieties of the lovely, fragrant wisteria, seven from Japan and the others from China. They are all climbers that flower in spring.

They are hardy, but prefer temperate areas, and do best where there's plenty of moisture. All lose their leaves in winter.

Of Japanese origin are *Wisteria multi-juga* (also listed as *macrobotrys*), which has bluish or lavender flowers in extra-long sprays, *W. multi-juga alba* (white), *W. multi-juga rosea* (light pink buds fading to white), *W. russelliana* (dark blue), *W. floribunda* (violet-blue), *W. japonica* (cream), and *W. violaceo-plena* (double violet flowers).

The Chinese wisterias are *W. sinensis* (lavender), *W. sinensis alba* (white), and *W. sinensis flore pleno* (double

lilac flowers). These are very vigorous plants that grow to 30 or 40ft. and are much grown in Australia. *W. sinensis* is regarded by experts as the best of all and the most free-flowing.

All wisterias are suitable for growing over pergolas, archways, or trellises, for covering dead trees or big stumps, or training on securely fixed battens on brick or stone walls.

They are all grown easily in ordinary soil, but a deep loam is best. Make allowance for their vigorous habits.

Trunks often assume an almost tree-like girth, the roots can damage house foundations and drains, and the branches can damage walls and roofs if the exploring growths get under eaves and tiles.

Plants are usually raised by nurserymen from layers, which develop good roots and bloom the year after planting in the garden. Novices find seedlings disappointing, as they take

• Although wisteria was named after Caspar Wistar, an American professor, and although many dictionaries will list the spelling as wisteria, the spelling with the "e" has been adopted officially by botanists.

many years to reach the flowering stage.

To obtain new plants, pull low branches in the soil, placing a stone on top to prevent movement during winter weather. Leave them for six months at least and sever for planting out when good roots have been produced.

Wisterias should be planted out in late winter or early spring before they start to bud up. They do best in full sunlight with a north or north-west exposure, but need some protection in very windy positions.

Wisterias can be "standardised" — treated as small trees or upright shrubs by careful pruning and training. This is usually done by obtaining a stout-rooted stem in good growth and pruning the top so that few good buds appear. These produce short trailing laterals that may be pruned into weeping standards.

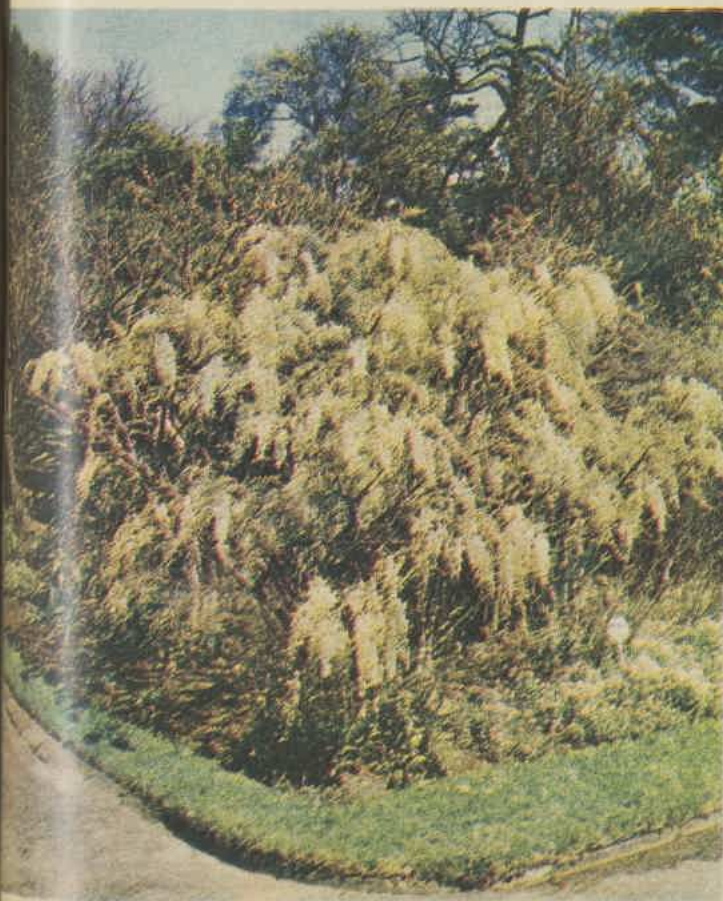
GARDEN WALL is transformed into a decorative corner. Wisteria can be trained to do almost anything in the garden.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961



BEAUTIFYING the entrance to a home by covering the double garage with wisteria is an apt use of this magnificent climber. Its prolific flowering, lasting only a brief period, is followed by pale green foliage, which turns yellow in autumn. Wisteria will stand hard pruning, either in the time of vigorous growth after flowering or in the dormant period after the leaves fall.



WHITE CHINESE WISTERIA (*W. sinensis alba*) in Sydney's Botanic Gardens, which are noted for their wisterias. This beautiful example has been pruned as a weeping tree.

● Overleaf: BONSAI WISTERIA

Summertime Sandals & Casuals

by

Betta

"never wear out
their welcome"

From 39'11



Style 300

MULTI, BONE & WHITE



Style 609

BONE & WHITE



Style 828

WHITE & BONE



★ obtainable at all good stores



BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO ST., ROCKDALE, N.S.W.



Live in golden luxury with "STARDUST" by Laminex

Strike gold! International decorators predict a renaissance of gold for rich-living interiors. So we bring the Midas touch to Laminex with "Stardust" . . . generously scattered with inlaid gold in a range of five discreet colours. "Stardust" will bring luxurious elegance to the bedroom or bathroom . . . and make any kitchen

sparkle. Look for "Stardust" on fine furniture for every room, or write to us at Laminex Pty. Ltd., 332 Bay Road, Cheltenham, Victoria for an eye-delighting sample.

GREY PINK BEIGE PRIMROSE



and White inlaid with Gold

new "STARDUST" by

THE QUALITY OF LAMINEX IS INDISPUTABLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SURFACING MATERIALS . . .
PROVEN MORE RESISTANT TO HEAT, STAINS AND WEAR BY INTERNATIONAL STANDARDS TESTS.

LAMINEX®
LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME



a product of



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961



A vine in a pot

● Wisteria does not last as a cut flower, but it can be enjoyed indoors every spring by raising it in a pot. The graceful specimen of *Wisteria sinensis* on this page was trained by Bonsai enthusiast Stirling Macoboy.

BONSAI is the Japanese art of dwarfing shrubs and trees in small containers. They are trained to an artistically satisfying shape, and are always grown in simple containers which don't detract from the plant. They are raised out of doors and brought inside when in flower, fruit, or autumn color for everyone to enjoy.

This wisteria was one of the divisions made in a nursery from an old vine, and had been planted in a kerosene tin for several years. Mr. Macoboy chose it for its comparatively thick trunk.

First, in mid-winter, he cut away unwanted branches and wrapped the rest in garden raffia. These he bent carefully with wire to the chosen shape. This reduced the height of the plant to about 20in.

Some time later he cut the taproot off about 8in. below soil level and cut more than half the roots away.

A 9in.-high blue-glazed Chinese pot was chosen and the drainage hole covered with an aluminium sink-strainer to discourage garden pests. The pot was given an inch layer of pebbles for drainage, then an inch of coarse red subsoil mixed with charcoal. The plant was placed off-centre and braced in position with several stout sticks of bamboo threaded through the roots.

The pot was filled with a mixture of coarse subsoil, sharp river sand, garden loam, leaf-mould, vermiculite, and charcoal. Then it was thoroughly soaked and placed in the shade, to be watered lightly at least twice a day for a fortnight while the plant developed new roots.

Wire and raffia were taken away in early spring and the container was moved to a sunny spot. Plenty of water and stable manure helped the small plant to produce more than 60 full-size flower spikes.

As the flowers begin to open, a Bonsai wisteria should be moved indoors and placed by a sunny window. It will fill the house with delicious, spicy perfume and should still be flowering two weeks later.

pink's the thing

Put yourself in a
whirl of pink

Girls are mad about it . . .

boys are mad about girls
who wear it.

Have yourself a ball
in pink



**NEW
PINK
CRUSH**

Pink for the prettiest

**NEW
GINGER
PINK**

The peachiest pink in sight

OTHER PINKS FOR GIRLS

PINK CANARY

MAGNETIC PINK

ROCK 'N' ROSE

ALL CASHMERE BOUQUET



CASHMERE BOUQUET

COLOURFAST LIPSTICK 3/9

LIGHTNING
Coloured
SKIRT AND DRESS
ZIPPER

LIGHTNING
Coloured Zippers

merge
into Fashion

For every home
sewing application
choose 'Lightning'
the reliable zipper,
available
everywhere.

ZF1533



AS
DEMONSTRATED
AND RECOMMENDED
BY
LUCILLE RIVERS

SELF-LOCKING



MANUFACTURED & GUARANTEED BY
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

BLACK PACK for frocks.
RED PACK for skirts and heavier
materials.
GREEN PACK for cardigans and
jackets.

Manufactured in Australia by
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Home Plans Service

shows pitched roof,
and floor plan shows
attractive split level.



956

● This week's Home Plan is a
split-level house specially designed
for a slightly sloping site.

THE plan, No. 956, is
rectangular - shaped,
one half containing the
living area, kitchen, and
laundry, the other contain-
ing three bedrooms and
bathroom.

Entrance to the house is
through the carport, which
can be incorporated under
the main house roof and
screened by a trellis wall.

The entrance hall leads into
a spacious living-room, 23ft. by

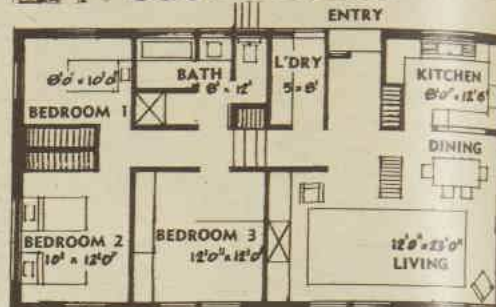
12ft., which opens on to a
terrace.

There is no division between
the living and dining areas,
but the dining-room is separ-
ated from the kitchen by a
buffet.

The laundry has been
placed next to the bathroom
to cut building costs and
opens directly into the back-
yard.

The bathroom is unusually
large, with a separate shower
recess and toilet.

The three large bedrooms
have built-in wardrobes.



956

HOW TO USE OUR SERVICE

We offer the choice of thousands of different designs
based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets
and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs.
Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with
your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and
specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-. Make cheques
payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."
If you contemplate building a home, this service can
save you a lot of money. **THIS IS A COMPLETE**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED HOME-DESIGN SERVICE
FOR YOUR USE, and all normal architect services are
available.

Phone or call at your local Centre at—
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney),
B0951, ext. 220.

MELBOURNE: Myers (32044).

HOBART: FitzGerald (27221).

ADELAIDE: The Building
Centre, 47 South Ter-
race (51-1798).

BRISBANE: McWhirters
(50121).

G E E L O N G: Myers
(X6111).

TOOWOOMBA: Pigotts
(7733).

OR FILL IN COUPON
AT LEFT AND POST IT
TO YOUR NEAREST
CENTRE.

Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your
State.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost
of handling and postage.)
☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I
enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

"Since I changed to **FAB** my extra dirty washing has never been so easy"

... **FAB** gets rid of grease and grime
without hard rubbing

Only Fab contains Actergent... that's why Fab suds are so much richer and
longer lasting. Fab's richer harder working suds make light work of the heaviest
wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright.
See how your clothes come sparkling white, brighter than ever before. When
you use Fab you've said goodbye forever to that "left-over" grey look that
comes from left-over soap scum which settles
in your clothes. See for yourself how
much easier, more satisfying your
wash can be—buy Fab today!



Children's grubby playclothes come
out of those long-lasting Fab suds
as bright and clean as new.



Just pop those greasy grimy work
overalls straight into rich Fab suds
without any rubbing or scrubbing.



FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!

from page 30

A surge of possessive craving tightened his throat. He must have it, he must, to hang opposite his Sisley. It was a shocking price, of course, but he could well afford it; he was rich, far richer even than the good Leuschner had computed, having of course no access to that little black book, locked in the safe, with its fascinating rows of ciphers.

And why, after all those years of sterile work and marital strife, should he not have everything he wanted? That snug profit he had recently made on some shares could not be put to better use. He wrote the cheque, shook hands with Leuschner, and went off in triumph with the pastel carefully tucked beneath his arm. Back at his villa, before Arturo announced lunch,

he had time to hang it. Perfect . . . perfect . . . he exulted, standing back. He hoped Frida von Altishofer would admire it.

He had invited her for five o'clock and, as punctuality was to her an expression of good manners, at that hour precisely she arrived—not however as was customary, in her battered little cream-colored car, but on foot. Actually her barracks of a house, the Castle Seeburg, stood on the opposite shore of the lake two kilometres across, and as she came into the drawing-room he reproached her for taking the boat, holding both her hands—it was a warm afternoon and the hill

path to his villa was steep, he could have sent Arturo to fetch her.

"I don't mind the little ferry," she smiled. "As you were so kindly driving me I thought not to bother with my car."

Her English, though stylised, was perfectly good, with just a faint and indeed attractive over-accentuation of certain syllables.

"Well, now you shall have tea, I've ordered it." He pressed the bell. "We'll get nothing but watery vermouth at the party."

"You are most thoughtful." She sat down gracefully, removing her gloves—she had strong supple fingers, the nails polished but unvarnished. "I hope you won't be too bored at the Kunsthaus."

and, with bows that were almost genuflections, served the tea, Moray studied her. In her youth she must have been very beautiful.

The structure of her facial bones was perfect. Even now at forty-five, or six . . . well, perhaps even forty-seven, although her hair was greying and her skin beginning to show the faint crenellations and brownish stigmata of her years, she remained an attractive woman, with the upright striding figure of a believer in fresh air and exercise. Her eyes were her most remarkable feature, the pupils of a dark tawny yellowish green shot with black specks. "They are cat's eyes," she had smiled when once he ventured a compliment. "But I do not scratch . . . or seldom only."

To page 56

the vacuum. He had his books, his collection of beautiful things. Besides, if the native Swiss were not—how should he put it nicely—not intellectually stimulating, there existed in Melsburg an expatriate society, a number of delightful people, of whom Madame von Altishofer was one, who had accepted him as a member of their coterie. And if this were not enough, the airport at Zurich lay within a forty-minute drive, and thereafter in two hours, or less, he was in Paris . . . Milan . . . Vienna.

By this time he had reached the Lagerbach nursery. Here he made his selection of roses, resolutely adding several varieties of his own choice to the list. Wilhelm had given him, although aware that his probably would survive mysteriously while the others would survive and flourish. When he left the nursery it was still quite early, only eleven o'clock; he decided to return by Melsburg and do some errands.

The town was pleasantly empty, most of the visitors gone, the lakeside promenade, where crisp leaves from the pollard chestnuts were already rustling, half deserted. This was the season Moray enjoyed, which he viewed as an act of possession.

He parked in the square by the fountain and strolled into the town. First he visited his tobacconist, bought a box of two hundred of his special brand of cigarettes, then at the apothecary's a large flask of Pineau's Eau de Quinine, the particular hair tonic he always used.

In the next street was Maier's, the famous confectioner's. Here, after a chat with Herr Maier, he sent off a great package of milk chocolate to Holbrook's children in Connecticut—they'd never get a chocolate of that quality in Stamford. As an afterthought—he had a sweet tooth—he took away a demi kilo of the new season's marrons glacés for himself. Shopping here really was a joy, he told himself; one met smiles and politeness on every side.

He was now in the Stadtplatz, where, answering a subconscious prompting, his legs had borne him. He could not refrain from smiling, though with a slight sense of guilt. Immediately opposite stood the Galerie Leuschner. He hesitated, humorously aware that he was yielding to temptation. But the thought of the Vuillard pastel drove him on. He crossed the street, pushed open the door of the gallery, and went in.

LEUSCHNER, a plump, smooth, smiling little man, greeted Moray with cordial deference, yet with an uncommercial air which assumed his presence in the gallery to be purely casual. They discussed the weather. Then Moray took up his hat.

"By the way," he said offhandedly, "I suppose you still have the little Vuillard we glanced at last week."

"Only just." The dealer suddenly looked grave. "An American collector is most interested."

"Rubbish," Moray said lightly. "There are no Americans left in Melsburg."

"This American is in Philadelphia . . . the curator of the Art Gallery. Shall I show you his telegram?"

Moray, inwardly alarmed, shook his head in a manner implying amused dubiety. "Are you still asking that ridiculous price? After all, it's only a pastel."

"Pastel in Vuillard's medium," Leuschner replied, with calm authority. "And I assure you, sir, this one is worth every centime of the price. Why, when you consider the other day in London a few rough brush strokes by Renoir, some half dozen wretched-looking strawberries—a pitiful thing, really, of which the master must have been heartily ashamed—brought twenty thousand pounds."

"But this, this is a gem, worthy of your fine collection, and you know how rare good post-impressionists have become, yet I ask only nineteen thousand dollars. If you buy it, and I do not press you, for practically it is almost sold, you will never regret it."

There was a silence. For the first time they both looked at the pastel, which hung alone, against the neutral cartridge paper of the wall. Moray knew it well, it was recorded in the book and it was indeed a lovely thing, an interior, full of light and color—pinks, greys, and greens. The subject, too, was exactly to his taste, a conversation piece—Madame Melo and her little daughter in the salon of the actress's house.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 15, 1961

wherever you live . . .



IN A FLATETTE



IN A HOME UNIT



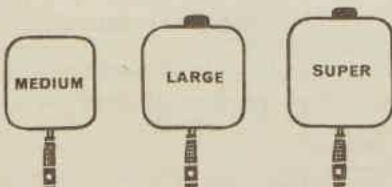
OR IN A HOUSE

LIFE BECOMES BRIGHTER WITH A SUNBEAM ELECTRIC FRYPAN

(ask someone who has one!)

Elderly people living alone and young marrieds just starting out; big families or bachelors; socialites and single girls . . . in fact for just about everyone, whatever your age, whatever your way of life, there is a Sunbeam Electric Frypan designed just for your needs: a tete-a-tete supper; a light private snack; a quiet family meal; a lavish party or a barbeque. Anyone who owns a Sunbeam Frypan will tell you what a wonderful difference it makes to life. Cooking becomes easier, quicker, more varied, less expensive. Your meals are more delicious—and nutritious.

3 sizes to choose from—



ENJOY BRIGHTER LIVING WITH . . .

Sunbeam

ELECTRIC FRYPAN

SUNBEAM ELECTRIC FRYPAN. The most versatile, most useful of all cooking appliances—it bakes, steam-cooks, fries, roasts; tilts for crisper grills or easier basting. Automatic heat control cuts pounds off your electricity bill, adds no-end of delight to your cooking.

lot, yet never spoke of it. She was horribly hard up and had not many clothes, but those she possessed were good and she wore them with style. When they went walking together she usually appeared in a faded costume of russet-brown, a rakish hat, and strong handwoven brogues of faded brown. Today she had on a simple but well-cut fawn suit, shoes of the same shade, as were her gloves, and she was bareheaded. Taste, distinction, and perfect breeding were evident in every look and gesture—no need to tell herself again she was a cultured woman of the highest class.

"Always that delicious tea you give me."

"It's Twining's," he explained. "I had it specially blended for the hard Schwansee water."

"Really . . . you think of everything," she paused. "Yet how wonderful to be able to give effect to all one's wishes."

A considerable silence followed while they savored the hard-water tea, then suddenly, an upward glance arrested, she exclaimed:

"My dear friend . . . you have bought it!"

She had seen the Vuillard at last and rising, excitedly she moved across the room to inspect it.

in the gallery. Oh, that so delightful child, on the little low stool. I only hope Leuschner did not rob you."

He stood beside her and together, in silence, they admired the pastel. She had the good taste not to overpraise but as they turned away looking around her at the mellow eighteenth-century furniture, the soft grey carpet and the Louis XVI tapestry chairs, at his painting, his Pont Aven Gauguin, signed and dated, above the Tang figures on the Georgian mantel, the wonderful Degas nude on the opposite wall, the early Utrillo and the Sisley landscape, his richly subdued Bonnard, the deliciously maternal Mary Cassatt, and now the Vuillard, she murmured:

"I adore your room. Here you can spend your life in the celebration of beautiful things. And better still when you have earned them."

"I think I am entitled to them," He spoke modestly. "As a young man . . . in Scotland . . . I had little enough. Indeed, then I was miserably poor."

It was a mistake. Once he had spoken the words he regretted them. Had he not been warned never to look back, only forward, forward? Hastily he said:

"But you . . . until the war."

you always lived . . . " he fumbled slightly . . . "in state." "Yes, we had nice things," she answered mildly.

Again there was silence. The half-smiling reverse she had given to the remark was truly heroic. She was the widow of the Baron von Altshofer, who came of an old Jewish family that had acquired immense wealth from state tobacco concessions in the previous century, with possessions ranging from a vast estate in Bavaria to a hunting lodge in Slovakia. He had been shot during the first six months of the war, and, although she was not of his faith, she had spent the next three years in a concentration camp at Lensbach.

On her eventual release, she had crossed the Swiss border. All that remained to her was the lakeside house, the Seeburg, and there, though practically penniless, she had striven courageously to rebuild her life.

She began by breeding rare Weimaraner dogs; then, while the ignominy of an ordinary pension was naturally unthinkable, friends . . . and she had many . . . came to stay and to enjoy, as paying guests, the spaciousness of the big German castle and the huge overgrown garden.

Indeed, a very exclusive little society had now developed round the Seeburg of which she, herself, was the centre. What fun to restore the fine old place, fill it with furniture of the period, replant the garden, recondition the statuary. Had she hinted? Never, never . . . it was his own thought, a flight of fancy . . . self-consciously, rather abruptly, he looked at his watch.

"I think we should be going, if you are ready."

He had decided to take her to the party in style. Arturo wore his best blue uniform, a lighter shade than navy, and they went in the big car. Since this was the only Rolls in Melsburg, its appearance always made something of a spectacle.

Seated beside her, as they glided off, his sleeve touching hers on the cushioned armrest, he was in an expansive mood. Although his marriage had been a catastrophic failure, he had, since his retirement, seriously considered the prospect of . . . in a vulgar phrase . . . having another go.

During the eighteen months they had been neighbors, their friendship had developed to such an extent as to induce gradually the idea of a closer companionship. Yet his mind had hitherto dwelt on young and tender images—Frida von Altshofer was not young. Nevertheless, she was a strong

and vital woman with deep though concealed feelings who might be capable of unsuspected passion. Certainly in all other respects she would make the most admirable aristocratic wife.

But now they were in the town and sweeping round the public garden with its high central fountain. Arturo drew up, was out in a flash to remove his uniform cap and open the door. They mounted the steps toward the Kunsthaus.

"Some of my friends in the diplomatic corps may have come up from Berne for this affair. If it wouldn't bore you, you might care to meet them."

He was deeply pleased. Although not a snob—good heavens, no!—he liked meeting "the right people."

"You are charming, Frida," he murmured, with a sudden quick intimate glance.

THE party had been in progress for some time. Most of the notables of the canton were there, with many worthy burghers of Melsburg and those of the Festival artists who had performed during the final week. These, alas, were mainly of the old brigade, since, unlike the larger resorts of Monthieux and Lucerne, Melsburg was not rich and, between sentiment and lack of funds, the committee fell back year after year upon familiar names and faces.

They were served with a beverage of no known species, tepid, and swimming with fragments of melting ice. She did not drink hers, merely met his eye in a humorous communicative side glance which plainly said: "How wise you were . . . and how glad I am of your delicious tea," almost indeed, "and of you!"

Then, with a gentle pressure of the elbow, she steered him across the room, introduced him first to the German, then the Austrian Minister. He did not fail to observe the affectionate respect with which each greeted her, nor her poise in turning away their compliments. As they moved off, Moray was hailed exuberantly across the press by a sporty British type.

"So nice to see you, dear boy," Archie Stench boomed, waving a glass of actual whisky. "Can't move now. Keep the flag flying. I'll be giving you a ring."

His face clouding slightly, Moray gave a discouraging answering wave. He did not care

for Stench, correspondent of the London "Daily Echo," who also "on the side" did a weekly social column for the local "Tageblatt"—airy little items often with a sting in the tail. Several times Moray had been stung.

Fortunately, they were near the far end of the big room, where, by the wide bay window, a group of their own particular friends had gathered. Here were demure Madame Ludin of the Europa Hof and her delicate husband, standing with Doctor Alpenstuck, grave addict of the higher altitudes. Tall, erect, a noted yodeller in his youth, the worthy doctor never missed a Festival.

Beyond, beside the ugly Counter sisters, at a round table, from which, shortsightedly, she had cleared all the cocktail biscuits within reach, sat Gallie, the little old Russian Princess Galliatine, who was stone-deaf and rarely spoke a word but went everywhere to eat, even to remove food expertly in the large cracked handbag she always carried, bulging from overuse, and containing papers proving her relationship with the famous Prince Yussapov, husband of the Tsar's niece. A pale, limp little creature with a straggle of worn sable on her neck, whatever the past had done to her it had given her a smile of docile sweetness. Not altogether presentable, perhaps, still, an authentic princess.

A rather different figure occupied the centre of the group, Leonora Schutz-Spengler, and as they drew near Madame Altshofer murmured humorously: "We shall hear the full story of Leonora's hunting trip."

Pausing in the act of narration, Leonora had already acknowledged them with a brilliant smile. She was a vivacious little brunette from the Tessin, with a red laughing mouth, enterprising eyes and pretty teeth, who some years before had nibbled her way into the heart of Herman Schutz, the richest cheese exporter in Switzerland, a large, pallid, heavy man who seemed fashioned from his own product. Yet Leonora was herself worthy of affection if only for her splendid and amusing parties.

Moray seldom gave much heed to Leonora's excited ramblings, and his thoughts wandered as, speaking in French, she went on describing the trip from which she and her husband had just returned.

Nevertheless, as Leonora irrepressibly continued, his ear was caught by certain phrases, and with a sharp tightening of his

a stretch of Highland countryside in terms which suddenly seemed to him familiar.

Impossible; he must be mistaken. Yet she had named the mountain and the river and the loch; she named lastly the moor her husband had rented, and these utterly unforeseen words sent a painful shock of shame and apprehension through all his body.

Someone was asking her: "How did you reach this outlandish place?"

"We went by the most fantastic railway—one narrow line, three trains a day—by an adorable little station with such a pretty name . . . they call it . . ."

To page 60

Regal

obtainable from these stores or write to Ford Sherington Ltd, Box 104 Crown St. P.O. Sydney for the name of your nearest store.

A.C.T.	Canberra	Los Angeles Big Store
N.S.W.	Auburn	A. E. Foyar
	Bankstown	Bridge Big Store
	Bendi	Gracia Bros.
	Broken Hill	Wicks
	Burwood	Burwood Big Store
		Los Angeles Big Store
	Caringbah	Caringbah Big Store
	Cherrybrook	Cherrybrook Big Store
		Wooler's, Bony & Treadwell
	Condonville	A. J. Chamer & Co.
		Van Gordon
	Eastwood	Erber's Big Store
	Gosford	Wooler's Big Store
		Slone
	Goulburn	Goulburn Big Store
	Gundah	Gundah Big Store
	Hurstville	McDonagh's
		Carters
		Big Store
	Katoomba	Katoomba Big Store
	Kings Cross	Liberty Big Store
	Leeton	Vandy Fair
	Maitland	Peyra's Shear Bros.
	Moray	Asch
	Maxwellbrook	C. Serran & Son
	Newcastle	David Jones, Hamlyn
		Big Store
		Newcastle & Suburban Co-operative Society
		Store, South's Big Store, Wicks
Orange		Western Store
Parramatta		Grace Bros.
		Harris Lugg & Co.
		Leathergoods
		Murray Bros.
Port Kembla		Vigors, Shaw & Sons
Rockdale		Rockdale Big Store
Singletown		Singletown Co-operative Society
		Store
Sydney		American Big Store
		Anthony Hesters
		David Jones
		Farmer's, Guss Bros., Norden Bros., John Bots, J. T. Hennes, Kitchner's, Mark Toy's, McDowell's, Nicolle, Nock & Nott, Tassellings Accessories
Tamworth		Los Angeles Big Store, T. I. Trow
Wagga		David Jones
		Vigors Big Store
Wailiangang		Wailiangang Big Store
		Store, Wicks
		Clark & Co.
		Wooler's, Lacti & Co., W. W. W. A. Sont
VIC.	Ballarat	R. C. & V. J. De
		Vigors, Wailiangang
	Beauleigh	C. E. Hunter & Son
	Camberwell	Dunlop's Leathergoods
		Sonnet's Toys
		Store
	Chadstone	Myer Emporium
	Geelong	F. H. Wray
	Malvern	Farmer's
		Leathergoods
	Melbourne	Bell & Wells
		Bradman's, Durr, Buckley & Son, Brown's, Jackson, Knowles & Co., Lucy & O'Brien, Myer Emporium
		Musley
	Midvale	Wally Irvine
	Blackall	Alton & Stark
	Brisbane	T. C. Beime
		Bottler Bros., Fraser, Hogg & Co., McDowell's, Rutwell's, Outfitting
		R. H. Kelly
	Cairns	Irwin's
	Longreach	Irwin's
	Mackay	Beattie's
	Rockhampton	John McLean
	Townsville	Chas. Birrell & Co.
S.A.	Adelaide	Frederick, Hogg & Co., Prestige, Hogg & Co., Scarfe, John Martin & Co., Miller, Anderson, Myer Emporium
		Amer's, Bony's, Harris, Scarfe & Sanderson
W.A.	Perth	Chas. Birrell & Co.
TAS.	Hobart	Chas. Birrell & Co.
	Launceston	Forthright, Agency Gift

NOW IN THE NEW ECONOMY SIZE PLASTIC SQUEEZE PACK!



16 SHAMPOOS only 8/6
BOTTLES 8-SHAMPOO SIZE
4/6
SINGLE TREATMENT BUBBLE 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH IOLAN CLEARS DANDRUFF QUICKLY

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo—the only preparation on the Australian market containing Iolan. Loxene makes it easy with a new squeeze pack. Gentle, deep-cleansing of the scalp is only a squeeze of your fingers away! Used regularly, Loxene Medicated Shampoo not only clears dandruff but helps to stop it breaking out again. It brings out the full gloss Nature intended for your hair. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective—and economical to use. You get sixteen luxurious shampoos in every 8/6 pack. Put Loxene to the test today. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!

L-4-18-WW



Australian Nature Book

Order our 68-page "Australian Nature" book now for posting to relatives and friends overseas for Christmas. Mails to Britain close November 18.

THE book, price 10/-, is on sale in book-stalls and our offices in capital cities. To order it, fill in the coupon below. For 10/- it will be sent post free to any address in the world.

Post filled-in order forms and address labels together to "Australian Nature," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, or order through your newsagent. You can order any number of copies.

ORDER FORM		ADDRESS LABEL	
<p>"AUSTRALIAN NATURE," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.</p> <p>Please DISPATCH copies of "Australian Nature," price 10/- a copy (post free). I enclose £ / / cheque/postal note.</p> <p>Name of Sender</p> <p>Address</p> <p>State</p> <p>If more than one copy is ordered, attach list giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.</p>		<p>"AUSTRALIAN NATURE" PRINTED MATTER ONLY</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>State</p> <p>Sender</p> <p>If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.</p>	

LIVING FREE "Tam-tam"

Continued from page 32

Although she replied to my calls and stayed close to where I was working, she kept out of reach. We hoped that hunger would soon bring her back, but although she repeated her dances and calls more frequently as the day advanced she was perhaps still too young to realise that she had to come to me for food, and expected me to bring it to her as her mother would have done.

I became very anxious about Tam-tam's safety when in the late afternoon Elsa and her cubs appeared and made it difficult for us to catch her. By the time we succeeded in coaxing the lion family away and settled them at their dinner near the tent, the light was fading rapidly.

By now Tam-tam had perched on the topmost branches of a bush surrounded by thick undergrowth far out of our reach. I was desperate, for soon it would be dark and the fledgeling might fall an easy prey to nocturnal enemies. We started chopping down the undergrowth so as to reach her.

It was surprising that in spite of the noise of the woodcutting and the bending down of the branch on which she roosted she did not fly away and waited until I could take her gently into my hand.

When I finally settled with her in the tent, feeding her with the tsetse flies off Elsa's back, it was a strange sensation to feel this nearly weightless little bird quivering in my hand, her tiny heart beating under the softest fluff, while I sat close to Elsa stroking her with my other hand and feeling her affectionate response.

"Stumpy tail"

I had become very attached to little Tam-tam, but how long would she consent to stay with me? Within a few yards was a colony of hundreds of busy, chattering, happy weavers; she belonged to them and only accident had put her into our care.

After giving her a generous breakfast of tsetse flies I again placed her inside her nest in the sun. She was immediately joined by two female birds, who went in turns inside the nest. Soon afterwards Tam-tam emerged and flew in a long swoop toward the river bush, while both females kept close to her.

For the next hour we watched these three flying from tree to tree, always staying within the colony and surrounded by other weavers. Sometimes one of the adult birds would go in search of food and return with an insect for Tam-tam, and once we saw her being pecked by one of her protectors.

We could easily recognise Tam-tam by her size and stumpy tail, for she was the only youngster among the adult birds.

Where, we wondered, were the other fledglings of the colony? Were they kept safely in the nests until they could fend for themselves?

As the two female birds never left Tam-tam we could do nothing but leave her in their company. When we tried to find her toward dusk there was no sign of her, and we could only hope that she was safely tucked away inside a nest by her two foster-mothers and that they would take care of her.

About mid-October George reached camp as soon as the condition of the ground made it possible for him to travel and brought five game scouts with him. They were to provide a permanent patrol and put down poaching.

It was necessary that they should live some distance away from Elsa and from our camp, and so George now began supervising the establishment of their post.

In two weeks' time we hoped that this work would be well advanced, then we would start deserting Elsa for increasingly long periods so as to compel the cubs to go hunting with her and assume their true wild life.

Our unexpectedly prolonged stay in

the bush had caused them to get a little too used to camp life, and, though we had no control over them, Jespah was now on quite intimate terms with us. But apart from this their wild instincts were intact and certainly Gopa and Little Elsa only put up with us because they saw that their mother insisted that we were friends.

We wondered whether she communicated her wish that they should not hurt us, which they were now well equipped to do, or whether they simply followed her example. Jespah in particular, when he was

playing with us or when he was jealous, could have done a lot of damage if he had not controlled himself, but he always did so, and even when he was in a temper gave us good warning of the fact.

Gopa was less friendly, but so long as we left him alone he did nothing to provoke an incident.

Little Elsa remained shy, though she now seemed less nervous of us than she used to be.

During George's absence Jespah and Gopa used his tent as a sort of

Continued on page 58



JESPAH, always a stickybeak, became very interested in the Toto's rifle. Here he is seen playing with it.



Luggage
you'll
be proud
to
claim..

Luggage as smart as your travel ensemble... that's Regal! You'll love the tapered slimness of the new Regal Rambler—the gay colours—the luxurious taffeta-silk lined interiors—the modern new fittings. A Regal Rambler keeps its good looks for years and years of carefree travel. Covered in scuffproof Vynex, it's washable and weatherproof. Choose Regal Rambler in handsome matched sets or single cases.

Illustrated: Hat Case £10/16/6, Week-ender 18" £10/4/6, Blouse Case 24" £12/2/6, Blouse Case 26" £13/18/6.

Sydney retail prices quoted—slightly higher interstate. Regal luggage obtainable from stores listed on opposite page.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL — AUSTRALIAN MADE

Men's Suffer £14/15/6



GRANDFATHER



GRAND-DAUGHTER



GRANDMOTHER



All need the same gentle laxative LAXETTES

Mother!

Your children like taking 'medicine' when it's chocolate Laxettes. So easy to give the exact dose — because Laxettes have measured it for you in each chocolate square. And Laxettes' mild laxative action makes children better overnight!

Grandmother!

Remember Laxettes when you were a child? Laxettes can help you again now. Pleasant to take, leave no discomfort, give relief without embarrassing urgency.

* Be sure your medicine-chest has Laxettes — a family friend for generations.



LA 29

LIVING FREE

Continued from page 57

"den." As a result, on his return he found it rather crowded at night. I was a little worried; George prefers to sleep on a low hounsfield bed, and with Elsa, Jespah, and Gopa around it I wondered whether one night there might not be trouble, but they behaved remarkably well. Whenever Jespah tried to play with his toes, George's authoritative "no" made him stop at once.

The extent to which they felt at home was illustrated when one night Elsa rolled round and tipped over George's bed, throwing him on top of Jespah. No commotion followed, and Gopa, who was sleeping near George's head, did not even move.

On another night when the family were sleeping in the tent, a lion started calling from the far bank and Elsa at once took the family off. We wondered whether it might have been the fierce lioness, for next evening they dragged their dinner between the tent ropes and the outer fly, ate it, and finally buried the stomach there, which was not very pleasant for George.

Soon afterwards we heard roars and Elsa crossed the river with the cubs. The water was still very deep, but next morning we found the explanation of their daring swim when we saw the pugmarks of a single lioness close to the camp.

"Endearing"

A day later, when we were returning to camp, we found the family, except for Jespah, gorging on a carcass. It was not long before we discovered the missing cub behind the tents enjoying a roast guinea-fowl which he had stolen off the table, but he had such a mischievous expression that we could do nothing but laugh at the little rascal.

We were surprised, however, that he preferred cooked meat to fresh. Next day we had a further surprise when we came across the family in the bush and found the cubs being suckled. They were now ten and a half months old.

Although they were still being suckled, we now noticed the first signs of adolescence in Jespah and Gopa; they had grown fine fluff round their faces and necks, and, if they looked a bit unshaven, their appearance was certainly very endearing.

Elsa greeted us warmly, and while she was doing so Jespah hid himself between us and demanded to be patted, too. Elsa watched us and then licked her son approvingly.

We walked back to camp together. In front of it were the remains of last evening's meal, but Elsa refused even to sniff at it and demanded a new "kill." Later a leopard grunted from the other side of the river and this caused her to rush off, leaving the cubs; after about fifteen minutes they followed her. We were very glad to see that Elsa now took the initiative and was prepared to defend her territory.

That night a lion roared and when we later traced his pugmarks they led to the Big Rock. Evidently something had given the cubs a fright, for on November 24, when Elsa swam over, they refused to follow her and she had to go back twice to encourage them before they, too, swam across.

Once landed, they had a great game, Elsa rolling Jespah round and round like a bundle, which he loved, and poor Gopa jumping clumsily between them, asking to be noticed. When I came close to photograph them, Gopa growled at me, whereupon Jespah gave him such a clout that he looked quite stupefied by his punishment.

It was all done in fun, but it showed up the different characters of the brothers.

George had shot a guinea-fowl, and I brought it out hidden behind my back, because I wanted to give it to Little Elsa. I waited for a moment in which only she was looking up and then showed it to her. She took in the situation at once and, while continuing to eat with her brothers, watched me carefully as I walked a little distance away.

I waited until Jespah and Gopa were concen-

trating upon the meat, and, when only Little Elsa saw what I was doing, dropped the bird behind a bush. Then, when she alone was watching me, I kept on pointing from her to the guinea-fowl until suddenly she rushed like a streak of lightning, seized the bird, and took it into a thicket where she could eat it unmolested by the others.

George's leave was coming to an end, and this seemed to be the right time for us to leave the camp. Elsa had by now got the upper hand of the fierce lioness and was able to defend her territory; the poachers seemed to have left the district and we hoped that they would not return at least until the next drought, by which time the game scouts would be able to deal with them.

Besides, the cubs were now powerful young lions, and it was time that they should hunt with their mother and live their natural life; also, as they were growing increasingly jealous, we considered that it would be unfair to provoke them by our affection for their mother into doing something which might be harmful.

We decided to space our absences. On the first occasion we had intended to leave for only six days, but, in fact, because of very heavy rains it was nine before I could return. I came alone and greatly missed George's help when I found myself obliged to dig the lorry and the Land-Rover out of the bog, a task that occupied us for two days.

Elsa did not turn up in answer to the shots we fired, nor were there any signs of spoor around the camp, but these might well have been washed away by the flooding of the river.

After a while I walked toward the Big Rock and came upon Elsa trotting along with the cubs; they were panting and had probably come a long way in answer to my signal. They were delighted to see me, and Jespah struggled to get between Elsa and myself so as to receive his share of the welcome. Gopa and Little Elsa, however, kept their distance.

Handsome pride

All were in excellent condition and as fat as they had been when we left. Elsa had a few bites on her chin and neck, but nothing serious. Gopa had grown a much longer and darker mane than Jespah, whose coloring was very light in comparison to his brother's. In a year's time, I thought, what a handsome pride they would make, with two slender, graceful lionesses, accompanied by one blond and one dark lion.

I had brought a carcass, but though Elsa settled down to it, the cubs were in no hurry to eat and played about for some time before joining her. When she had had her fill she came over to me and was very affectionate, and as the cubs were too busy eating to notice this there were no demonstrations of jealousy, which seemed to be what their mother had intended.

How anxious Elsa was to prevent rows or ill-feeling was clearly shown next day. I had given the cubs a guinea-fowl and was watching them fighting over it. Gopa growled most alarmingly at Jespah, Little Elsa, and myself. Hearing this, Elsa instantly rushed up to see what was going on, but as soon as she had satisfied herself that nothing serious had provoked Gopa she returned to the roof of the Land-Rover.

A few minutes later, while the cubs were still eating, I went up to her; she snarled at me and spanked me twice. I retired immediately, surprised, as I did not think I had deserved such treatment. Soon afterwards Elsa jumped off the car and rubbed herself affectionately against me, obviously wishing to make up for her bad behaviour.

I stroked her and she settled down beside me, keeping one paw against me.

She constantly showed how anxious she was for the cubs to be friends with us. One evening, after having gorged himself on the meat we had provided, Jespah came into the tent. He was too full to play and rolled on to his back, because

his bulging belly was more comfortable in that position. He looked at me, plainly demanding to be patted.

As he was in a docile mood I felt comparatively safe from his swiping paws and sharp claws, so I stroked his silky fur. He closed his eyes and made a sucking noise, a sure sign of contentment. Elsa, who had been watching us from the roof of the car, joined us and licked both Jespah and me, showing how glad she was to see us on such good terms.

This happy scene was abruptly ended by Gopa, who sneaked up and sat on top of Elsa with a most possessive expression which left me in no doubt that I was not wanted. So I withdrew a short distance and sketched the lion.

Fond as Elsa was of her children, she never failed to discipline them when they were doing something of which she knew we disapproved, even when they were acting only in accordance with their natural instincts.

We usually kept the goats locked up inside the truck at night, but for a short while we were obliged to secure them inside a strong thorn enclosure because the truck had to go away for repairs. During this time Jespah, on one occasion, began the boma so persistently that we were worried for the safety of the goats. All the tricks we invented to divert his attention failed to produce any effect.

Then Elsa came to our aid. She pranced round her son trying to entice him away, but he paid no attention to her; then she spanked him repeatedly. He spanked back. It was amusing to watch the two outwitting each other. Finally, Jespah layed all about the goats and followed Elsa into the tent, where their dinner was waiting for them.

But when he had finished his meal, Jespah, having been cheated of his fun with the goats, looked for other amusement.

He found a tin of milk, which he rolled across the ground-sheet of the tent until it was covered with a sticky mess. Then he took George's pillow, but the feathers tickled him, so he looked for another toy, and, before I could stop him, seized a needlecase which I was using and raced out into the dark with it.

I was terrified that it would open under the pressure of his jaws and that he might swallow its contents, so I grabbed our supper, a roast guinea-fowl, and ran after him.

Luckily the sight of the bird proved too much for him; he dropped the case, scattering the needles, pins, razor-blades, and scissors over the grass. We carefully collected them so they should not prove a danger to the cubs.

It was now time for us to go back to Isiolo and leave the cubs to a spell of wildlife.

On December 3 I called on the District Commissioner in whose area Elsa's home lies. I wanted to give him the latest news of the cubs and ask his advice as to how I could best use some of the royalties of "Born Free" to help to develop the game reserve in which she was living.

Lion kills woman

Elsa was an asset to the reserve, because her story had aroused world-wide sympathy and understanding for wildlife and also because part of the money I had received for her book had contributed to the sum needed to establish the new game post.

On the other hand, the tribesmen blamed her for the stricter supervision of poaching due to our presence. Furthermore, a woman had recently been killed in Tanganyika by a tame lion and the D.C. now told me that the incident had been used to stimulate ill-feeling against Elsa. Also it was claimed that her friendship for us, by accustoming her to human beings, could make her a danger to strangers.

He warned me that in the circumstances it might become necessary to remove Elsa from her home.

Four days later a rumor reached us that two tribesmen had been mauled by a lion 14 miles from Elsa's camp. George left at once to investigate. He reached camp too late to pursue his inquiries. That evening Elsa and the cubs played happily round the tent.

As daylight broke, George went to the game scouts' post; no one had heard of any tribesman being mauled by a lion. So he sent the scouts to the scene of the alleged accident and returned to camp.

In order to keep the lions near to the tents he gave them a carcass, which they dragged into a bush close by. They stayed there until the evening. The day after George's hurried departure for the camp, I followed, bringing the truck as well as the Land-Rover.

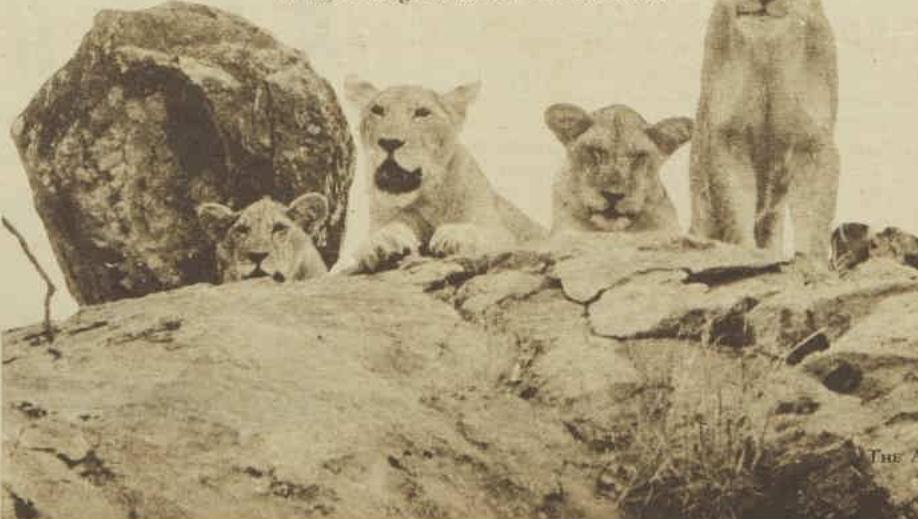
Although, as we had two cars, our arrival was noisy and Elsa must have heard us, she did not come to welcome me. This was the first time she had failed to do so.

After I had gone to bed I heard the cubs attacking the goats' boma. The sounds of breaking wood, growling lions, and stampeding animals bleating left no doubt as to what was happening. We rushed out, but not before Elsa, Gopa, and Little Elsa had each of them killed a goat. Jespah was holding one down with his paw, which George was able to rescue unhurt.

It took us two hours to round up the bolting, panic-stricken survivors of the herd and secure them in the truck, while hyenas, attracted by the noise, circled round.

Elsa took her kill across the river. George, who followed her, saw a large crocodile making for Elsa and shot at but missed it. He spent until

BELOW: Surveying their world from a high rocky lookout are Elsa and the cubs, who grew wilder all the time.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961

rival lioness

sitting close to Elsa to see if it would reappear, but did not. The cubs were very much upset at finding themselves and their kills separated from Elsa by the river. After an hour of anxious miaowing they joined their mother without having started to eat the goats they had killed.

In the afternoon the game scouts returned; they had not any confirmation of the rumor that tribesmen had been killed by lions, but they had collected plenty of evidence to show that, influenced by poachers and political agitators, the tribesmen were becoming increasingly hostile to Elsa. We realised that her life was in danger.

We had spent six months in camp, much longer than we originally planned, in order to protect Elsa and her cubs from poachers, and by doing so had inevitably interfered with their natural life. If now we stayed on, the cubs would become so tame that they would have little chance of helping themselves in the future to the life of the bush.

Besides this, if we went on camping in the reserve we should only aggravate the antagonism of the tribesmen. Since we could not, in the circumstances, leave Elsa and the cubs alone, the only solution we could think of was to look for a new home for them and move them as soon as possible.

We had great difficulty in finding a suitable place for Elsa's release; to find one for her and the cubs was likely to be still more difficult. We knew that by now, with their mother's help in teaching them to hunt and protecting them from natural foes, they were capable of living the life of the bush, but where would they be safe, not only from wild animals but also from man, who now proved to be their most dangerous enemy?

Giving me in charge of the camp, George returned next morning to Isiolo hoping to find a solution to this problem. When it was dark the family arrived in camp, and, after their dinner, Elsa and her sons played happily in the bush until they dozed off in a close embrace. I sketched while Little Elsa watched us from outside the tent. One night a lion called, and for the next three days he came close to the camp. During this time Elsa stayed in the immediate vicinity. It was only after the lion had left the neighborhood that she ventured to take the cubs to the Big Rock, and then by teatime she returned as though to have an early dinner undisturbed by the possible appearance of another lion.

I usually met the family on their way to camp and was often touched by Jespah's behaviour. When Elsa and I entered each other he didn't want to be left out, but I think he knew that I was scared of his claws, for he would place himself with his rear toward me and keep absolutely still as though to assure me that like this I would be quite safe from accidental scratches while I patted him. From then on he always adopted this attitude when he wanted to be stroked.

Cubs' first birthday

December 20 was the cubs' first birthday. It began anxiously for the river was too high to cross. I was very happy when, about teatime, the family turned up. They were wet but unharmed.

As a birthday treat I had a guinea-fowl, which I cut up into four portions so that each should have a share. After probing these tidbits Elsa hopped on to the Land-Rover, while the cubs tore at some meat we had prepared for them. As all the lions were happily occupied I called to Makedde to escort me for a walk. As soon as we set out, Elsa jumped out of the car and followed us; then Jespah, seeing his mother disappear, stopped his meal and ran after us, and we had gone far before I saw Gopa and Little Elsa parallel to us, chasing each other through the bush.

When we came to the place where the track comes nearest to the Big Rock the lions sat down and rolled in the sand. I waited for a little while and watched the setting sun turn the rock to a bright red; then since Elsa looked settled I walked back, expecting the family to spend the evening on the Rock.

I was surprised when she followed me. She kept close to me that I could help with the tsetse flies, and Jespah trotted next to us like a well-trained child. Gopa and Little Elsa stuck their time; they scampered about a long way behind. Elsa seemed to have come along just to join me in my walk; this was the first time she had done so since the cubs were born. I thought it a charming way of celebrating their birthday.

When we arrived in camp Elsa flung herself on the ground beside my tent and was joined by her sons, who nuzzled and embraced their mother with their paws. I sketched them until Elsa retired to the roof of the Land-Rover and the cubs started to eat their dinner.

When I was sure that the cubs would not observe me I went over to Elsa and stroked her and she responded very affectionately.

I wanted to thank her for having shared her children with us during their first year and having shared her proceeds during the period which is so full of dangers for young animals. But, after some time, as though to remind me that in spite of our friendship we belonged to two different worlds, a lion suddenly started roaring and, after listening intently, Elsa left.

Elsa and the cubs spent the night of December 23 in camp, and after breakfast when I strolled along the road the cubs followed me. I called to Makedde and we all walked along together for about two miles.

Jespah was particularly friendly, brushing against me and even standing quite still while I removed a tick which was close to one of his eyes.

I could not help feeling as though we were all taking our Sunday family walk. Though, in fact, this was the morning of Christmas Eve and Elsa could have no knowledge of special days, by a strange coincidence she had chosen a day I felt the need to commemorate by coming for a walk with me and bringing her family with her.

Elsa and the cubs were feeling the increasing heat very much and often stopped under the shade of a tree to rest. When we came near the Big Rock they suddenly rushed at full speed through the bush and in a few leaps reached the top, where they settled among the boulders.

I scrambled after them as best I could, but Elsa made it quite plain that I should now leave them alone. She



always knew exactly how much she felt it was fitting for her to give to each of her two worlds.

George arrived about teatime with a suitcase full of mail. While we strolled about picking flowers for Christmas decorations, he told me of the inquiries he had made about finding a new home for Elsa and the cubs.

He thought that the Lake Rudolph area would be the place in which the lions would be safest from human interference. He had obtained permission from the authorities to take them there if the need arose.

This part of Kenya is very grim and conditions are tough there, so I felt depressed at the prospect. To make matters worse, Elsa chose this moment to join us on our way home; behind her the cubs were playing happily along the road and I could not bear to visualise them roaming on the windswept, lava-strewn desert which surrounds the lake.

When we reached camp we gave the family their supper, which kept them occupied while I arranged the table for our Christmas dinner. I decorated it with flowers and tinsel ornaments and put the little silver Christmas tree I had kept from last year in the middle and a still smaller one which had just arrived from London in front of it. Then I brought out the presents for George and the boys.

Jespah watched my preparations very carefully, and the moment I turned my back to get the candles he rushed up and seized a parcel which contained a shirt for George and bounced off with it into a thicket. Gopa joined him immediately and the two of them had a wonderful time with the shirt. When at last we rescued it it was in no state to give to George.

By now it was nearly dark and I started to light the candles. That was all Jespah needed to make him decide to come and help me. I only just managed to prevent him from pulling the tablecloth with the decorations and burning candles on top of himself. It needed a lot of coaxing to make him keep away so that I could light the rest of the candles.

When all was ready, he came up, tilted his head, looked at the glittering Christmas trees and then sat down and watched the candles burn lower and lower. As each flame went out I felt as though another happy day of our life in the camp had passed.

When all the lights had gone out the darkness seemed intense and as though it were a symbol of the darkness of our future. A few yards away Elsa and her cubs rested peacefully in the grass, hardly visible in the fading light.

Afterwards George and I read our mail. It took us many hours to do so, during which our imagination travelled across the world and brought us close to all the people who were wishing Elsa and her family and us happiness.

Mercifully it was one of the last envelopes I opened which contained an order for the removal of Elsa and her cubs from the reserve.

Elsa's Camp, December 24, 1960.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

A month after Joy Adamson finished this book Elsa died in the bush after an illness lasting several days. A post-mortem established that she died from babesia, a parasite which destroys the red blood corpuscles.

The cubs immediately became very wild and, for a few weeks, only came to the camp after dark to be fed. They then disappeared.

Shortly afterwards the Adamsons learnt that they had been attacking goats belonging to local tribesmen and it became essential to catch them and move them to an uninhabited area. This highly difficult operation, which involved trapping the cubs and transporting them 700 miles to the Serengeti National Game Park, Tanganyika, was achieved in May, 1961.

(Copyright)

(From "Living Free," by Joy Adamson, published by Collins and Harvill Press, London.)

GEORGE does his Christmas cards while Elsa lolls on the Land-Rover roof. Jespah, about a year old now, in foreground.

NO NEED TO BE A
'CALORIE
COUNTER'



when you regularly enjoy

INSTANT
ECONOMILK

in your daily diet!



ECONOMILK is the cheapest source of protein and calcium . . . and contains all the important nutrients of fresh milk except the fats that add those ugly inches! So quick and so easy to mix, just add water! So economical, too . . . ECONOMILK gives you all the health value of non-fat milk at half the cost of bottled milk! Use low-calorie ECONOMILK every day in cooking . . . on cereals . . . in drinks.

*Look for Economilk in popular sizes, at your Grocer's or Self Service Store.

INSTANT
ECONOMILK
non-fat powdered milk

He couldn't bear to hear that name, yet he did hear it, and it brought back, though unspoken, the last unavoidable name of all. He turned, muttering some excuse, and moved off.

In the foyer a draught of cool air revived him, brought some order to his confused mind. He mustn't rush off like this, leaving Madame von Altshofer to return alone. Indeed, even as he moved she was beside him.

"My dear friend, you are ill," she spoke with concern. "I saw you turn quite pale."

"I did feel rather queer." With an effort he forced a smile. "It's fearfully warm in there."

"Then we shall go at once," she said decisively.

He made as if to protest, then dropped it. Outside, Arturo stood talking with a group of chauffeurs.

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 56

They drove off. She wished to take him directly to his villa, but, less from politeness than from a desperate need to be alone, he insisted on leaving her at the Seeburg.

"Do take care, my friend. If I may, I will telephone you tomorrow."

At the villa he lay down for an hour, trying to reason with himself. He must not allow a chance word, a mere coincidence, to wreck the serenity he had so carefully built up.

Yet it was no chance word, it was a word that had lain hauntingly, tormentingly, in the depths of memory for many years. He must fight it, beat it down again into the darkness of the subconscious. He could not do it, could not seal his mind against the buffeting of his thoughts.

After dinner he went into the drawing-room, stood by the window opening on the terrace. He saw that a storm was about to break, one of these swift, dazzling exhibitions when, shouting to Arturo to put on a Berlioz record, he would watch and listen with a sense of sheer exhilaration. Now, however, he stood moodily viewing the great mass of umbered cloud which had been gathering unperceived.

Slowly the sky darkened to dull impenetrable lead, masking the mountain, and all at once from the unseen a fork of blue flashed out, followed by the first crashing detonation. Then the wind — sudden, scar-

ing, a circular wind that cut like a whiplash. Under it, with a shudder, the trees bent and grovelled, scattering leaves like chaff. At the garden end the tall twin poplars scoured the earth. The lake, churned into spume, writhed like a mad thing, waves lashed the little pier, the yellow flag swung up. Lightning now played incessantly, the thunder echoing and re-echoing amongst the hidden peaks. And then the rain — the eventual deluge.

Abruptly he turned from the window and went upstairs to his bedroom, more agitated than ever. In the medicine cupboard in his bathroom he found the bottle of phenobarbitone. He had imagined he would never need it again. He took four

tablets — even so, he knew he would not sleep. When he had undressed, he threw himself upon the bed and closed his eyes.

Outside the rain still lashed the terrace, the waves still broke upon the shore, but it was her name that kept sounding, sounding in his ears. . . . Mary Douglas . . . Mary Douglas . . . bringing him back through the years to Craigdorran and the days of his youth.

If Bryce's ancient motor-cycle had not broken down they would never have met. But as though fated, on that dully April Saturday afternoon, when he swung back from a spin round the Doran Hills, the driving belt of the near derelict machine disintegrated, a flying fragment whipping sharp across his right knee. He skidded to a stop, got off stiffly, and inspected the damage to his leg, which was less than he had feared, then looked about him. No promise of assistance in the surrounding unpopulated, bracken-covered hills, the wild rush of the river Doran, the wide stretch of moorland threaded by this lonely road and the narrow single track railway. Even the small station known as Craigdorran Halt, which he had just passed, seemed deserted.

"Damn," he exclaimed—it couldn't have been more awkward. Ardfillan, the nearest town, must be at least seven miles away; he would have to try the Halt.

Turning, he pushed and limped uphill to the solitary platform, drew the heavy bike back on its stand. Not a soul in sight, the waiting-room locked, the booking-office closed as if for eternity. He was on the point of giving up when in the frosted glass ornamental window stencilled with the words "Refreshment Room" he caught signs of life; on the inner window-sill a black cat was contentedly washing its face. He pushed on the door, it opened, and he went in.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

(Authorised Version)

● "If on your lips is the confession, 'Jesus is Lord,' and in your heart the faith that God raised Him from the dead, then you will find salvation."

(New English Bible)

Paul teaches that if we make Christ the Lord of our life, and are prepared to show this by word and deed, our sins will be forgiven.

Unlike the usual station buffet, this was unexpectedly well ordered and arranged. Four round marble-topped tables occupied the scrubbed boards, there were colored views of the Highlands upon the walls, and, at the far end, a polished mahogany counter behind which hung an oval mirror. Before the mirror a young woman was standing with her back toward him, surprised in the act of putting on her hat. Mutually arrested, immobile as waxwork figures, they gazed at each other in the glass.

"When is the next train for Winton?" He broke the silence, addressing her reflection in a tone which failed to conceal his annoyance.

"The last train's gone. There's nothing now till the Sunday-breaker." She turned and faced him, adding mildly: "Two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Where's the porter, then?"

"Oh, Douglas's away home this good half-hour. Did you not meet him on the road?"

"No . . . I didn't . . ." He suddenly felt stupidly faint and leaned sideways to support himself against a table, a movement which brought his injured leg into view.

"You've hurt yourself," she exclaimed, coming forward quickly. "Here now . . . sit down and let me see to it."

"It's nothing," he said, rather dizzily, finding his way to a chair. "Superficial laceration of the popliteal area. The motor-cycle . . ."

To page 61

This goodness goes into every biscuit

Arnott's
famous
**SCOTCH
FINGER**
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

**I'M POUNDS
BETTER OFF**
Because I Take

FORD PILLS

Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, nervousness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy, and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure... and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight... with a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

How to get
glamour
hairsets
for 4d.



1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.

2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.

3. Comb Curlypet quickset through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, lustrous, fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET AT ANY PRICE!

15
sets
for
4/10

So-Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 60

"I thought I heard a bit of a bang. It's a nasty gash, too. Why didn't you speak up at once?"

She was hurrying to get hot water and presently, kneeling, she had bathed and cleaned the wound and bound it neatly with strips of torn-up napkin.

"There!" On a note of accomplishment she rose. "If only I had a needle and thread I could stitch up your trouser leg. Never mind, you'll get it done when you're home. What you could do with now is a good cup of tea."

"No . . . really . . ." he protested. "I've been a complete nuisance . . . you've done more than enough for me."

But she was already busy with the taps of the metal urn on the counter. He had undoubtedly had a shake and the hot strong tea made him feel better. Watching him with interested curiosity, she sat down. Immediately the cat jumped into her lap and began to purr. She stroked it gently.

"Lucky Darkie and me weren't away. There's few enough folks around Craigdoran this early in the year."

"Or at any other time?" He half smiled.

"No," she corrected him seriously. "When the fishing and shooting are on we have a wheen of fine customers. That's why my father keeps this place on. Our bakery is in Ardfillan. If you like we could give you a lift there. He always fetches me at the weekend." She paused thoughtfully. "Of course, there's your bike. Is it badly smashed?"

"Not too badly. But I'll have to leave it here. If they'd put it on the Winton train it would be a big help. You see it's not mine. It belongs to a fellow at the hospital."

"I don't see why Dougal couldn't slip it in the guard's van as a favor. I'll speak to him first thing Monday. But if your friend's in hospital he'll not be needing it for a while."

Amused at her conclusion, he

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

explained: "He's not a patient. A final-year medical student, like me."

"So that's it." She laughed outright. "If I'd known I wouldn't have been so gleg at the bandaging."

Her laughter was infectious, natural, altogether delightful. There was something warm about it, and about her, due, not only to her coloring—she had reddish-brown hair with gold lights in it and soft brown eyes, dark as peat, set in a fair, slightly freckled skin—but to something sympathetic and out-giving in her nature. She was perhaps four years younger than himself, not more than nineteen, he guessed, and while she was not tall, her sturdy little figure was trim and well proportioned.

A sudden awareness of her kindness swept over Moray, for him a rare emotion. He smiled at her, this time his own frank, winning smile, that smile which had so often served him through hard and difficult years.

"I suppose you realise," he exclaimed, "how grateful I am for your extreme kindness. As

you've practically saved my life, may I hope that we'll be friends? My name is Moray—David Moray."

"And I'm Mary Douglas. Well now," she said briskly, "if you'd like to wheel your bike in here I'll take Darkie and lock up. Father'll be here any minute."

Indeed, they had barely reached the road outside when a pony and trap appeared over the brow of the hill. Mary's father, to whom Moray was introduced, with the full circumstances of his mishap, was a slight little man.

After turning the pony with practised clickings of his tongue and studying Moray with shrewd, sidelong glances, he summed up Mary's recital.

"I've no use for these machines myself, as ye may observe. I keep Sammy, the pony, for odd jobs, and I've a good steady Clydesdale to draw my bread van. But it might have been worse. We'll see ye safe on the eight o'clock train from Ardfillan. In the meantime, ye maun just come back and have a bite with us."

"I couldn't possibly impose on you any more."

To page 62

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



make this delicious
new junket dessert

SWISS DELIGHT

- Press thin slices of Swiss roll (or left-over sponge) firmly into individual dessert glasses. Moisten well with orange juice and set aside.
- Make Hansen's Plain Junket as directed, and pour over roll. Set, then chill.
- Before serving, top with whipped cream and fruit.

Full of the good, substantial nourishment of pure milk in junket form . . . plus that 'something exciting and special' everybody will look forward to at dessert time. Simple to make—made in minutes!



- plain
- pineapple
- strawberry
- raspberry
- cherry
- almond

**HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS**

soothing as slumber...

In the tranquil face of a
sleeping child . . .
deep contentment . . . the
comfort that comes
only with the softest,
purest powder in
the world . . .

absorbent Johnson's BABY POWDER



JOHNSON'S BABY SHAMPOO

Made first for baby, Johnson's is a gentle shampoo for children . . . wonderful for your own hair, too. It leaves the hair soft, shining, lovely . . . so easy to manage.

Now available—money-saving Family Size



BEST FOR BABY...BEST FOR YOU

"You've got to meet the rest of the Douglasses — and Walter, my fiance. I'm sure he'll be delighted to get acquainted with you. That's to say, as a thought occurred to her, "if your folks won't be anxious."

Moray smiled and shook his head. "No need to worry. I'm quite on my own. I lost both my parents when I was sixteen. But I've managed to put myself through college one way and another . . . and by being lucky enough to win an odd bursary or so."

"Dear me," reflected the little baker, quietly but with real admiration, "that's a most commendable achievement."

They were now approaching Ardfillan and Douglas drew on the shoe brake to ease the pony as they came down hill toward the old town lying beneath on the shore of the Firth,

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 61

shimmering in the hazy sunset. Avoiding the Esplanade, they entered a network of quiet back streets and pulled up before a single-fronted shop with the sign in faded gilt: "James Douglas, Baker and Confectioner," and beneath, in smaller letters: "Marriages Purveyed"; and again, smaller still: "Established 1880." The place indeed wore an old-fashioned air, and one that seemed scarcely prosperous, since the window displayed no more than a many-tiered model of a wedding-cake, flanked by a pair of glass urns containing sugar biscuits.

Meanwhile, the baker had sheathed his whip. He shouted: "Willie!"

A bright young boy in an over-

sized apron that reached from heel to chin ran out of the shop.

"Tell your aunt we're back, son. Then skip round and give me a hand with Sammy. Take your invalid upstairs, Mary. I'll be with ye the now."

They went up by a shallow, curving flight of outside stone steps to the house above the shop, where a narrow lobby gave entrance to the front parlor, furnished in worn red plush with tasselled curtains of the same material. In the centre of the room a heavy mahogany table was already set for high tea, and a coal fire glowed comfortably in the grate.

"Sit down and rest your leg. I'll run down for a wee minute and see to things. We close at six this evening." She added with a touch of pride: "Father doesn't go in for the Saturday night trade."

When she had gone, Moray eased himself into a chair, acutely aware of the strangeness of this dim, warm, alien room. Why on earth was he here, rather than bent strainingly over Osler and Cunningham in the cramped attic that was his lodging? He had taken a spin to clear his head — his one practical concession to leisure — before settling down to a long weekend grind. But with his final examination only five weeks away it was lunacy to waste time, here, in this unprofitable manner.

And yet, these people were to be pitiable, and the food on the table looked so damned inviting . . . with his money running out it was weeks since he had eaten a proper square meal.

The door opened suddenly and Mary was back, carrying a tea tray and accompanied by a stout woman and a tall, thin man of about twenty-six or seven, very correct in a dark blue suit and high stiff collar.

"Here's some more of us," Mary laughed. "Aunt Minnie and," she blushed slightly, "my intended, Mr. Walter Stoddart."

As she spoke her father appeared with the boy, Willie, and after the baker had muttered a quick grace, they all sat down at the table.

"I am led to believe," Stoddart, while Mary poured the tea, had been served first with cold ham and great deference by Aunt Minnie, now addressed himself to Moray with a polite smile "that you have had a somewhat trying experience. May I trouble you for another sugar, Mary. You know, I think, that my preference is for these lumps."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Walter, dear." Stoddart, evidently, was regarded not only by himself but by the family, as a person of definite importance. And presently Aunt Minnie, who seemed his chief admirer, conveyed to Moray in a whispered, wheezy aside that Walter was the town clerk's son, with a splendid position in the accounts department of the Gas Department — a real catch for Mary, she supplemented with a meaning, satisfied nod.

WHILE doing full justice to the good things on the table, it amused Moray to cultivate Stoddart, playing a little on his vanity, and at the same time defining his own position, as co-equal, by relating, in a racy style, some of the more interesting aspects of his work in the outpatients' department of the Infirmary. It was not long before he was rewarded by indications of Walter's growing esteem.

"It's a great pity I am obliged to leave you so soon. I'm escorting Mary to the Band of Hope Social. Otherwise I should have been delighted to lure more of your company. However, I have a suggestion. Secure the spare part for your machine in Winton, travel down next weekend, fit the part, and drive back. This, naturally, will afford us the opportunity of meeting with you again."

"What a good idea," Mary glowed. "Why on earth didn't we think of it?"

It was settled, then, and when Mary rose to put on her hat and coat and, accepting the invitation of Walter's crooked arm, was led off by him to the church social, she smiled at Moray over her shoulder.

"We'll see you next Saturday . . . so I won't say goodbye."

Half an hour later Moray left for the station. Willie, who had listened with bright eyes to his stories of the hospital, insisted on accompanying him.

Moray's lodging was a small room on the top of a back-to-back tenement near the Blairlaw Docks. The district was certainly not a pleasure resort, but by cutting over Blairhill into Eldon Grove it was within reasonable walking distance of the University and the Western Infirmary. Above all, it was cheap.

The brief though striking account Moray had given Baker Douglas of himself was thus, in some respects, though not in all, the truth. The first twelve years of his life, as an only child of indulgent middle-class parents, had been normal, never affluent, but easy and comfortable. Then his father, local agent of the Caledonian Insurance Company in Overton, had come down with influenza, contracted, it was thought, during his door-to-door collections. For a week his wife nursed him while he grew worse.

A specialist was called in and, abruptly, the diagnosis was altered: typhoid fever, but not before she, too, had contracted the disease.

Within the month David found himself thrown upon a distant relative, the widowed half sister of his mother, a burden accepted unwillingly, an unwanted child. For four years young Moray had undoubtedly suffered neglect, eaten the bitter bread of dependence, but at the age of sixteen an educational policy, prudently taken out by his father, had come into force. It was not much, sufficient only for fees and a bare subsistence, but it was enough, and, helped by a sympathetic schoolmaster who recognised unusual possibilities in his pupil, he had entered for

Teeth clean, breath fresh

your whole mouth pure...
refreshed with **Stripe**



Stripe, the toothpaste with germ-fighting red stripes

Nothing has ever made your mouth so clean, so fresh as STRIPE'S germ-fighting red stripes. Why? They contain Hexachlorophene, the wonder germ-fighter that kills odour and decay causing germs, keeps your whole mouth pure hours after brushing. And with STRIPE you can be sure your teeth are thoroughly clean. Isn't it good to know the whole family gets this daily protection with Stripe, the toothpaste with germ-fighting red stripes.

You know you're right—it's in the stripe



Stripe

With active concentration of Hexachlorophene in the red stripes.

A FINE REKONA PRODUCT

STIIPC

Page 62

To page 63

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961

Certainly he had made the most of his opportunities, not only by the profusion of his gratitude when anything was done for him, but by a particular earnestness of manner, quite touching, that inspired confidence and affection. With that modest, self-disparaging expression and those clear, frank eyes, who couldn't help liking him? He was so absolutely sincere. The truth is that when he was in the mood, he believed everything he said.

But entertainments are never a conspicuous feature of Scottish universities and in recent months they had been few. For this reason alone his encounter with the Douglas family held the attraction of the unusual. During the week while he attended the Infirmary by day and studied late at night, it remained agreeably at the back of his mind.

Saturday morning came grey but fine. After attending outpatients in the forenoon he took the one o'clock "workman's special" from Winton Central. He had the new belt with him—Bryce, anticipating trouble, had actually bought it as a spare some weeks before, and had willingly turned it over to him in his easy-going style. At Levenford Junction he changed to the single line and just after half-past two, as the sun was breaking through the clouds, drew into Craigdoran.

Mary smiled as he entered the refreshment-room. "I was beginning to be afraid you'd not come. Is your knee better?" She beckoned him in, made him sit down.

"I'm sure you've not had your lunch. I'll fetch you some sandwiches and a glass of milk."

Later she seated herself opposite him, struggling, it seemed, against some inner effervescence which grew suddenly beyond control.

● Pieces of meat can be coated with flour or bread-crumbs much more quickly if you put them both into a paper bag and shake well.

● Prevent nylon stockings being blown about and draped around the washing-line by putting a marble or a penny in the toes.

● Quick way to clean silver if you're giving a rush dinner party is to put spoons and forks in an aluminium saucepan of water and boil for about ten minutes.

● To improve the color when making apple jelly, boil a few slices of beetroot with the apples before straining.

"I have news for you," she exclaimed. "Walter has taken the greatest notion of you. Ever since you left he's done nothing but sing your praises. He's quite cut up at missing you tonight—he has to attend a meeting and I'm to give you his best regards." She went on before he could speak. "He's fixed up a rare jaunt for us tomorrow. We're to sail round the Kyles of Bute, stop for lunch at Gairay, then back home."

"But I can't possibly come down again tomorrow."

"No need to," she said calmly. "Father says you're to stay over with us. You can sleep with our Willie."

Still he frowned at her, then gradually his brow cleared. Never had he met such simple, openhearted people. He had no out-patients at the Infirmary tomorrow and surely would not lose much by missing just one day's study.

"You'll come?" she queried.

"With pleasure. And now I must mend the bike."

"It's in the left luggage. Dougal put it there out of the way."

For the next hour he worked, fitting the new belt. She came in occasionally to watch, not saying anything, just watching companionably. When he had finished he wheeled out the machine and started it up.

"How about a spin? It's quite safe," he reassured her. "You just sit on the carrier and hold tight."

"I can't get away till the four-thirty comes in. But afterwards, maybe you could take me home. I could ring up father from the booking office and spare him coming out."

"That's settled then," he said gaily.

An unusual mood of lightheartedness took possession of him. Whether due to his escape from work, or the fresh green countryside, he felt lifted up, as though breathing a rarer, brighter air. Until she should be free, and to test the machine, he took a fast run over the hill to Tullie-hewan. When he returned she was all ready to leave. Since Darkie must stay behind, she had set out a saucer of milk for his supper.

At first he went slowly, carefully avoiding the bumps, then, as he felt her gain confidence, he opened the throttle. They tore along, over the moors, the wind whistling past their ears. Her arms were clasped round

his waist, her head, turned sideways, was pressed against his shoulder.

"Enjoying it?"

"It's . . . it's glorious. I've never gone so fast in all my life."

They were doing at least thirty miles an hour.

When he pulled up at the shop in Ardillan her cheeks were glowing, her hair blown and burnished by the breeze.

"What a treat!" She laughed into his eyes, swaying a trifle unsteadily, still drunk with speed. "Come on up. I must run and tidy. I'm sure I'm a perfect sight."

from page 62

His welcome by the baker was cordial, and by Willie even more enthusiastic than before. The aunt, however, seemed to accept him with fresh reservations; her eye speculative, at times tending coldly toward suspicion — though he softened her later by listening attentively to her symptoms. The meal she set before them was macaroni cheese, a wholesome repast, though lacking, inevitably, in those refinements that had been produced for Walter.

Thereafter the evening passed quietly. Moray played draughts with the baker and was handsomely beaten three times in a row; while Mary, on a low stool by the fireside, worked on a piece of crochet which was clearly intended for her trousseau.

back room, which overlooked the yard, Moray had his first real talk with the boy, whose shyness had hitherto kept him silent. It appeared that as a school prize he had recently received an exciting book on David Livingstone, and soon they were in the wilds of Africa together, discovering Lake Nyasa, deploring the ravages of beriberi and the tsetse fly. Moray had to answer a spate of eager questions, but at last he turned out the light and presently they were asleep.

Next morning Walter arrived punctually at half past nine, greeting Moray like an old friend, full of his success on the previous evening. Having fully earned this day of relaxation he was in the mood to enjoy it. Nothing had pleased him more,

To page 64

Corn is in the morn—with a flavour that's all corn and new crunchy texture that's delicious to eat and stays crisp in milk. Try these bite-sized waffles of toasted corn and you'll agree that Australia's most appetising breakfast is Corn Chex.

Model Vintage Cars
in every packet.



CORN CHEX
STAY CRISP IN MILK

he added, than to organise the expedition.

Mary and her brother had been ready for some time and now they set out, Walter leading the party along the Esplanade toward the pier, obviously determined to do things in style.

The little red-funnelled paddle-boat came spanking down river and alongside the pier. The gangway was skillfully run out, they went on board and, looking around, Walter selected seats in the stern. Then the paddles churned and they were off.

But it was fresh upon the water and before long it became apparent that the situation he had chosen was exposed.

"Don't you think it's a little breezy on this side, dear?" Mary ventured, after several minutes. Head inclined to the wind, she was holding on to her hat.

"Not a bit of it," Walter answered curtly. "I want to show Dr. Moray all our local points of interest. This gives us an uninterrupted view."

They were all steadily getting colder. But Walter went remorselessly on. Mary, who, though very silent, occasionally put in a dutiful word of support. Her entire nature changed in the presence of her fiancé. Her sparkle died, all the fun went out of her, she became reserved, sealed up, conscientiously obedient, like a good pupil in the presence of her teacher. She'll have a hell

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 63

of a life with that fellow when they're married, he reflected absently — the wind, and Walter's monologue, were making him drowsy.

At last they threaded the Kyles, swung into Gairsay Bay, and manoeuvred into the pier.

"This is nice," breathed Mary, with relief.

The town, a popular resort, had an attractive and prosperous air—a circle of good shops on the front, the hotels mounting up on the wooded hill behind, moorland and mountain beyond.

reserved a table in advance from my father's office."

They began to climb the hill toward the Grand, which towered majestically, high above them. The footpath was long, through woods carpeted with bluebells, and steep, in parts excessively so. Occasionally between the trees they caught sight of expensive cars flashing upwards on the main driveway. Moray perceived that the ascent, which Stoddart led like a deerstalker, was tiring

in gold-braided uniform, led the way to the restaurant.

It was absurdly early, only just gone twelve o'clock, and although the waiters were on duty, gathered in a group round the headwaiter's desk talking amongst themselves, no one else was in the room.

"Yes, sir?" The headwaiter, a stout, red-faced man in striped trousers, white waistcoat and cutaway, detached himself and came dubiously forward.

"I want a table by the window. I have a reservation in

"That is Mr. Patterson's table, sir. A resident. Still . . . as he rarely comes in before one-fifteen, and you'll doubtless have finished by then . . . If you care to have it . . ."

While they sat in solitary state the meal was served rapidly, and with veiled insolence. It was atrocious, a typical Grand Hotel luncheon, but below the usual standard.

Moray saw that under Mary's apparent calm she was suffering acutely. For himself, he did not care — he was not personally involved — but, strangely, it worried him to see her hurt. He tried to think of something light and gay that would cheer her, but it would not come to him.

Then, though it was not yet one o'clock and no other guests had as yet appeared, the bill was brought.

If Stoddart had paid this immediately and they had departed forthwith, all would have been well. But by this time Walter, through his unfeeling hide, had become conscious of a sense of slight, scarcely to be tolerated by the son of the Ardfillan town clerk. Besides, he had an actuarial mind. He withdrew one of the pencils with which his waistcoat was invariably armed, and began to make calculations on the bill.

As he did so a tall, rakish-looking, weatherbeaten man, grey haired, with a clipped moustache, wearing a faded Black Watch kilt, strolled in from the bar.

He was followed by three young men in rough tweeds who had all, Moray immediately perceived, had more than

a few drinks. One of the blond hair and a stark stare was rather less than when Mary, turning, he laid on the back of his chair, ogling her while the waiter served their first course with a nudge and a diverted the attention of companions.

"There's a nice little trout, Lindsay. Better than anything you landed this morning. Let's have the little lady to our table. She doesn't seem too happy with her fiancé, uncle. What do you say, chaps? Shall I do the needful?"

"Don't be a fool, Harris. Get on with your grub. You grinned one of his friends. 'What do you say?' he pushed back his chair and up."

Walter, disturbed by mathematics, had been vaguely aware of them from the moment they entered the room. Now, extremely grey above the gills, he averted his head.

"Take no notice, he muttered. 'They won't let me come over.'"

But Harris was already advancing and with an exaggerated bow he leaned over Mary, took possession of her hand.

"Pardon me, my dear. May we have the pleasure of your company?"

Moray saw her shrink back. She had at first blushed but now all the color had drained from her face. Her lips were colorless and quivering. She looked pleadingly at Walter. Willie, too, was staring.

To page 65

RIVETS



"And now for lunch," Walter exclaimed, in the manner of one who has something up his sleeve.

"Oh, yes," Mary said cheerfully. "Let's go to Lang's. There it is . . . quite handy." She indicated a modest but promising-looking restaurant across the road.

He stilled her with a raised, gloved hand and calmly produced his piece de resistance of the day. "We are going to lunch at the Grand. I have

Mary. To allow her to rest he stopped and picked a little bunch of bluebells which he tied with a twist of dried grass and handed to her.

"Exactly the color of your dress," He smiled.

At last they reached the summit and Walter, sweating, breathing heavily, brought them on to the broad terrace of the hotel where a number of guests were seated in the sunshine. Stoddart, having asked directions from an imposing figure

the name of the town clerk of Ardfillan," Walter said.

The major-domo hesitated. He smells a tip, thought Moray satirically, and how wrong he is!

"By the window, did you say, sir?"

"That table over there."

"Sorry, sir. That table is specially reserved for Major Lindsay of Lochshiel and his party of young English gentlemen."

"The next one, then."



Quick . . .
... different
delicious new dishes
with **TOTO**
instant white sauce powder

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP 1 pint TOTO: 12 tomatoes: 1 white onion: Salt and pepper: ½ pint stock or water: A few bacon bones or pieces: Parsley, marjoram and bay leaf.

Slice the tomatoes and cut the onions finely. Place into a saucepan with the herbs, bacon, salt, pepper and water or stock. Cook until the onion is quite tender and the tomatoes pulped. Rub through a sieve. Make toto according to the directions on the packet and add the sieved tomato puree and stir together until well blended. Serve topped lightly with whipped cream.

CHICKEN A LA TOTO ½ pint TOTO sauce: 4 oz. mushrooms: 8 oz. cooked chicken: ½ green or red pepper: Salt, pepper and pinch mustard: 2 tablespoons sherry. Mix toto as directed, add salt, pepper and mustard, add sliced mushrooms and cook for 3 minutes, add chicken which has been cut into pieces, then sherry and diced peppers. Allow to heat through and serve garnished with fried triangles of bread.

Buy TOTO White Sauce Powder from your grocer. Easy to use, economical, makes delicious sauce for dinners and sweets. Ideal for mornays and savouries.

MADE BY CEREBOS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"GALE." — Smart sleeveless frock, with scoop-neck collar and tab-button front. Material is woven check gingham in pink, pale blue, apple-green, coffee, lemon, all with white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/18/9; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/1/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/8/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/9/6.

Postage on both cut-out and ready-to-wear styles 5/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 71. Fashion frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



until
the cow jumps
over the moon
... your clothes will never be
really white without real blue —
and real blue is Reckitt's Blue.

All white things in cotton, nylon and other fabrics, must have real blue in the wash or rinse to keep them sparkling white — really white. So, however you wash, remember, only real blue gives real white and real blue is Reckitt's Blue.

Reckitt's Liquid Blue

Made especially for your washing machine.

Use it at the rinse cycle or as a separate rinse for whites you can be proud of.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1960

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 64

At the end of the following week Moray had a real stroke of luck. By special favor of the registrar he was moved from the out-patients' department of the infirmary and given a month's appointment as house assistant in Professor Drummond's wards, which meant, of course, that he could leave his wretched lodging and live in hospital until his final examination. It was Professor Drummond, who, after listening to Moray interrogate a patient, had once remarked, though somewhat dryly: "You'll get on, my boy. You've the best bedside manner of any student I've ever known." Moreover, Drummond was one of the examiners in clinical medicine, a significant fact that did not escape Moray and which he intended

to make the most of during the next four weeks. He would be alert and assiduous, available at all hours, a demon for work, a regular fixture in the ward. For an eager and willing young man there seemed little hardship in this prospect. Yet it caused Moray an unaccountable vexation: he would be unable to take time off to make the journey to Ardfillan.

Ever since that moment of departure after the return from Gairsay, strange forces had been at work in his absorbed and ambitious soul. Mary's final glance, so quiet and intense, had struck him like a wounding arrow. He could not escape the vision of her strained little face, nor

—and this was most ominous—did he wish to do so.

He had hoped there might be news from her, or from her father, perhaps another invitation which, though he could not accept it, would give him the opportunity to get in touch with the family again. At last, after ten days, when he had brought himself to a state of considerable tension, a postcard showing a view of Ardfillan arrived for him at the hospital. Its message was brief.

Dear David,

I hope you are well. I have been reading more about Africa. There's been some ructions here. When are you coming to see us? I've been missing you. Yours ever,

Willie.

That same day, immediately the evening round was over, he went into the side room and telephoned Ardfillan. After some delay he was put through to the Douglas shop. Aunt Minnie's voice came to him over the humming line.

"This is David Moray," he said. "I had such a nice card from Willie. I thought I'd ring up and see how you were all getting on."

There was a slight though definite pause.

"We are quite well, thank you."

The coldness of her tone took him aback. He hesitated, then said, "I have a new job here which keeps me on the go . . . otherwise I'd have been in touch with you before."

She did not answer. He persisted.

"Is Willie there? I'd like to thank him for his card."

To page 66

BRI-NYLON

'does something' for you!



GARMENTS BY *Balmoral Gflovwin Hano*

You're in focus with fashion in glamorous BRI-NYLON—the newest, nicest way to look at bedtime! Picture yourself in the beautiful sleepwear above. Only BRI-NYLON makes you feel as wonderful as you look. And these glorious nightdresses are heaven to care for. They wear marvellously, too. See them in the stores now.

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry

BRI-NYLON—trade mark of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.



Page 65

... sudden with wide, frightened, yet

... eyes. Walter stammered, swallowing

... difficulty, "are you aware you are

... my fiancée? This is an im-

... I shall be obliged to summon

... Mary said in a small,

... voice to the young man.

... something in the tone struck home.

... hesitated, then, with a grimace, re-

... her hand.

... accounting for tastes." He

... "Well . . . if I can't have you,

... I want a lee-lee souvenir." He picked

... Mary's flowers and, pressing them

... to his lips, wavered back to

... his place.

... There was a hollow silence. Every-

... seemed to be looking at Walter. In

... particular the man in the weather-

... kilt was observing him with a

... satiric twist of his lips. Walter,

... was painfully agitated. Forget-

... his intention to query the bill, he

... fumbled in his pocketbook, hurriedly

... down some notes, and rose like a

... cat.

... "We are leaving now, Mary."

... Moray got up. There was nothing

... in his nature, he had no strong

... toward moral combat, but he

... was angry . . . most of all perhaps at

... own wasted day. And a sudden

... impulse, almost predestined, sent

... over to the other table. He looked

... at Harris, who did not seem greatly

... with his appearance.

... "Where't you told to get on with your

... It's a little late now. But let

... him by the back of the neck,

... pushed him forward into the

... of soup.

... Moray picked up the bunch of blue-

... gave them back to Mary, waited

... with a fast-beating heart, then,

... nothing seemed to happen, except

... now the man in the kilt was smiling,

... followed the others from the restaur-

... Outside, on the steps, Willie was

... waiting for him. The boy wrung his

... fervently, again and again.

... "Well done, Davie. Oh, man, I like

... he."



"That chair has six different positions, but Fred hasn't."

"There was no need for you to inter-

... Walter broke out, as they started

... through the woods. "We were

... completely within our rights. As if

... people couldn't have a meal in

... I know about that Lindsay . . .

... a yard hard . . . not a fish or a bird

... his property, he'll rent to the lowest

... from London, but I'll . . . I'll

... report the matter . . . to the authorities.

... I won't let it pass; it's a public scandal."

... The return journey was sad and silent.

... had started to drizzle and they sat

... the saloon. Nursing his injuries, Wal-

... had at last ceased his monologue,

... while Mary, who gazed fixedly ahead,

... seemed scarcely a word. Willie had taken

... Moray away to show him the engines.

... At Ardfillan, Walter, with a forgiving

... offered his arm to Mary. They

... walked to the bakery and into the yard,

... where Moray started up his bike.

... "Well," Walter moodily extended his

... hand. "I don't suppose we'll meet again

... "Come again soon," Willie cut in

... quickly. "Be sure and come."

... "Goodbye, Mary," Moray said.

... For the first time since they left the

... she looked at him, breathing

... deeply and with moist eyes. She re-

... mained silent, quite silent. But in that

... steady glance there was something finger-

... ing and intense. He saw, too, that she

... was no longer holding the little bunch of

... flowers—she had pinned them to her

... dress and was wearing them upon her

... breast.

... The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1961



How do you like your Lakes?

Boiling, or with ice? Blue, green or red? New Zealand has them all ways. And fjords and glaciers and glow-worms, too. The nicest thing about New Zealand is you can comfortably see so much even on a short visit. Transport is smoothly up-to-the-minute, hotels comfortably modern. Come on over next Autumn for an inexpensive overseas holiday where there's *really* something to see and do! See your travel agent now, or the N.Z. Govt. Tourist Bureau, Sydney or Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND
this autumn

Come on over

"Willie is at his lessons. I'm afraid I can't disturb him."
"Mary, then?" He plunged on, almost desperately. "I would like a word with her."
"Mary is out at present. With her young man. She has been a trifle poorly lately but now she has quite recovered. I don't expect her back till late."

Now he was silent. After a moment he said, very awkwardly, "Well... I wish you'd tell her I rang up... and give her my best regards."
He could hear her sharp intake of breath.

"I cannot undertake to give any such message, and I hope you won't attempt to repeat it. Furthermore, Mr. Moray, although I've no wish to hurt your feelings, it will be best for everyone, including yourself, if you refrain in future from forcing yourself upon us."

The receiver at the other end went down with a click. He hung up slowly and turned away, blinking, as if he'd been hit in the face. What was wrong? Forcing himself upon them! What had he done to deserve such an unexpected and stinging rebuff? Back in the resident's office at the end of the corridor he sat down at the desk and tried to find the answer.

Moray could not believe that Mary was a party to his abrupt dismissal and, on an

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 65

impulse, he took a sheet of prescription paper from the drawer and wrote her a short letter, asking if there might not be some opportunity of meeting her.

During the next few days, he awaited an answer with increasing impatience and anxiety. He had almost given up when, toward the end of the week, it arrived.

Dear David,

I shall be coming to Winton with my aunt to do some

He feared he might be late, but well before the appointed time he was in the Caledonian Station, standing beneath the big central clock.

Searching among all those unknown faces, Moray at last caught sight of her. His heart throbbed as she came toward him, carrying a number of parcels, looking unusually small and unprotected in that thrusting mob. She was wear-

her. There was silence between them, then he added: "You've been shopping?"

"There were some things I had to get. Aunt Minnie's had a regular field day." She was making an effort to speak lightly. "Now she's gone to see a friend... or I couldn't have got away."

"Can't you stay longer?"

She shook her head, with lowered gaze.

"They'll be meeting me... at Ardfillan."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



shopping on Thursday the 9th. If you can manage to be at the clock in the Caledonian Station about six o'clock I believe I could meet you there, but only for half an hour, since I must take the half past six train home. I do trust that you are well and not working too hard.

Mary.

P.S. Willie hopes you received his postcard.

When the day came his plans were already made — he had arranged with Kerr, another houseman, to take over for two hours in the evening.

ing a dark brown costume with a short jacket, a thin necklet of fur, and a small brown hat. Nothing could have better suited her. He had never seen her so formally dressed. It gave her an unsuspected distinction and suddenly he coveted her.

"Mary!" He relieved her of her parcels, untwisting the string from her small gloved fingers. She smiled at him, a trifle wanly, for she seemed tired.

"So you managed to get away?"

"Yes," he said, looking at

Was there a hint of surveillance in her answer? Whether or not, her apparent fatigue troubled him, as did her listless tone, the manner in which she hesitated to meet his eye.

"Let's not stand here in this confounded rush. We'll take a walk outside."

They went out of the main exit and took the back street that led to Argyle Place and the lower end of the station. The fog swirled about them, blurring the street lamps and deadening the sound of the traffic. They seemed to move

in a world of their own. They could not reach her. They dare to take her arm. Their words were silent. Mal, utterly meaningless. She asked him.

"All right... I hope how have things been with you? All well at home?"

"Quite well, thank you. And Walter?"

She did not immediately reply. Then, as they solved to reveal and beyond all question of doubt.

"He's been upset, but better now. You are wanted to fix the date of wedding. I felt it was early... I thought we should wait a bit. But now we settled... for the June."

A long pause followed. The first of June, he repeated to himself—it was only weeks away.

"And you're happy about it?" he said.

"Yes," she returned, in a tone of practical common sense, and with words seemed to him to have been stilled in her. "It's the thing for people to settle early and get used to other's ways."

"Walter's a good man. He'll make a good husband. Besides..." She smiled slightly but went on, "Connections in the town will do our business. Father's not doing near so well these few years."

"I'm sure I wish you the of luck, Mary."

"And I do you, David. Mustn't miss my train," said in a whisper.

They went back to the station. There was only a train to spare. Her train was a platform. He found her in a seat in a third-class compartment. While he was the footboard she lowered

To page 67

I've used Super Sheen since the tender age of twelve...

Lucille Rivers used Coats Super Sheen when she first started

sewing. Today—one of the world's most famous dressmakers—she still uses the thread she's learnt to trust. These are her own words:

"I use Coats Super Sheen for everything, be it cotton, wool or silk. It is fine and strong and will last the life of the garment, so is practical for tailoring as well.

All my accounts in the States have insisted on a colour-fast, first-quality thread, because model clothes get rough handling and must be washed or dry-cleaned innumerable times. I have only to assure them that I use Coats and they are completely happy. I have used nothing else for sewing since I started at the tender age of 12, so I truly approve of it."

Sew a seam with Super Sheen
smooth strong and fine

Lucille Rivers



Size 40
100 yds.

Size 50
80 yds.

Size 50
500 yds.

COATS
Super Sheen

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 66

"I can't stop, dearest David. I only wanted you to know that I'll never marry Walter. Never . . . never. I didn't ever want to, I just let myself be talked into it. And then, when I thought you didn't want me . . . but now I'll tell him . . . first thing to-morrow."

"I'll come with you, Mary. I'll ask Drummond for time off."

"No, David," she said firmly. "You have your exam. That's the important thing . . . for you to get through. After that, come straight away. I'll be waiting for you . . ." She hesitated. "And . . . and if you've a wee minute you can write to me in the meantime."

"I will, Mary. I've already begun a letter."

"I can't wait till I get it. Now I must go. Good night, Davie dear."

The receiver was replaced. Seizing pen and paper, he dashed off a long and fervent letter; then, undressing in a kind of trance, he flung himself into bed.

Next morning, like one inspired, he redoubled his work for the finals. In the intensity of this last spurt time flew. When the day of the examination arrived he entered the Eldon Hall tense but confident and took his place at one of the desks. The first papers were distributed. He saw, after a rapid run-through, that the questions suited him.

Then the clinical examinations began. He believed he was doing well. On the last day of the examination he went in for his oral. Drummond, sitting with old Murdo Macleish, regius professor of midwifery, known as the "Heiland Scot," and Purvis, the external examiner, gave him a friendly nod, remarking to his colleagues:

"This is the fellow with the bedside manner."

"He's got rather more than that," said Purvis, glancing through Moray's case report.

They began to question him and Moray — fluent, ready to agree, to smile respectfully, and always, always deferential — felt he was giving of his best.

The results were to be posted on Saturday morning. As Moray walked up the long hill to the University, all his assurance left him. He had been mistaken, he had not done well, he had failed. He scarcely dared approach the noticeboard beside the main archway. Bracketed with two others, his name was at the head of the list. He had passed with honors.

He felt faint. After all his years of striving self-denial, the triumph of that moment was beyond belief.

It was all the greater because of the sweet knowledge that he would soon share it with Mary. Barely waiting to receive the congratulations of the others gathered round the board, he went directly to the branch post office at the foot of Gilmore Hill and sent off a telegram: "Arriving Ardillan 5.30 p.m. train today."

To be continued

Every meal
becomes
a feast!



FESTIVE WARE BY AGEE PYREX

Festive yet practical . . . elegant yet economical. This is the new Flannel Flower design in Agee Pyrex Festive Ware . . . in glorious colours of haze blue, rose pink and buttercup. To surround your meals with appetizing colour . . . to make even the simplest meal a feast.

There are over 87 different pieces of Agee Pyrex to choose from in a beautiful variety of shapes and sizes. Clear Agee Pyrex . . . to show off the appetizing colours

of the food itself. And Festive Ware to surround your meals with colour.

All wonderfully easy to clean because the smooth surfaces of Agee Pyrex can't hold undetected food particles. For cooking, for serving, for keeping foods in the fridge, you can't have too much Agee Pyrex! Agee Pyrex . . . guaranteed ovenproof . . . in inexpensive single pieces, or in sets.

BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS
PTY. LTD.

Agee PYREX

A PRODUCT OF ACI



CC75/61

Page 67

The whistle shrilled, the engine coughed a hiss of steam. She leaned out the window. The pupils of her eyes were wide and dark. A little vein in her forehead was pulsing frantically.

"Goodbye then, David!" Her voice was hoarse.

"Mary!" The hurt in her voice was unendurable. She was leaving him for good, he would never see her again.

As the train began to move, with an instinctive, irresponsible, predestined movement, they looked out toward the other. They were together, closely, blindly, passionately, their lips met in a wild, exquisite kiss. Drunkenly, at the edge of the platform, the train now moving fast, he jumped from the footboard, staggered, and almost fell. Still clinging from the window, she was borne by the darkness of the tunnel. His arms were beating like mad with delight, his head formed under his eyelids and, in confusion, were running down his cheeks.

Suddenly, as from a great distance, he remembered that his chief was due at eight o'clock to perform a lumbar puncture. He must rush to the hospital to meet Kerr.

He was in love and, with the ecstasy of his still lingering, he knew that he loved him. It was an eventuality which, even remotely, had never entered his mind. All his thoughts, his energy, his endeavors, had been concentrated on one objective: his career; to pull himself out of the swamp of mediocrity and make a dazzling success of his life. Well, he reasoned, with an upsurge of emotion, if he could achieve his aim, could he not do so with her, married and fortified by one who, despite her modest social status, possessed the qualities of the perfect helpmate?

He could not lose her — the mere idea made him wince, like the prospect of sudden death.



"I'd like to help Mom with her homework. May I play over here?"

He knitted his brows: what was to be done? The situation in which she was placed, with the date of her wedding fixed and no more than three weeks off, demanded immediate action. Suppose some fearful mischance he could not marry it. He must write to Mary, write her name, and send the letter to her parents.

Suddenly, as he reached toward his desk for paper, the emergency phone rang. With an exclamation of annoyance he took up the receiver.

"David . . ."

He caught his breath sharply. "Mary, is it really you?"

Her voice came to him, guarded yet warm.

"I've come down to the shop . . . the others are asleep and I'm all in the dark . . . but I simply had to speak to you . . . dearest David, I'm so happy."

He had a swift, sweet vision of her in her nightdress and slippers in the darkness of the little shop.

"I am, too, dearest Mary."

Ever since that first minute at Craig's . . . when I saw you in the mirror . . . I knew, David. And when I thought you didn't care, it fair broke my heart."

"But you know I do. I'm just wild about you."

He could hear her long, softly indrawn breath, more thrilling than any answer.

JUST 2 FINGERS can lift you off your knees



**You'll do all your floors ten times quicker than
you ever did by hand**

Just two fingers to guide the Hoover Scrubber-Polisher, and you save yourself hours of back-breaking work! The Hoover's twin contra-action brushes spin in opposite directions, giving amazing steadiness — no side-slipping or twisting. Only your light guiding touch is needed! You'll do all your floors ten times quicker — make the toughest job in the house easier than you ever thought possible.



Scrubs faster, more thoroughly. Hoover Scrubber-Polisher's twin contra-action scrubbing brushes clean lino, tiles, timber — even concrete! You just sprinkle soap and water, and guide the scrubber into action.



Spreads polish smoothly, evenly. Big brushes spread polish more quickly, smoothly, easily. Sprinkle liquid polish — the Hoover Scrubber-Polisher spreads it. No more stooping or wax on your hands!

Polishes to long-lasting lustre! Fast-moving Hoover brushes give lino, timber, tiles a richer, lovelier shine! Its felt or lambswool pads will polish to a mirror finish.



Professional finish for cars, furniture. The light, well-balanced Hoover Scrubber-Polisher makes hand polishing easy! Lambswool buffing pads give cars and furniture a showroom shine.



*** PRICE £34.8.0**

Complete with snap-on scrubbing brushes, polishing brushes, felt and lambswool buffing pads.

Another fine Hoover product to make housework easier . . .

HOOVER

REGD. TRADE MARK



SCRUBBER-POLISHER

HP. 47. WW74



**SAFE, SURE
SOOTHING
FOR BABY**

Baby troubled with teeth? then Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**
Available Everywhere

©1961

made
specially
for



and **YOU**

Ingola

linenwood & cotton fabric.
Blinkers, collarfast, in
Cream, Baby Pink, Baby
Lemon, and Baby Blue.

only **16"11**

At all good stores.

Sciatica

Get rid of Sciatica pain... all the pain, with wonderful A.R. TABS. At last, here's a positive relief for those excruciating twinges and pains. Follow the directions faithfully and positive Sciatica relief is yours! In just a few days all the pains and aches completely gone. A.R. TABS will not affect the heart or cause unpleasant gastric upsets. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS is the positive relief for Sciatica pain — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

All the family will love

Everybody's

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1961

Continuing . . . THE GIRL AND THE BEARDED BEACHCOMBER

from page 25

The second evening that the Pandora was here Mark Gregson went for a swim and took himself out to have a look at her. He told me about it afterward. He didn't tell me all, but I can read between the lines better than most men. And, anyway, when you see a young fellow in love, you don't need to be told much. He swam twice round the yacht. There was no one on deck, but there were lights showing and he could hear a radio playing. Then, just as he passed under the bow and was thinking of heading back to the beach, he heard someone call to him from the deck. He looked up and against the starlit sky he saw the silhouette of a girl in a bathing suit poised on the rail.

The next moment she gave a laugh and dived in. She hit the water a few yards from him, clean as a whistle, and came up alongside Mark.

Mark, who was a polite chap, said, "Good evening."

The girl laughed and said, "Good evening to you. Gosh, it looked so good I couldn't resist joining you."

Mark had nothing against that. He could see sleek black hair tied loosely back with a ribbon, a smiling, lovely face, and a smooth pair of slim, brown shoulders.

He said, "You wouldn't be the Duchess of Marchmill, would you?"

The girl giggled and said, "Not me. I'm her Grace's lady's maid, Anne Starr."

"Starr," said Mark. "That's a beautiful name. A shooting star, right out of the sky." But then he went on, "How the devil are you going to get back? There's no ladder over the side."

"That's right. I didn't think of that. We'll have to give them a shout."

But they didn't give the yacht a hail right away. Anne Starr swam back to the beach with him and he took her up to his small bungalow, gave her one of his beach wraps, and they sat there and had a couple of drinks. Then he barbecued a steak for her, gave her a tune or two on his mandolin, and about midnight ran her out to the yacht in his launch and put her aboard.

WELL, you don't need me to tell you what happened. They'd fallen for one another. She right out of the sky into his arms in the sea, practically. And that was the beginning of it all. Two nice young people falling in love, and in the right setting — palm trees, blazing white sands, and all the time in the world to get to know one another. Except, of course, there was trouble. There always is.

It came from the engineer of the Pandora. Until Mark appeared he had fancied his chances with Anne — and she hadn't exactly discouraged him. Not until she met Mark; and then she had eyes for no one else. But the engineer, a square-looking, craggy sort of number called O'Ryan, wasn't the kind of man to give up easily. He used to come in here now and then for a shave and I could tell that he wasn't a man who cared to be crossed.

Well, after about two weeks of Mark and Anne spending all the time they could together, he'd had about as much as he could take. One night, when he'd been having a few too many drinks in the club behind here, he waited for Mark as he came back to the quay in his launch. He greeted him with a few uncomplimentary remarks and told him to stay away from Anne Starr.

Mark wasn't taking it, and the next moment they were slugging it out over the quay

and it took three men to separate them. We don't have a gaol here, but we have a policeman, Tubby Marshall.

He's a nice, elderly sort of chap, and looks very impressive when he's done up in his full ceremonial — you know, white pith helmet, red coat, and white trousers. But he doesn't wear them often — only when the Assistant Deputy Commissioner arrives for a visit. Usually it's white drill and a Panama. But he's no fool, is Tubby. He gave them both a warning and then sent O'Ryan back to his yacht. And that was that. Except, of course, that Mark went on seeing Anne, and she went on seeing him.

But somehow she never let him get to the point where he could ask her to marry him. I know this, because he used to tell me about it.

"I can't pin her down," he would say. "I get started and then somehow she turns the subject. It's as though something about me worries her. Something she can't bring herself to mention. But she loves me, I'm certain of that. I could keep her, too. For a girl like that I would go into this fishing-trip business in a big way. Make a packet from the visitors."

I said, "Well, just you keep at it. Courtship is a wonderful period. Maybe she wants to

make the most of it before she commits herself."

"Yes, but at any moment the Duchess may decide to pull out, and then Anne will have to go."

"She won't if she loves you. Maybe that's the moment she's waiting for."

And I really think it was, because toward the end of the second month, when we heard that the Pandora was sailing in three days, Mark came bouncing into my place one morning, a smile splitting his brown face. Anne had agreed to marry him and to stay on the island. Was he happy?

But if he was happy, O'Ryan wasn't. About an hour after Mark had left, O'Ryan came in for a shave. There was only Tubby Marshall there, waiting for his weekly shampoo, and reading "The Nassau Guardian." I got O'Ryan's face well lathered, and just to be chatty — after all, I had a certain sympathy for him, anyone would for a man who was losing a girl like Anne — I said, "Heard the news about Mark Gregson? Now, there's an example of the power of love."

"Stop your chatter! Just shave me and keep quiet!"

That's what he said. Snapped it out at me, real bad-tempered. I kept quiet. I don't have to be told twice. But I gave him a bad shave. Then he was gone and Tubby took his place in the chair. Tubby

To page 70

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Nov. 13

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Sat.</p> <p>TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p> <p>GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.</p> <p>CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, navy, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.</p> <p>LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.</p> <p>VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, navy.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed.</p> <p>LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p> <p>SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, browns.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.</p> <p>CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p> <p>AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.</p> <p>PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p> | <p>★ You'll consider anything that stops you a challenge, and empty heart, head, and the whole force of your personality to bend events to your will. Results surprise others, but you know what you are doing.</p> <p>★ Should there have been conflict in your life, the breach may now be healed and a friendship could spring up between you. An old friend of the opposite sex could suddenly become attractive to you.</p> <p>★ Some of you are under nervous strain and using up energy in a futile way. When things go wrong, seeing the funny side can give you a sense of proportion. Most of your troubles are soon to be forgotten.</p> <p>★ You might decide on a major investment, such as land or a house, or you buy an article and resell it soon at a profit. Shares in companies are under excellent aspects; you might win a raffle.</p> <p>★ An early start will carry you through a heavy programme. You may have luck in a tall building or crowded place. Whatever your goal, do not pursue it in the evening. Rest will give zest for active days.</p> <p>★ A casual conversation could provide useful information. For once, gossip could point out a good opportunity. Some of you discover that your beloved holds different opinions; this influences your plans.</p> <p>★ It may be a case of back to work permanently, temporarily, or part-time. This can apply to your beloved instead of to you. Some turn a hobby into a money-spinner, but nearly all find prospects more rosy.</p> <p>★ The end of a cycle sees a number of problems vanish, along with a few interests. There's a fresh wind bringing new conditions, new ventures. In love you could now draw closer to the one who matters most.</p> <p>★ Your sign is inclined to be frank, even brusque, and everyone knows where you stand. Just now tact and discretion are your best friends, whether dealing with the boss or your family.</p> <p>★ You'll be meeting many new people; most will soon be forgotten, but one will linger in your memory. If of your own sex, you find each other congenial. If of the opposite sex, the attraction will be strong.</p> <p>★ You are pushed into centre stage, but don't get stage fright. There is every reason to believe you can handle any situation. Extra responsibility could be the price you'll pay, yet that's the way you like it.</p> <p>★ There is the danger of emotions which lead to extravagant ideas and foolish acts you'll regret. A middle-of-the-road policy will save you from face-losing situations. This applies particularly to love affairs.</p> |
|---|--|

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Cool as a sea breeze



lightweight
**TOWN
HOUSE**
sheets by

ACTIL

- Full 100 inches long after hemming
- Strongly woven for long wear
- No "filling" — all pure cotton
- Hygienically boxed



Guarantee

Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

**SHEETS &
PILLOW CASES**

Australian Cotton Textile Industries Limited
SHEETS • PILLOW CASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES
Fasco, The All-purpose Fabric • Beau-weave Furnishing Fabric

said, "Not very friendly, eh? But, then, you do talk a lot. What's all this about Mark?"

I told Tubby about Anne and Mark, and he said, "She's a nice girl. Just what he wants."

So she was. But, even so, he very nearly lost her. Could have done easily if it hadn't been for me. Yes, I can say that. And I don't care who says I talk too much. Some must talk and some must listen. It's all a matter of which way round it is.

Well, the next morning I got an early message from Tubby to come up to his place. Tubby's not very good at paper work, and I do most of the clerking for him. I got up there to find Tubby with the yacht's captain and O'Ryan. On the table in front of Tubby were a couple of big leather jewel cases, open, and the stuff inside was enough to make my eyes blink.

Tubby said to me, "Want you here to take down the depositions of the Captain and Mr. O'Ryan. These jewels were stolen during the night from the yacht. This morning we found them buried in the garden of Mark Gregson's bungalow."

"What?"

"What I said. We found them there."

"Where's Mark?"

"We didn't see him. He's out on a fishing trip. Won't be back until this evening."

"But it's nonsense. Mark just wouldn't do this."

"It looks as though he did. Now, Mr. O'Ryan" — he turned to the en-

gineer — "just tell your story, slowly, so that we can get it down."

Well, I sat there and took it down. About three o'clock in the night O'Ryan hadn't been able to sleep and had taken a turn on deck. He'd noticed one of the yacht rope ladders hanging over the starboard side and a dinghy moored to it. Suspicious, he'd gone down and found the door of the Duchess' suite open.

Inside, he'd disturbed a man at her dressing-table, where the jewels were kept. He'd gone for the man in the dark, but after a struggle the

man had knocked him out and escaped. He swore that, despite the bad light, he recognised the man as Mark, and added that he thought the robbery was a put-up job between Anne and Mark.

Tubby waved this aside and said, "How can you be sure it was Mark? Get this down carefully," he added to me.

"Because," said O'Ryan, "when we fought, his face was close to mine and there was some light from the porthole. Anyway, even if I could have been mistaken about that, there was no doubt that it was Gregson. In the fight I got hold of his beard and tried to pull him down."

Continuing . . . THE GIRL AND THE BEARDED BEACHCOMBER

from page 69

I stopped my writing suddenly. Tubby looked at me with a grin and then said to the Captain, "I'm going to leave you to deal with Mr. O'Ryan, Captain. There never was anyone but O'Ryan in that cabin."

And then to O'Ryan he said, "You want to listen to barber's chat the next time you have a shave. Yesterday you might have learned from my friend here that Mark Gregson came into his shop and told him that finally Anne Starr had agreed to marry him — on one condition — that he shave off his beard. And my friend did that for him, there and then. You'd have saved yourself a lot of trouble — including a late night trip to Gregson's bungalow to bury all this stuff."

And there it was — there's a time to listen and a time to talk. Though I must admit that I keep talking all the time!

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . THE OLD SCHOOL BELL

from page 26

"Doctor, this is Miss Martha. He doesn't want the furniture and I'm glad. I'm sick at the thought of moving. I don't want to die in a home. I want to enjoy what's left of my life in my own way. Now please fix my knee. I know very well you know how to do it."

"I've told you, Miss Martha, there's nothing wrong. All you have to do is accept the pain and start bending it."

"It's no use, Doctor. It feels like an iron band round it and the pain is excruciating."

"Get a friend to drive you back and forth, Miss Martha, and we'll give you therapy in the hospital."

Miss Martha produced her very logical complaint that the experience of getting up and down the rock steps to the road had hitherto wiped out the advantage she had gained from her experiment with that.

Doctor Graves was about to make an excuse to hang up and call her back when Miss Martha herself released him.

"Doctor, I see trouble coming. The kids from the farm are coming through the pasture. They never come except for some mischief. I'll have to get the door shut and be ready for them."

MISS MARTHA was about to close the door when the strange behaviour of the cows arrested her attention.

They were following and crowding the children. If the children took fright and began to run, the whole herd would run and stampede right over them.

One of the children looked back, screamed, and began to run. The cows in front put down their heads and came after them. Miss Martha turned, ran to the mantel, picked up the big bell, tore open the screen door, and rushed toward the advancing herd and the flying children.

She swung the bell, ringing it as she had never rung it. The cows paused and stood uncertainly.

"Get in the house," Miss Martha yelled to the children. They ran past her to safety as she continued forward, clanging her bell. Miss Martha hit the first cow on the nose with the bell. She tossed her head up, turned, and galloped away. The others decided to gallop after her.

Miss Martha backed into her house with the white-faced children. She put the bell back in its place on the mantel-shelf.

Feeling like her old self facing her classes of long ago, Miss Martha said, "I presume you came to see me about something?" she said, ignoring the episode of the cows.

The ten-year-old ringleader of the pranksters spoke up: "Mum sent us to ask you when you're leaving your house. Our Aunt Millie wants to live here."

The fact that she had been running, and was now standing hit Miss Martha like a thunderbolt. A faint pang shot up her leg from her unlocked knee. But she kept her outward composure as she had always done before the children.

"I have no way of knowing the day of my death, children, but tell your mother with my compliments that the day it will be."

She added, smiling: "You've had a shock, kids. Go and look in the freezer of the refrigerator and you'll find some strawberry ice-cream."

(Copyright)



Enjoy zesty Vegemite in these delicious, nutty flavoured Scones. Take 2 cups (8 oz.) S.R. flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 oz. butter; approx. ½ cup milk and 1 dessertspoon Vegemite. Sift flour and salt together; rub in butter. Dissolve Vegemite in a little milk and add to dough. Stir in sufficient

milk to form soft dough. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly, pat out to ½ inch thickness, cut into shapes. Place on baking tray and glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (475° F. Elect., 450° F. Gas) for 8-10 minutes. Makes 1 dozen.

VEGEMITE

-nature's richest source of

VITALITY



Here is the really pleasant way to make sure you get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day for happy vitality. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated yeast extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion.

Delicious on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring! Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily.

Spreads just right — tastes so bright. Keep up your **VEGEMITE**

Made by Kraft

KR265

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

EMPEROR MAGNON appeared before Mandrake as a tri-dimensional projection and Mandrake told him of the disappearance of the star. Magnon returned to his planet to investigate the mystery. NOW READ ON...

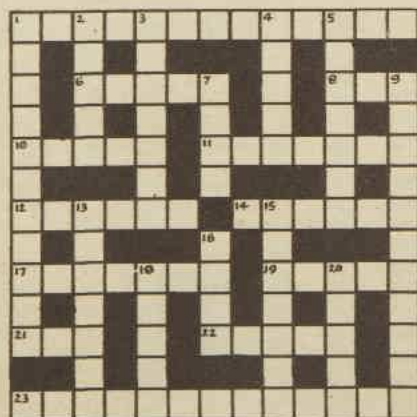


WHAT IS THE THING? (CONTINUED)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Precious metals value (4, 3, 6).
- Grotesque thing which sounds ancient (5).
- The thousandth part of an inch, yet nearly a mile (3).
- From one's birth in Africa (5).
- Colonnade where I stand between a gate and a short company (7).
- Just claims, not on the left (6).
- European kingdom (6).
- I and you with no cat give a warning (7).
- The tailless Barbary ape (5).
- For a slight, sharp blow stir a project (3).
- Medical adviser of Marcus Aurelius (5).
- Certainly not (3, 2, 4, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Inexperienced vendor who sells the fruits of other people's labor (11).
- Steal in a way the smallest amount (5).
- Home of the lily maid (7).
- I rent (Anagr., 5).
- A bloodsucker who can fascinate with anger (7).
- Coverings for the head (4).
- Summer-flowering plant to release conflict (11).
- Place where you can find adherents (4-3).
- Lamb to err with a climbing rose (7).
- Comfortable with guns (4).
- Put in a small enclosure with devil on the top (5).
- Tutelary spirits, i.e., gin (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 15, 1961

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand. Readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7453.—Two-piece suit with flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.
F7454.—Unusual sunfrock with full skirt and gathered bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.
F7455.—Easy-to-wear casual frock and two-piece swimsuit. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.
F5563.—Button-through top and skirt and bloomer-style shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F5902.—Relaxed skirt and overblouse ensemble, with matching matadors. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Blouse requires 2yds. 36in. material, skirt 2yds. 36in. material, and matadors 2yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.
F7212.—Little girl's sunsuit in sizes one to four years (17 to 20in. length). Requires 2yds. to 2yds. 36in. material and 2yds. edging. Price 3/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 565.—FROCK
Pretty teenage frock is available cut out ready to make in printed cotton. Colors include pink-and-white check with pink roses; olive-and-white check with olive roses; lilac-and-white check with lilac roses; and teal-and-white check with teal roses. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust. £1/17/6; 34 and 36in. bust. £1/19/11. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 566.—TEA-TOWELS
Set of tea-towels is cut out and clearly traced to embroider on multicolored striped linen tea-towelling. Each towel features a "day-of-the-week" embroidery motif. Price is 7/3 each, plus 9d. postage, or £2/9/- for the set of seven, plus 3/- extra postage.

No. 567.—MATERNITY FROCK
Charming frock for the mother-to-be is available cut out ready to make in woven check cotton. Colors are pink, pale blue, green, lemon, and coffee, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. £1/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust. £1/18/6. Postage 4/- extra.



Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



ADD
PLURAVIT
TO YOUR DIET
AND
HELP
YOURSELF
TO HEALTH!

Health-Giving Vitamins Renew Your Vigour, Vitality!

There's no doubt that you'll look better... feel better... sleep better when you add PLURAVIT to your diet. PLURAVIT, a multi-vitamin capsule made by Nyal, contains 21 vitamins and minerals essential to your health—in balanced proportion. PLURAVIT therefore ensures that your body receives the correct amount of the right vitamins daily, no matter what you eat!

This is important. You can eat the right foods — and eat them heartily. But that doesn't necessarily mean that you can't suffer from "hidden hunger"; a hunger caused by not enough of the vitamins your body needs daily to withstand the stress of modern living.

When this happens, you'll know. You feel drained of energy; find yourself becoming nervy and easily upset; worn out yet unable to sleep soundly.

To restore lost energy... make you feel yourself again... add PLURAVIT to your diet. Just one soft gelatine PLURAVIT Capsule each morning provides the body with its normal requirements of all essential vitamins. PLURAVIT Capsules are easy to swallow; have no "after-taste."

PLURAVIT — a complete vitamin supplement costing as little as 9d. per day — should be taken by people on low calorie diets; by the very old; as well as the young. PLURAVIT Capsules are especially valuable for the relief of lassitude, loss of appetite and depression due to mental and physical stress.

Check and Compare this Outstanding Formula

Each Capsule Contains	
Vitamin A	25,000 I.U.
Vitamin D	1,000 I.U.
Vitamin B ₁	10 mg.
Vitamin B ₂	10 mg.
Vitamin B ₆	2 mg.
Nicotinamide	25 mg.
Calcium	
Pantothenate	8 mg.
Vitamin B ₁₂	2 mcg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin E	10 I.U.
Iron	15 mg.
Cobalt	0.1 mg.
Copper	1 mg.
Iodine	0.15 mg.
Magnesium	6 mg.
Manganese	1 mg.
Molybdenum	0.2 mg.
Potassium	5 mg.
Zinc	1.5 mg.
Calcium	25 mg.
Phosphorus	10 mg.

PLURAVIT

MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES

One month's supply, 22/6 • Three months' supply, 52/6

NYAL COMPANY • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, Sydney, Australia

Page 72

(plus 12 page Teenagers' Weekly)

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

From the Nyal Range, you can select a special formulation to meet the individual and nutritional needs of every member of your family. Your chemist will be glad to advise you.

A.D.B.C. Vitamin Capsules, PENTAMAX contain five essential vitamins—Vitamin A, D, B₁, B₂, plus Vitamin C. PENTAMAX provides additional vitamin intake to replace the demands of growth and expended energy; assists digestion and nutrition; builds resistance to minor infections. 50 Capsules, 11/6. **PENTAMAX CAPSULES.**



Baby Formula Additive, PLURAVIT DROPS are a pleasant tasting combination of eight important vitamins which promote growth through improved nutrition. PLURAVIT DROPS aid in the digestion of food; help develop strong bones and teeth; maintain a healthy, clear skin. PLURAVIT DROPS mix readily into milk or orange juice. 15 ml. bottle with dropper, 7/6. **PLURAVIT DROPS.**



B Complex-Vitamin C, BIOMIN FORTE contain the high-potency B Complex vitamins—B₁, B₂, B₆, Nicotinamide and Calcium Pantothenate, together with Vitamin C. BIOMIN help prevent colds and flu; stimulate the appetite, and aid digestion. 50 tablets 10/6. **BIOMIN FORTE TABLETS.**



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 15, 1961

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 15, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



FANCY-DRESS PARTY SUGGESTIONS – PAGES 6 AND 7

LETTERS

It's a cruel, cruel world

I DON'T like this world at all and I can't see much point in living. So many people talk long and loud about the basic goodness of the human soul, but I have found that however much you trust or believe in a person you will always be let down.

The time factor varies — it might take years, but I haven't yet met a person who hasn't disappointed me. Some talk too much, others don't practise what they preach.

I know you'll all reply, "Who are you to talk?" and I do know that no one's perfect. But honestly, and I'm not bragging, I try hard not to hurt people myself. So many of my friends (and they are friends) seem to run other people down to build themselves up.

Please don't lecture me on finding something good in everyone or counting my blessings, etc. Give me practical advice on how to live with the world and its failings, because at the moment I'm disillusioned and full of hate.

Tell me, can you ever completely trust anyone? And is there such a thing as unselfish love? — "Misanthrope," Wellington, New Zealand.

Ho, hum . . .

A SLEEPER is one who sleeps. A sleeper is the name of the railway carriage in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is a

Next week

DREAMING of a new beach outfit — but without much money to spend? Well, next week we have just what you're looking for — two sweaters and a jacket, with full directions on how to knit them, plus a pattern for a two-piece swimsuit. All illustrated in color, they are madly modest — AND eye-catching. ALSO a pin-up of local boy Jay Justin.

Become a

MODEL

or look like one

Complete Home DIPLOMA COURSE

Train at home at leisure Beauty, Poise, Glamour, Etc.

For full details and FREE BROCHURE write to

INTERNATIONAL MODEL ACADEMY

BOX 21005, G.P.O., MELBOURNE (3) Queens Rd., Melbourne

Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

piece of wood that holds the rails on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleepers under the sleeper. — "Sleepy," Geelong, Vic.

Successful club

ONE Sunday morning about four years ago five teenage boys, found in the local milk-bar, cheerfully and willingly accepted my invitation to help cut firewood for an elderly widow.

That was the first project of what quickly developed into a thriving youth club at Vermont.

a small outer-Melbourne green-belt suburb.

With a tin shed on the football ground as "clubrooms" a bottle-drive was organised, which, with the help of an ancient one-horse cart (without the horse), netted £28.

Jobs for a crippled pensioner and other elderly people became a feature of the club's activities, and the local residents, as well as some Melbourne businessmen, were quick to express their appreciation in a practical way.

A cheque for £16 from the Vermont Pony Club (being wound-up) was donated, as were games equipment, a power saw and planer, a six-roomed house for removal for clubrooms (from an oil company), and more than £350 in cash. Also donated was a Dandenong Creek area for sport, swimming, and barbecues, and numerous coaching offers for dancing, boxing, and athletics.

The club eventually attained a membership of 140 and was highly praised by Mr. Pat Loftus, of the Victorian Association of Youth Clubs, as an example to other clubs.



"I like it — but why this mad craving for detail?"

The success of the club was due to two factors, mainly: (1) The boys of the clubs were not on the receiving end only—they showed consideration for others, the essence of practical Christianity, and gave service to the community; and (2) the activities were planned and carried out by a committee of three boys aged 15, 16, and 17 with the background help of an adult who offered a bit of sympathy,

understanding, and encouragement — Ewan Tucker, Bluff Road, Sandringham, Vic.

Tell the truth?

SHOULD children be told the truth if they are adopted? I don't think they should be told, because it disrupts their whole faith in life. I speak from experience. — "Don't Tell Them," St. George, Qld.

CHEATING IN HIGH SCHOOLS

CONGRATULATIONS to "Worried" for being so upset about cheating. As she said, you are classed as being mean and "stuck-up" if you refuse to tell your neighbor the answer in a test.

The worst part is when results come out and the cheaters are congratulated on their fine effort, and those who have tried to learn the work are told to work harder instead of loafing. At our school, any teacher who admonishes a pupil for cheating is thought to be the most unjust, unfair, inhuman creature.

If teachers were not so afraid of being despised for a while, such cheating would be eradicated, and the teachers would be held in respect for showing authority and carrying out threats. — "Anti-Cheat," N.S.W.

PERHAPS the clue to the problem lies in the statement made by "Worried" that "students do not think cheating is harmful."

Honestly, like all other virtues, should begin in the home. A person who has been trained to be honest since childhood and whose home is run on the basis of truth would be most unlikely to turn to cheating at school. — "M.C.," Telopea, N.S.W.

MY class (Intermediate) is a class of what we call "borrowers." In a monthly test, if we don't know anything we "borrow" our neighbor's work—with her permis-

● From a Sydney high school "Worried" wrote (T.W., 11/10/61) that she was upset by the students' attitude to cheating, which was widespread. Students took a pride in fooling the teachers, she said. When she refused to let another girl copy her work she was called "a chicken New Australian." She urged corporal punishment to stop cheating in primary schools and an honor system for seniors.

sion, of course. We call these tests a "combined effort."

But we would never dream of doing even the slightest bit of "borrowing" in a big exam, for exams are, to us, under a completely different heading.

"Cheating," to us, is cribbing someone else's work when they don't know.

Even with our borrowing methods we are voted by the teachers as the nicest class in the school to teach. — "Senior Student," Adelaide.

ONE of our teachers, who is constantly warning her classes against cheating, discovered recently that a large percentage of our class had received lists of the answers from another class which had done the same test. This discovery, despite a blistering lecture from the teacher and the setting of another test, was regarded by the class as something of a joke.

The following day, undisturbed by this incident, the two classes again communicated, this time without the knowledge of the teacher.

Some time later, during a test in another subject, another

teacher announced that, due to a staff shortage, she had to leave to supervise another class. Without another word she left, and in the following 20 minutes not one member of the class cheated in any way—or even spoke.

This teacher's complete trust in us had shamed us into an honesty that has remained through numerous tests ever since. — "Guilty," Ryde, N.S.W.

THE proud announcement of being the "biggest class of cheats" can be heard anywhere around schools, especially high schools. But as the word "cheat" is used so commonly, it has lost most of its serious value and is said and meant lightly.

The people who called "Worried" a "chicken New Australian" are a disgrace to themselves and their country. Isn't anyone allowed to do as they wish without being "stuck-up" or "chicken"?

It would take more courage not to cheat when everyone was cheating than to go along with the majority. — "Roxanna," Tambourine, Qld.

SEVERAL months ago a Sydney newspaper published an article telling of the overwhelming amount of cheating in American schools and colleges. It stated that drastic penalties were to be enforced to stop this. The American students not only cheated in minor examinations (I have only encountered cheating in minor tests) but also in final examinations. If this is the result of the American "honor" system we can do without it! — Kerrie Taylor, Station Street, Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.

"WORRIED" attends only one school, yet sweepingly states: "In many Sydney high schools cheating by the pupils exists on a large scale."

The majority of girls in the large high school which I attend are too busily occupied with their own class assignments to waste time nosing and spying on what other girls are doing. Moreover, when classes are dismissed we do not indulge in petty, spiteful gossip.

"Worried" would do well to remember that we are not here to judge the faults of others. There is none so perfect that she is without fault. Let us rather be tolerant. We have all met the humorist or the braggart who seeks to build up a reputation for "putting one over" vested authority. With many of these types their next "sin" will be their first. — "Tolerance," N.S.W.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1961

A COOL CAT ON HOT BEAT

● "Now there's a cool cat on a hot beat," fans say of 20-year-old Barry Stanton, who gave up his work as a motor mechanic to be an entertainer.

BARRY came from England when he was five—and has become a dinkum Aussie. He likes surfing, car racing, football, and "the bush," all nearly as much as he likes swinging a tune.

Even during his schooldays in Mosman, Sydney, he was fascinated by show business. He did some dramatic acting, and often entertained his classmates by singing and playing a guitar his friends had given him as a birthday present.

When he was 18 he formed his own group, called the Ark Royales, later changed to the Belaires. They were hired by a local theatre, and next thing Johnny O'Keefe booked them for Six O'Clock Rock. Other TV and radio shows followed.

Barry recorded "I Got A Woman" backed with "Don't Let Go," "Don't You Worry 'Bout That" backed with "You Are Gone," and "Teenage Idol" backed with "Indeed I Do."

The latest out is a bouncy weeper, "Begging On My Knees."

Barry, like most other singers, has been compared with Elvis Presley in many ways. But in this case there is something to it.

He looks like Elvis (dark, with soulful brown eyes and solidly built). His voice, too, has the rich, mellow Presley tones—and his style is (or used to be—he's slowing down) clipped and frenzied.

But Barry doesn't like this association.

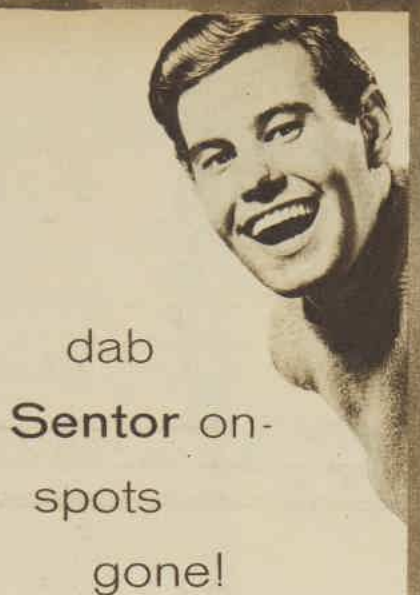
"I don't try to be like Elvis, though I admire him greatly. It's just a coincidence that we sing alike."

Barry is tall—about six feet one—and says he has trouble keeping his weight down, especially on country tours.

He is single, hasn't a girl-friend, and says he won't be thinking of marriage for five or six years.

He plays the guitar and can get by on drums, bass, and piano.





dab
Sentor on-
spots
gone!

New handy stick hides spots and blemishes instantly while it helps heal.

American skin specialists' latest prescription for spots, pimples, blackheads and acne. Wonderful new Sentor, in the dab-on stick, covers up blemishes completely—with an invisible, skin-toned shield.

Sentor works fast. Kills bacteria, isolates the spot and prevents spreading. Dries up the oil that 'feeds' infection. Dissolves ugly 'spot' tissue. Helps skin heal naturally without a scar.

At the first sign of a spot—just dab Sentor on—and the spot's gone.

7/6



sentor

conceals as it helps heal

Another fine  product
Smith & Nephew

SN1122

THE COST OF

● How much does a University or technical college student need to live on? More than he gets, he'll answer. But how does he cope on his allowance? These nine students from three States tell you how they manage.

LET'S take a look at the budget of Nicholas Wright, of Sydney University. He gets an allowance of £10 weekly and, as a 21-year-old third-year Economics student, he has it mentally divided and spent before he gets it.

To begin with, explains Nick, £10 might sound a lot. But for living away from home in a garden flat at Vaucluse, plus running a car and eating steak at least once a week, it's not much.

This is his budget: Rent, £4; food, £2; car running expenses, £2; lunches, 15/-; household expenses, 5/-; entertainment, £1.

The luxury item in this budget, says Nick, is the car. A 1934 model, bought cheaply with his university vacation earnings, it burns a "fair bit of oil and petrol."

But he says it pays off in money saved in fares, freedom of movement, and cutting down entertainment expenses.

The flat, too, is an expense with a gilt edge. Nick shares it with three other students and the easy access to beach and garden makes it ideal for cheap entertaining at home.

Food is where he does some real saving. Instead of buying meat, Nick has it sent down to Sydney by train from Armidale, N.S.W., where his parents have a property and home-kill their meat.

Food shopping he does in Newtown, near the University, where prices are much cheaper than in Vaucluse.

"Free meals are also a terrific saving," grinned Nick. "We all cultivate the art of getting invited out."

"And when I'm broke my sister's usually good for a quid."

NICK'S sister, Angela Wright, is a 19-year-old art student at the East Sydney Technical College and an efficient manager of the £5 weekly allowance she gets in addition to her board.

So efficient that she usually manages to bank at least £2 a week — if brother Nicholas doesn't need a "touch" first.



NICHOLAS WRIGHT



ANGELA WRIGHT



ALEX TROMPF

Angela boards at a students' hostel on Sydney's North Shore, for which her father pays separately. So, apart from lunches at college, she doesn't have to budget for food.

But there's still quite a lot to spend her allowance on — clothes, all her art materials, fares, and incidentals.

These are her regular weekly expenses: Lunches, 15/-; fares, 6/8; stockings, drycleaning, 10/-; paints, brushes, etc., £1.

With the balance of £2/8/4 mounting up in the bank, Angela will once in a while go shopping for shoes, accessories, and dress materials.

"I make and design all my clothes," she said. "The hostel has a sewing-machine."

Sometimes she boosts her spending-money by selling one of her sketches to a friend or by modelling for the art class at college ("draped, of course").

FELLOW Sydney art student Alex Trompf earns his living while studying.

He has a night-time job as copy boy on a daily newspaper and manages on the weekly wage of £7/4/-. This covers his £6 a term college fees, painting materials, rent, food, and clothes.

He lives in a room in Redfern which is within walking distance of the college and newspaper office, so has no fares to pay.

He eats in the college cafeteria in the daytime and in the office cafeteria at night, so his food doesn't cost as much as it would in restaurants.

He has learned to do his laundry and mend his clothes.

Social life costs him next to nothing, because he can't spare the time for it. Cigarettes and painting materials are his big extravagances.

Only three items in his week's spending are fixed and regular: Rent (which includes bread and milk), £2/5/-; cigarettes, £2; train fare, 6/-.

This 6/- takes him home to his parents in Cronulla each weekend and they pay for his return to the city.

LIVING at home with your family has many financial advantages, according to Peter

LIVING - FOR STUDENTS



PETER GROSE



HELEN LEE



HUGH PRESTON



EVELYN SNOW

Grose, 20-year-old Science student at Sydney University.

He proves it by living well on his parents' allowance of £1/10/- a week, plus £1 a week he earns as University correspondent of a daily newspaper, payments for occasional special articles, and vacation jobs.

As well as free board at home, Peter is allowed to use the family car for weekend dates and gets a free lift to the city and back daily with his father.

He has no set budget but banks his allowance and earnings and spends from week to week according to the state of the bank balance.

This has been so good lately that Peter has been able to pay his yearly university fees of £119/17/- and half his return air-fare to Hobart for a drama festival.

HELEN LEE is a Pharmacy student at the University of Queensland and her parents have a property on the Darling Downs.

"Some of my friends are envious of me because I am not living on a set allowance," she said. "Instead, my father gives me a certain amount at the beginning of each term and more when that runs out."

"But, of course, I feel the need to economise just as much as those on a scholarship allowance. I try to live on £6 a week."

"I'm flatting with two other girls at Hill End and my share of the rent and food comes to £4/10/- a week. I could get cheaper board, but none as handy to the University. A 3d. ferry ride and a short walk takes me to most lectures."

"Then I begin the week with £1 and try to make it see me through all my general expenses—but I've never succeeded."

Helen said her basic weekly expenses were: Fares, 5/4;

lunch (two days a week), 3/-; paper for notes, 2/-; cigarettes, 10/-; drycleaning, shoe repairs, and an occasional book or magazine, 2/6; stockings and cosmetics, 5/-.

"These expenses already use 7/10 more than that pound," she said. "Then there is always the birthday gift for a friend (they all seem to be turning 21 at once!) and an outing such as lunch in town or a movie with a friend. So there goes another 10/- a week."

"But that's not all. I have not yet included the biggest item — clothes! By September my parents had already given me £40 for clothes this year."

HUGH PRESTON, 22, a third-year Science student at the University of Queensland, is also on an allowance from his parents.

Hugh said he lived on a "shoestring" in his first year but now has a bigger allowance and adds to it with holiday jobs and term work at the university.

"But it still goes remarkably quickly," he said. "Mostly on girls and cigarettes, in that order!"

"I flat with three other boys and we all put in £6 a week for rent and food. We do our own cooking, washing, and cleaning and, although it is a big flat, it is worth the expense to have a room of my own for studying."

"I also have a car, an extravagance which costs £1 a week in petrol and maintenance."

"I suppose I would spend about £11/10/- every week while I am at the university. It seems a lot, but few boys of my age manage on less."

"In addition to rent, food, and car, my other weekly expenses are: Books and paper, 15/-; cigarettes, £1; lunches, 15/-; drycleaning, etc., 5/-; entertainment, £1/10/-.

"It's not that I go out a lot," Hugh said, "but every movie date comes to at least £1, including coffee afterwards, and there is the occasional dance, game of bowls or squash."

"Most of what I spend comes out of the £300-a-year allowance from my parents, but I work during the long vacation, usually earning over £100, and during the term I have a job as a demonstrator at the university, which gives me an extra £1/17/6 per week."

"I buy my own clothes, usually out of vacation money. I am quite satisfied with my allowance but will be a lot happier when I can start paying my own way."

SOCIAL Studies and Arts student Evelyn Snow, 22, lives very comfortably on £7/10/- a week while attending Melbourne University.

She pays £2/12/6 a week rent for her room, which is furnished with comfortable studying facilities, and a kitchen and bathroom shared with three other students.

Gas and electricity, which includes running a radiator, radio, and reading lamp, cost 5/-.



JOHN PASCOE

Spending £2/10/- weekly on food allows Evelyn to eat very well. "This isn't skimping at all—I have ham in my sandwiches if I want to," she said.

She has found that cooking evening meals herself runs out at the same price as buying them in the University cafeteria. She prefers to cook so that she can have exactly the type of food she likes and cuts her own lunch sandwiches.

An earlier flat-sharing experience taught her valuable lessons on living economically among friends. "For instance, sharing perishable foods like bread, milk, and butter with the other students on my floor saves a good deal," she said.

Stockings run off with a steady 10/- weekly and drycleaning and shoe repairs work out to about 5/- a week. She doesn't wear a lot of cosmetics, so allows 3/- for these.

Clothes and occasional hair settings average 15/- a week and cigarettes cost 10/- but used to cost more until she drastically cut down on them.

Living only a few hundred yards from the University, she has almost no transport costs and she saves on books because

she can use the University library instead of buying all the books normally necessary.

ELECTRICAL Engineering student John Pascoe, 19, of Sandringham, Victoria, manages very comfortably on a weekly allowance of £3.

He lives at home and his parents pay for his clothes.

"But I can't have myself a marvellous time on £3," he said, "and can't go out more than one night a week. Something like a ball sets me back a long way."

John runs a motor-scooter, for which he worked to buy during summer vacation. It cuts his fares and travelling time to Royal Melbourne Technical College by half.

He spends his £3 a week this way: Petrol and maintenance for scooter, £1; cafeteria dinners before two late lectures, 8/-; coffee during lecture breaks ("a necessity"), 10/-; lecture notes, 1/3; judo lesson, 5/-; one night out, 15/9.

He said: "There are two ways a bloke can organise this going-out business—go steady and go cheaply or play the field and the money."

John is steering a middle course at present.

SECRETARIAL student Judy Helms, 19, of Hawthorn, Victoria, said she was "on clover" with a £4/10/- weekly allowance while living at home.

She tries to keep to this budget: Lunches, £1; fares, 17/6; cosmetics, 5/-; hairdresser, 10/-; birthday and Christmas gifts, 10/-; coffee in business college canteen, 5/-; clothes, £1/2/6.

Judy's grandmother owns a frock shop, so at wholesale prices she says she can buy twice as much as she could otherwise and she and her mother, having similar fashion sense and measurements, exchange clothes and fashion magazines.



JUDY HELMS

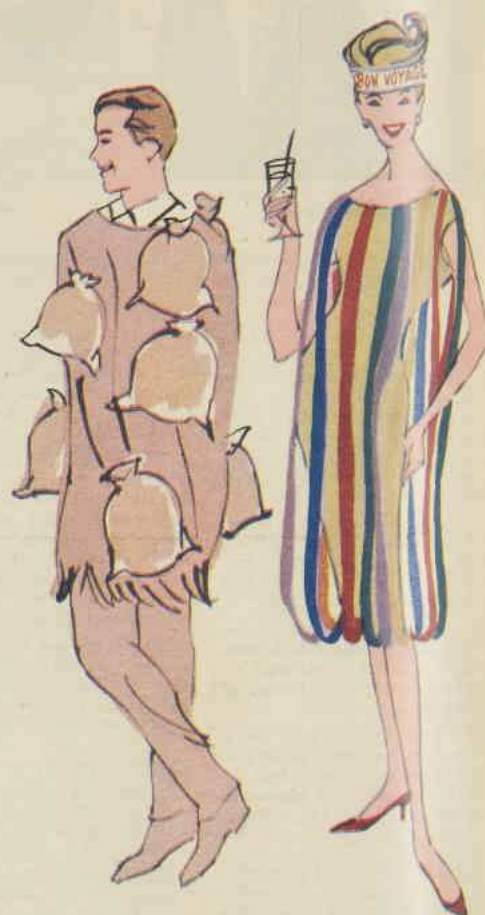
FANCY

● Start planning new, exciting themes for the gay parties, and balls coming your way this summer. Here are some fancy-dress costumes for you to copy. They are easy to make and just to try them on brings the thrill of a packed night ahead.



CAN-CAN (above left) has straw sunhat tied under chin with scarf, frilly blouse worn with full skirt tucked up into waistband at front to give longer skirt effect at back. Costume details: Lots of colored full petticoats, bloomer pants, vivid garters worn over black stockings, and high-heeled shoes with big ribbon bows attached to the toes.

UP IN THE AIR (above) can be any frock with seven or eight colored balloons hanging from string attached to belt. Costume title printed on piece of cardboard can be attached to back.



WINDBAG (above) is boy with potato sack pulled over head with a sign with costume title printed on it. A sign with the costume title can also hang from sack.

BON VOYAGE (above right) is girl with streamers hanging from neck to hemline of dress. Band on head gives the "Bon Voyage" message.



MATADOR (far left) is boy dressed in gondolier-shaped hat, frilly blouse, and jacket made from cutting short sleeves and hem of old coat and decorating with braid, fringe, and ribbon. A cummerbund is tied around the waist of pants cut off below knees and worn with white stockings and casual shoes with buckles attached. Cape is a square of red material or a red towel.

CAT (left) is girl with black stocking pulled over head (foot has been cut off and stitched) with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth. Black jumper, gloves, and tights cover rest of body and tail can be made by stuffing another black stocking. Ears can be made from two triangular pieces of black cardboard folded into ear shape and whiskers made from white pipe-cleaners and glued on to stocking.

OUR COVER shows six gay girls transformed by a kitful of face make-up to glamorous creatures for a masquerade party. From top, left to right—East Indian Princess, Glam Witch, Oriental Girl, Blond Bombshell, Pussy Cat, Gipsy. Your friends will adore the chance to experiment; so why not get together and copy these ideas for a holiday party?

DRESS FUN

SEAWEED GIRL (below) has green straight dress covered with alternate rows of fringed transparent paper. Hair is sprayed with green to tone with green stockings and shoes. Starfish can be made from cardboard.



BACK-TO-CHILDHOOD PAIR (above). Girl wears plaited hair with ribbons, short frock, long socks and flat shoes, and carries a teddy-bear. The boy wears cap, checked short-sleeved shirt, braces to hold up short pants. Socks are long woollen ones to knee with lace-up shoes. He carries a shanghai.

SWAGGIE (below) is wearing hat with corks attached to string hanging from wide brim, old shirt, and baggy trousers with bright patches sewn on them. Shoes are old army boots and he is carrying swag of rolled-up blanket and billy-can. His beard is made from false hair or black wool.



BIKINI v. NECK-TO-KNEE (left). Girl wears bikini swimsuit and covers half with 1900 costume made by cutting dress in half lengthways and joining under leg to make trouser bottom. Sleeve can be made from rest of dress and elastic is run around neck, wrist, and leg to give frill effect. This half is joined at neck with necklace and then to top and bottom of bikini. Old-fashioned half is worn with black stocking and sand-shoe; the bikini with a sandal. The mop cap can be half of a shower-cap joined to a ribbon band around head.

I'M COUNTING ON YOU (right). This is girl representing well-known song title. Cardboard numbers are attached to dress and a number to headband. Many song titles can be adapted to fancy-dress.



**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

Looking taller

"WE are two girls of 15 and our problem is our stunted height. We are both only just 4ft. 11in. high and find it a great source of embarrassment, as boys think we are about 10 years old. All the other girls, even those much younger than ourselves, are much taller. Please don't tell us that short girls are sweet, etc., because we know that tale. Could you suggest some practical exercises for growth and maybe a special diet or anything like that?"

"Tinie," W.A.

There is no special diet or exercise that can make you grow taller. It is, entirely a matter of heredity.

If you go to a gymnasium and say you want special exercises to make you stand tall and look taller, they can help you. As a general rule, people stand so badly that posture exercises add half an inch to their height.

Short girls are no sweeter than tall ones, and they do just as well in business and romance as the tall ones. They often do better in romance because men feel so protective towards them. Skip the self-pity and go to the gym.

Fiance drinks

"I AM an 18-year-old girl and am planning to get married next year to a 22-year-old boy whom I love very much. But he drinks. He promises he will change, but does nothing about it. Everyone tells me he is no good for me, that he will never change, and I should give him up. He says he loves me and is trying to change. What should I do? Do you think he will change in time?"

F.R.A., N.S.W.

I doubt it, but if he changes it will be because he wants to, not because you want him to. No one can persuade another person to do anything against their will, unless they themselves have some terrific drive to do so. The desire and will to change has to come from inside you, in big things and in small.

I don't think any girl of 18 should face her married life with an unsolved problem like this troubling her. Don't marry until he gives up drinking permanently, or until your love is big enough to take him on, drinking and all.

Opened letter

"ABOUT three weeks ago I had a bit of an argument with my father about my mail. I came home from work one day and my mother told me there was a letter for me. When I got it, my father had opened it and read it. I told him he shouldn't have, and he said he was entitled to open my mail. I would like your opinion. I think when a letter is addressed to me it is mine, not anyone else's. I have found out from quite a lot of adults that they never open

their children's mail. I believe it is a courtesy not to."

"Angry," N.S.W.

I agree with you. Your father had no right to open your letter. It was discourteous of him.

He has a right to know who is writing to you and what about, but the civilised thing to have done was to have given you the letter unopened to read.

If you did not volunteer any information about the letter and he was either worried or curious about it, he could then ask you, and should be given an answer.

Missed date

"I WAS going to go to the pictures with my boy-friend on Saturday night, but I could not go because I live in the bush, and I had no way of getting in or of letting him know. Should I write to him and explain why I didn't turn up?"

E.L., Vic.

You certainly should or you won't be asked again.

Only child

"WE are the parents of an only child born to us late in life. We have tried not to be over-possessive with her and given her loads of freedom and allowed her to fill the house with her friends of both sexes. Now, to our dismay, we find she has made a life for herself into which we do not enter. If our plans do not fit in with hers, she throws a tantrum. When she was small, the old one-two-three on the place God made for it always worked. But you can't spank a 15-year-old bottom. Or can you?"

"Mum and Dad," Qld.

The situation sounds bad, but is it? Most girls of 15 believe they have very

little in common with their parents, whom they regard as God-given providers or old-fashioned people, born to mark their offspring.

All adolescents go through this stage some time. Some bottle up their feelings and get silent and morose. Others, like your daughter, try tantrums. The good thing is that they do pull out of it and later think more than ever of their parents, and appreciate what they have done for them.

Spanking is both futile and undignified when a girl of 15 is involved, and reason certainly would not appeal to her. I think a set of rules that are enforced, tantrums or not, is indicated. Rules for coming and going, when she can have her friends, when she can't, and so on. Adolescents admire strong parents; they expect discipline. Give your daughter some. When you make rules, always stick to them. Don't waive them for any reason or you'll have those tantrums right back again.

Get rid of him

"I LOVE a boy very much and have been going steady with him now for 11 months. He went away on holidays recently and while there met a girl (who is married) and saw her just about every night of the week. He told me all this when he came back and I asked him would he leave me for her and he said he could not have her because she was married, although he tried to get a job in the town she lives in. Do you think I should hang on to this boy and get hurt or wait and let things work out for themselves?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Get rid of him smartly and start getting over the hurt that he has already given you.

Secret meetings

"I AM an 18-year-old boy and had been secretly dating a 16-year-old girl. When her parents found out about us we were forced to part because of religious differences. We then parted for three months, but are now again dating secretly. I don't want to leave her, as I love her very much. Could you please tell me what would be the right thing to do?"

R.G., S.A.

Stop dating her secretly and go and see her parents and ask their permission to take their daughter out. Unless you do this, you can only expect dislike and distrust from the girl's parents, which is no foundation for a happy friendship or romance.

Your girl-friend is only 16. She can't marry for five years without her parents'

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

WHAT'S your slang rating these days? In America the kids talk thisaway:

- A gas—the very best.
- A mouse—a girl.
- A slice—a record.
- A dial—a wristlet watch.
- A tough—something very good.
- A bust—something that's a failure, like a bad party.
- A short—a car.
- Gallons of go—gallons of petrol.
- To groove—to like very much.

consent, nor indeed do anything much without their approval. If you really do love her you'll talk to her parents about taking her out and stop this secret dating.

Invisible partner

"I AM a girl of 16 and for the past seven months I have been going with a boy of 18. He took me many places, but one thing I noticed and did not like was that when he took me to a dance or a party I would not see him from the time we stepped in the door till it was time to go home. I took this for a long while. Then we talked about it and I decided that it was better if we broke off. What do you think about this boy? I still like him, even though I say I don't. Should we make up or not?"

"Confused," Vic.

Don't make up unless you are prepared to get the "Safe Conduct" treatment again. This boy treats you as a brother sometimes treats a sister whom the family has decreed has to be seen safely to and from social occasions by him.

He has treated you rudely, and what is even worse, has humiliated you. It is not good enough. Have no more to do with him. What you need now is a new boy, one with feeling in his heart and good manners.

Dancing at 13

"I AM 13 and I like a girl who is a few months older. We both know we like each other and we dance together at public turnouts. Would it be all right to ask her to have a soft drink or cup of coffee with me at one of these dances where such things are being sold?"

H.M., W.A.

You make me feel as if I'm driving a bolting horse. Dancing friends at 13? You are advanced. I'd slow down a bit if I were you; it's nice to see the scenery as you pass by.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

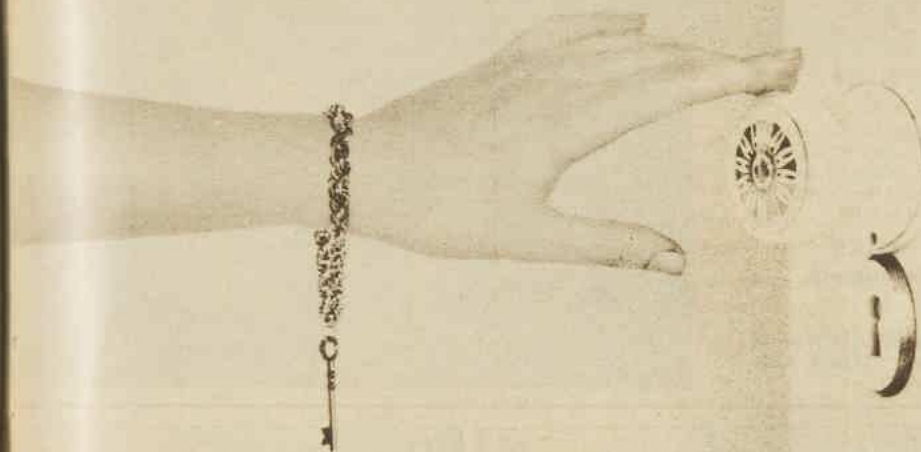
KNOW YOUR ETIQUETTE

RIGHTS AND WRONGS

- Which is it—woman or lady? Well, it depends on what you are saying. "The woman down the road" is correct, but if, for instance, you were in a shop and the shop assistant came forward to serve you out of turn you would say, "I think this lady is before me."
- DON'T say "pardon" when you mean "excuse me." If you haven't heard what was said, you should say, "I beg your pardon" or "I'm sorry, I didn't hear that."
- DON'T say, "Have another drink, John?" but instead, "Will you have a drink, John?"—even if it's his third. You must never draw attention to how much a guest has eaten or drunk.
- DON'T crook your little finger when you're holding a cup. Last century this was considered very elegant—nowadays it's just plain ridiculous.
- You are talking with a group of friends and someone pronounces a word incorrectly. Do you correct him? Certainly not! It would be very rude and most embarrassing to whoever mispronounced the word. Try to avoid using the word in later conversation if you can.

Whose hand?

● This hand belongs to a well-groomed business girl, you'd say? True, but it could also be the hand of any girl at all who knows the tricks of achieving this smooth, nicely-cared-for look.



SOFT, pale skin and well-shaped fingernails of medium length are the trademarks of the hand above, and they can be yours, too, if you only go about it the right way.

Prime clue to smooth, soft-to-touch hands is careful washing (in lukewarm water with plenty of soapsuds) and rinsing (so there is no trace of soap left), plus the constant use of lotion or cream on them.

The smart girl always dries her hands carefully after each wash, however much of a hurry she may be in, and eases back each nail cuticle with the towel as a routine habit. This keeps the cuticle loose and even.

Today's hand and body creams and lotions contain all sorts of magic that result in practical benefits to the skin.

Not only do they give the skin the satiny finish that natural oils impart but, at least in the case of siliconised hand products, act as a barrier or screen that keeps skin moisture in, and at the same time protects the surface against outside elements that can be harmful, such as dirt, dust, grime, drying detergents, and water.

No, of course, you should always make a point of putting on your siliconised hand

cream **BEFORE** you start washing up, and remember to keep some of it by you at the office when you work with ink or carbon.

Generally, the trick is to apply a softening hand cream or lotion after **ANY** immersion in water. You'll be more likely to remember if you keep some on tap in such strategic places as the kitchen, the bathroom, and, if you are an office worker, in your desk. And put it to work!

It is no extravagance to have more than one lot of cream or lotion stashed about the house and at the office. You can buy the large size of the preparation and then decant some into smaller containers and place them wherever needed.

Try to use the specific amount of the preparation recommended on the package—generally a little pool or dab of it is enough for massaging both hands.

Smooth it into the skin from fingertips to wrists, with special attention to the backs of the hands, the knuckles, and the space between the thumb and forefinger. Then, just for luck, work a little into each nail.

Nails shaped to a rounded edge are most becoming — and practical — to the teenage hand. Start the shaping just beyond the fingertip and try to keep the line even toward the corners. This makes nails less apt to break.

by Carolyn Earle

REALLY A (TELE)VISION SPLENDID!

● This week I'm aiming principally at **country people** — although city slickers might like to read my remarks for Auld Lang Syne.

WHEN television comes to the Australian rural areas, bush boys and belles won't know the old place.

Without a doubt, TV's greatest change in the bush will be a social one.

Dinner-suits will become literally dinner for the moths, and the strapless will become useless as the ball runs a bad second to Bob Hope and his colleagues in the "box." (Actually, the passing of the ball mightn't be a bad thing—isn't the punch often Untouchable?)

Rifles will rust, too, as fewer boys will go out for slushy night shoots when Wyatt Earp and TV's other gun-slingers can do all the shooting anyone could wish for.

TV will even change country eating habits. I'm not suggesting that a farmer won't have time to kill a sheep because it would interfere with his seeing Robin Hood pulling the wool over the baddies' eyes in the Sherwood mulga.

But his wife will often find it handy to have a flock of aluminium-foil-covered, ready-to-cook TV dinners.

And there'll be the new thrill of barbecues. So what, you ask? You've always had barbecues? But I'll bet you've never yet had them in your living (sorry, TV) room before!

Yes, crazy though it sounds, that's exactly what will happen to many people when the TV bug bites the bush.

You'll eat many of your meals sitting with a plate balanced on your lap, hacking at a chop while Prohibition policeman Eliot Ness hacks at an illicit beer barrel.

Conversation will become a lost art, too. There'll be a deathly hush on the party-line for the first time since it was installed.

Instead of gossip, the only talking allowed at night will be staccato outbursts.

Such as "Ssh!" "SHUT UP!" "Change it to such-and-such a channel," and "Gee, wasn't he/she young then?" This is used often when watching old movies!

Well, Dad, Dave, and Mabel, that's my test-pattern of your first few months, at least, of television viewing. It's all great fun.

I'd just like to add that although country people are pretty resourceful there are some corny shows that just can't be corrected.

Even for a knowing farmer's wife there is no way of curing that ham!

—Robin Adair

by Douglas Watson

Search for harmony

6. High Renaissance (16th century): Harmony.

THE artists of the 16th century were looking for harmony, rather than concentrating on the technical details of anatomy and perspective. The High Renaissance artists refined the humanity that began in the Early Renaissance, and their pictures had virility and power.

Leonardo da Vinci's paintings summed up the aims of this period in art.

The picture as a whole was now considered the most important thing, rather than any one of its individual parts.

Da Vinci achieved this harmony by the wonderful composition of his pictures and by painting them as if they were seen through a mist. This softened harsh outlines and blended the colors.

His paintings are not in very good condition now, for he experimented with various colors and pigments, and

unfortunately over the years they have faded and cracked.

Every line that da Vinci drew—in pencil, chalk, or paint—had enormous sensitivity, and each one suggested depth and form.

This great man represented the true spirit of the Renaissance, or rebirth of learning. He was interested in everything, he could do everything.

His interests included science, astronomy, biology, mechanics, and aviation.

But he was first and foremost an artist. Although he did not do much painting, the works we do have today are among the greatest ever painted.

Some of these are "The Mona Lisa," "Madonna of the Rocks," "The Last Supper," "Virgin and Child With St. Anne and the Infant St. John," a detail of which appears at right.

Da Vinci's sketchbooks contain some of the greatest drawings of all time. Some of them were originally acquired by King Charles I, and they now belong to the British Royal family.

NEXT WEEK:
Flemish Renaissance.

A DETAIL FROM "Virgin and Child With St. Anne and the Infant St. John," Louvre, Paris.



LISTEN HERE

—with Kirsten Ward

New roles for young singers

● Having succeeded as singers, and more recently as dancers, Patsy Ann Noble and the Allen Brothers are now rehearsing as actors in a stage show.

PATSY will star in Sydney's Phillip Theatre pantomime "Alice in Wonderland"—and Chris and Peter Allen will support her in roles of Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee.

Tony Brady will play the Knave of Hearts, TV personality Ray Taylor is the Mad Hatter, and Jimmy Hannan, Judi Farr, and Mary Hardy play the Duchess, the March Hare, and the Dormouse respectively.

The show opens on December 25—but Patsy and the others in the cast are already having costume fittings and rehearsals will soon be under full sail.

Patsy is thrilled—musical comedy is her ultimate ambition and this is quite a leap up the ladder. For the past few months she and the Allens have been building up a series of dance routines so they'll be ready to take on more variety work as they grow older and as the public demands more from them.

"Alice" was staged in Sydney five years ago, when Kathleen Gorham played the lead. The part has been adapted by Bill Orr to include more singing for Patsy.

ADELAIDE girl Lee Sellars, who's in Sydney to try her luck on the entertainment scene, went to Luna Park for the first time recently. She became stuck on the rollers in Coney Island and for about a quarter of an hour she floundered and flapped on the rotating pins, laughing so much she couldn't get off till an attendant helped her.

After the Luna Park jaunt Lee and friends went sightseeing to Manly, where she was surprised to be recognised by teenagers who'd seen her on TV. She said she had a "fabulous" time.

Lee's a kookie talker. She's a cool kid, the ginchiest, who thinks Col Joye (he's looking after her in Sydney) is a real "gas guy."

YOU'VE heard that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach? And is singer Tony Brady the one you've got your eyes on? Tony's favorite dish is Chop Suey Casserole, and this is his recipe:

Cube one pound of pork or real steak and fry lightly in peanut oil with two medium chopped onions, one cup of chopped

celery, and one cup of chopped carrots.

Pour off any oil left and add one tin of mushroom soup and a pinch of salt, a tablespoon of soy sauce, and a tablespoon of cornflour blended with water. Add two cups of water and simmer for 15 minutes.

Add one cup of frozen peas or beans and a packet of whole almonds just before the 15 minutes is up.

Serve in a casserole dish. Accompanied by a tossed salad and fried rice, this will be enough for three or four people.

THE top English instrumental group, **The Shadows**, on tour in Australia, are reported to be constantly whistling the "Skip To My Lou" melody and playing the **Dave Bridge** version.

They've shown a keen interest, too, in Dave's own composition on the flip of the record—"Sunday Morning"—and feel that it would go a long way if released in England. This is a compliment to be noted, for The Shadows, being what they are, know their business.

Local talent: Record of the week is **Lucky Starr's** "Suspense" (Festival 45)—a potent, moody song. On the flip Lucky goes up-tempo with "Heartbreak."

THE strong, confident voice of **Pam Liversidge** puts "My Own True Love" across well (on Festival 45). This is the vocal version of the "Gone With the Wind" theme song.

Pam's voice is one of the best of all the local girl artists, but—



TONY BRADY



SOON they'll be in wonderland — Patsy Ann Noble and the Allen Brothers, Chris (left) and Peter, who'll star in the pantomime "Alice in Wonderland."

and more's the pity—that doesn't have much influence on its chart ratings.

A SIMPLE beat melody titled "Storm" (W & G 45) has been released by the **Lee-Dalls**. It's O.K., but there's not enough to it to stir up much excitement.

ON W & G 45 the **Keytones** swing with a pleasant instrumental called "Don't Tell William." It's a good all-round dancing number, jaunty and gentle, with a string backing that has appeal.

THE **Dominoes** sing (W & G 45) the ambling, hard-hitting ballad called "John Henry." Ballads are in at the moment and this one has equal chances with any of the others on the market.

THERE'S a new **Col Joye** LP (Festival). Col, in his amiable style, "Sings His Solid Gold Hits" of the past few years.

Pops: Christmas records are beginning to come in. You can "Spend Christmas Day With **Sammy Kaye**" and his orchestra (Festival LP). This prompts the question "What is one to do with Sammy and the Christmassy songs during the rest of the year?" A few, like "White Christmas," are evergreens, but the rest are like the tinsel and the glass birds—to be put away till next Christmas—which seems a waste for an expensive LP.

ON **RCA** LP **Ray Ellis** "Plays The Top 20." Ray has taken 20 songs and melodies and, maintaining the basic sound, has added his own.

A **FELLOW** called **Sleepy King** rocks out "Pushing Your Luck" (W & G 45). Sounds as if he fell out of bed. They shouldn't have awakened him.

TWELVE great melodies, favorites over many years, go Latin with **Stanley Black** and his piano (Decca LP). It's called "Intimate Percussion" and it's terrific!

when
fragrance counts...



N°4711. TOSCA
reveals the you you'd like to be

Enchanting » TOSCA « Perfume, Perfumed Cologne,
Face Creams and Talcum Powder.

Distributors: Robert Blau (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 387 Kent St., Sydney;
422 Collins St., Melbourne, 119 Charlotte St., Brisbane.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



"FLOAT with COKE"

A colourful anytime or party-time treat that is so different . . . and so easy to prepare.

Pour a glass two thirds full of ice-cold Coca-Cola.

Add a scoop of your favourite ice-cream.

Gently add ice-cold Coca-Cola until glass is full.

Serve with a straw and ice-cream spoon.

Crown with cherry, nuts, a sprig of mint or your preference and enjoy that refreshing new feeling . . . a "Float with Coke."

Enjoy that refreshing **new** feeling . . .

FLOAT with COKE!

COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly

"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 15, 1961